

IN THE DAYS OF MY FATHER
GENERAL GRANT

JESSE R. GRANT

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GENERAL AND MRS. GRANT AND JESSE
Photographed at Grant's headquarters at City Point, Virginia

In the Days of My Father General Grant

By JESSE R. GRANT

In Collaboration with HENRY FRANCIS GRANGER



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IN THE DAYS OF MY FATHER: GENERAL GRANT
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FOREWORD

THERE comes a time, in advancing life, when memory wipes away the shadows of forgetfulness, spot-lighting the past in vivid imagery. It is one of the compensations time returns for the toll it takes. As I look back over the years, I am filled with wonder and a vast satisfaction that it was given me to live in one of the great periods of human history.

I, who do not consider myself an old man, have seen the impossibilities of the centuries become fact and the beliefs of ages vanish in a day.

What has not happened since I was born at Hardscrabble? As I look back upon my boyhood it would not be difficult to believe that æons stretch between that day and this; and yet it seems but yesterday.

A yesterday, since when I have seen an empire—with greater potential power than that of ancient Rome—form, flourish, and disappear; and I have met the man whose wisdom formed it and the man whose folly brought it to ruin. A yesterday when the Dragon and the Bear were dynastic emblems of perpetuity and power that thoughtful men feared as threatening dominance over all the world. A yesterday, when that little cabin on Hardscrabble stood at the frontier beyond which stretched thousands of

square miles of empty wilderness, and behind which a nation, formed within the life of men then living, sought fearfully for a compromise through which a Union half slave and half free might endure. All this was yesterday; just before the travail that preceded a new birth.

Now, to-day, the dynasty of the Dragon, descended from its ancient gods, has disappeared; those who ruled under the Bear have been obliterated from the face of the earth, and the surviving population huddles helpless; and beyond yesterday's frontier the wilderness has given place to populous states, and the Union threatened with dissolution has become the hope of the world.

I fancy that only those who may enter at the millennial dawn may see more of change than has marked the years from Hardscrabble to now. And my thoughts turn back in loving memory to those boyhood days when fate placed me in such intimate contact with persons and events directing and influencing the beginning of this new era.

I can see them now as I saw them then—without glamour—those both great and small, who were, to me, equally without distinction other than in my boyish approval; just the folks who made up my world. And so I shall write of them. I am not a historian. This is but a chronicle of persons and events, of impressions and experiences that touched me during the most impressionable years of life. That those of whom I write are, largely, the persons

who made the history of their day, is incidental. Consideration of causes and consequences, motive or design, did not concern me then and shall not concern me now, except as they touch one man—my father, with whom as boy and youth I lived in the midst of happenings without parallel, perhaps, in the history of the world. I have striven to record all my memory holds of that I saw, and heard, and understood, that the world may know the man I knew.

IN THE DAYS OF MY FATHER
GENERAL GRANT

CHAPTER ONE

IT is certain that nothing was farther from my father's mind than thought of pomp or power, when I was born in the log cabin for which he had cut the logs and of which he was the architect and builder.

In 1839, a seventeen-year-old boy, Hiram Ulysses Grant, was appointed to the United States Military Academy at West Point. He was commonly called by his middle name, Ulysses, and through an error he was enrolled, Ulysses S. Grant. It was easier to adopt the new name than to change the enrollment, and so, in 1843, Ulysses S. Grant was graduated from West Point and commissioned a second lieutenant.

Second-Lieutenant U. S. Grant—Fourth United States Infantry—served under General Taylor in the Military Occupation of Texas, from 1845-46, and under General Scott in the War with Mexico, from 1846-48. He took part in the battles of Palo Alto, Resaca de la Palma, Monterey, the siege of Vera Cruz, the battle of Cerro Gordo, the capture of San Antonio, the battles of Churubusco and Molino del Rey, the storming of Chapultepec, and the assault and capture of the City of Mexico. He was brevetted first lieutenant for gallant and meritorious conduct

in the battle of Molino del Rey, and captain for gallant conduct at Chapultepec.

Throughout my early boyhood I was more proud of father's service in the Mexican War than of his share in the happenings taking place around me. That he then was facing dangers and performing feats in the light of which his Mexican War experiences paled into insignificance, I did not comprehend.

The strangely sounding battle names thrilled me with the mystery of foreign lands in a legendary past. The storming of Chapultepec, by soldiers armed with flint-lock muskets, was a tale of romance and adventure that left me breathless, while the siege of Vicksburg stirred me not at all.

The Civil War was too close; events that touched me became the commonplace of existence. When father left mother and me for a battle front, his going aroused no more emotion in me than when he left us each morning for the leather store in Galena. But father, in the Mexican War, long before I was born, was a figure of romance. That I found it difficult to identify the quiet, soft-spoken, loving man I knew in the dashing hero of the stories I heard only intensified my interest.

The right sort of father is always a hero in the eyes of his boy. In my father I had, perhaps, more warrant for my worship than most, but certain it is that every narrator with an, "I knew him when—" or, "My father or grandfather knew him when—"

story, found in me an eager listener. As I grew older, tales other than those of adventure and battle, incidents showing his forethought and efficiency, in turn intrigued me.

For the most part it was not from father that I heard the tales. When father spoke casually of those days, or answered my questions, the story lost its thrill in his telling. It was not until long after the Mexican War that I saw a letter written home by Major Hamer, in which he said that he wished Lieutenant Grant was in command of the whole expeditionary force. I knew that it was Hamer, a friend of Grandfather Grant's, who, when a member of Congress, appointed father to West Point, and I wondered how much his personal prejudice influenced that wish. It was then that I really began to study the history of the Mexican War. And now, with an appreciation of relative values that as a boy I could not know, I am still filled with pride in father's Mexican War record.

Not pride alone in his bravery—countless other men possessed courage—but pride in the rarer qualities through which he rose to eminence. Circumstances did not pitchfork father into prominence. The same or greater opportunities than were his lay open to hundreds of other men who never rose from obscurity. Father's advancement did not come through influence or self-seeking; and if there was genius, without the homlier, sturdier qualities that genius could never have found opportunity for ex-

pression. To my mind, not only the reason for, but the inevitability of, all that followed, lies plain to understanding in the history of his Mexican War service.

As I see it, father's were not uncommon attributes; there were no flashes of great inspiration; but in him certain fundamental essentials were deeper engrained than in another. Patriotism and loyalty are not uncommon. But in my memory of him, and in his record, father's uncompromising patriotism, his absolute, self-sacrificing loyalty, stand out as the dominant characteristics. He never could have risen to the position he achieved if he had been less loyal. Right or wrong, his country came first, and he supported it with all he had, regardless of his personal opinions or of the consequences to himself. Added to this absolute loyalty, indissolubly incorporated in it, was the will to serve. This was the foundation. To this were added energy, the common sense that recognized the immediate need, constructive vision, and the courage to act. Unhandicapped by selfish ambitions, never wasting or delaying effort in vain regrets, he served with patriotic singleness of purpose.

Personally, father never approved of the methods through which the annexation of Texas was brought about, or of the war that followed. In his *Personal Memoirs*, he says:

"For myself, I was bitterly opposed to the measure, and to this day regard the war which re-

sulted as one of the most unjust ever waged by a stronger against a weaker nation."

Yet he served. His country had taken a stand, and, regardless of his personal opinions, he supported it. No disagreement upon his part could effect his loyalty.

We have been fortunate in our foreign wars. While the United States was superior in strength to the Republic of Mexico, the combined forces of General Taylor, operating along the Rio Grande, never exceeded three thousand men, and even after General Scott assumed command of the army of invasion, its total strength never exceeded twelve thousand men. Twelve thousand men sent to make war upon a population of eight millions!

But in that little army were many men destined to fame. Among the engineer officers were Captain Robert E. Lee and Lieutenants George G. Meade, P. G. T. Beauregard, Isaac I. Stevens, Z. B. Tower, G. W. Smith, George B. McClellan, and J. G. Foster, all of whom attained rank and fame on one side or the other during the Civil War.

To the second lieutenant of "Doughboys," then, that array of senior engineer officers was a galaxy of stars. And then, as though fate sought to deprive him of every opportunity to win recognition, early in the campaign father was detailed to act as quartermaster and commissary to his regiment, thus removing him from the ranks of the actual combatants.

It would appear that nothing more could have

been done to eliminate him. But it failed to suppress father. This is one of the reasons why I am proud of that Mexican War record. In his *Memoirs* father has told the story of Monterey:

I was regimental quartermaster at the time, and was ordered to remain in charge of the camp, at Walnut Springs. At daylight next morning fire was opened on both sides and continued with what seemed to me, at that day, great fury. My curiosity got the better of my judgment, and I mounted a horse and rode to the front to see what was going on. I had been there but a short time when an order to charge was given, and lacking the moral courage to return to camp—where I had been ordered to stay—I charged with the regiment.

About one-third of the men engaged in that charge were killed or wounded in the space of a few minutes. The following day, father's regiment, the Fourth Infantry, together with the Third, fought their way to the center of the city with additional heavy losses, and the Lieutenant Quartermaster, still A. W. O. L., fought with them. And then father tells that their ammunition ran low and he volunteered to ride back and report their condition and arrange for ammunition to be forwarded to them. But what father does not tell is that, desperate as their situation was, that return ride was so hazardous that the officer left in command was unwilling to order anyone to attempt it, and called for a volunteer. And father, who should have been safe in the rear, officially in charge of the camp, but actually

doing nothing, volunteered and made the desperate ride.

In his *Personal Memoirs* father has told of other experiences, but he failed to tell one story that, to my mind, is vastly illuminating.

The army lay in camp near the mouth of the Rio Grande, awaiting the arrival of transports to carry it to Vera Cruz. The transports of that day were all sailing vessels, built for carrying freight, and possessed but limited accommodations for passengers. Father realized that, under the conditions and in that climate, the voyage would be long and trying. Acting upon his own initiative, he bought up all the lemons to be had and shipped them aboard his boat. When scurvy broke out on the transports, father's company possessed the only means of combating it. He supplied the medical officers of the fleet with lemons, and they, in turn, highly commended him for his forethought in their official reports.

Then, too, while aboard ship, father daily drilled his men in handling and packing their camp equipment, setting up tents, and in all the details of expeditiously operating a commissariat. This was mentioned in official reports as of great assistance to the whole army in providing trained men to instruct less fortunate outfits, after they landed, south of Vera Cruz.

Still serving, for the most part, as quartermaster, father managed to participate in every engagement possible for one man, during the sixteen months that

stretched between Palo Alto and the capture of the City of Mexico. He has told the story of the mountain howitzer that he mounted in a church tower, at Molino del Rey, the effect of which was seen by General Worth, who sent Lieutenant Pemberton—later lieutenant-general commanding the defenses of Vicksburg—to bring father to him. But father did not tell that his services in that battle were commended in the reports of Lee, Garland, and Worth.

I would not be understood as suggesting that father was the hero of the Mexican War. Such a suggestion would be absurd. At the close of the war, while a captain by brevet, his actual rank was only that of first lieutenant, and to the country at large he was no better known than when he joined his first command. But to me, in that record is the augury of all that was to follow.

In the drab service of regimental quartermaster, he not only trained his men to a degree of efficiency that enabled them to render conspicuous service to the whole army, but he foresaw and provided against a possibility that everyone else overlooked. And while detailed to the same homely, noncombatant service, he not only fought in every battle, but he took the risk others hesitated to run, and he saw and took advantage of the openings others overlooked. Asking no favors, uttering no complaint, stifling his personal opinions, he sought but to serve.

CHAPTER TWO

AFTER the Mexican War, in 1848, Brevet Captain Ulysses S. Grant and Julia Boggs Dent were married. Thereafter Captain Grant was stationed at various military posts, mainly in California and Oregon, until in 1854, four years before I was born, he resigned his commission and left the army.

There was no war in prospect, the latter assignments had been quiet posts, the inaction was irksome, and Captain Grant left the army to engage in farming on the "Gravois farm," a few miles from St. Louis. When father built the log house and settled the family there, he called the place "Hardscrabble." And there I was born, in 1858, the last of four children, and named Jesse Root Grant, after my father's father.

The designation of the new home as "Hardscrabble" was not a term of opprobrium or of complaint. It was bestowed in humorous recognition and defiance of the conditions father understood and voluntarily faced.

In his *Memoirs* father has frankly acknowledged his distaste for army life in time of peace; but there he offers the insufficiency of his captain's pay as the

reason for his resignation. Father would have seen it so, but we who knew him best understood.

Loving peace and hating war, he could not endure inaction. No one understood better than father that, meager though his army pay might be, it dwarfed any prospective cash return from Hardscrabble. But Hardscrabble represented adventure, action, difficulties to be overcome, and a prospective reward in the satisfaction of personal accomplishment.

Upon my advent, the family in the little cabin numbered six. I regret that my memory does not carry back to the days when we lived at Hardscrabble. Strive as I may to draw from my subconscious mind some recollection of those earliest days, no faintest impression remains. But I have heard much of the life during that period, and I know we were all there—father and mother, my two brothers, Fred, eight years my senior, and Ulysses S., junior—who is Buck—five years my senior, our sister Nellie, and I.

But though I recall nothing of the life at Hardscrabble, I dimly remember Galena. Very clearly remains the recollection of a daily play spell with father. This playtime and the play became an established custom, and it remains the one vivid memory of my life in Galena.

Daily I awaited father's return—probably from the leather store. My greeting, as he came up the steps, would be, "Mister, do you want to fight?"

And father would reply, "I am a man of peace; but I will not be hectorred by a person of your size."

Whereupon a tussle would ensue from which I invariably emerged the victor. In time, the fact that at the end of the bout father always fell upon a bed or the sofa and stretched contentedly there—led me to suspect that he was not doing his best, but it detracted nothing from my enjoyment nor weakened my firm conviction that, with the possible exception of myself, father was the best battler in the world.

But, shadowy though other things have become, now, when only Buck and I remain, interwoven through all my recollections, from my earliest remembrance, the association with my brothers and sister stands etched in definite clarity that other memories, even of father and mother, sometimes lack. It has often puzzled me. I, the baby of the family, was more often separated from them, by force of circumstances, than from father, or particularly from mother; and yet the contact seems never to have been broken in life. And in all my vivid memory of all our life together, there is no recollection of one single unkind, unfair, or unjust thing done to me by any one of them, while the record of their loving acts would cover every day of our association.

My brother, Frederick Dent Grant, who was always Fred, was my boyhood's hero. His eight years' seniority gave him, in my eyes, the stature of a man. I have never known another so utterly fearless as he. Like Roland, Fred never knew fear. Large and

strong, but only thirteen years of age, Fred was with father through the whole Vicksburg campaign, performing the duties of a staff officer.

My second brother, Ulysses S. Grant, Jr., of prodigious physical strength, is in character and disposition more like father than was Fred or am I. Born in Ohio, he was at once given the appellation, "Little Buckeye," and "Buck" has ever since been his familiar name.

And last came she who, as a girl and woman, ever merited the devotion won by her rare and fine personality, our sister Nellie.

We were a demonstrative family and the currents of understanding flowed steadily. Once, in later life, when we four together were living over the old days, we discovered with vast amusement a common conceit that until then had been collectively unsuspected. Each, during childhood, had considered himself or herself to be the favorite of our parents—Fred, because he was the eldest; Buck, because he bore father's name; Nellie, because she was the only girl; and myself, because I was the youngest. And in this hidden belief each confessed to a half-regretful sympathy for the others. Perhaps this tempered our conduct in a finer consideration. I wonder.

Born in 1858, among my earliest recollections are those of the War of the Rebellion. To me, then, war, with its turmoil, confusion, and change, was the natural and accepted order of existence, and an event

that impressed my memory, in those days, touched me with particular emphasis. It is often, now, impossible to understand why impressions remain. Apparently trivial things stand out clearly, while events of moment that must have touched me are lost.

Of course I know nothing, of my own knowledge, of father in the old army. He had resigned from the service before I was born. And I can recall no detail nor any incident of his return to the service. But I heard the details many times in later life, and father himself has told the story.

When President Lincoln issued the first call for volunteers, there was great excitement in Galena, as elsewhere. At a meeting of the citizens in the court house, that evening, father was called upon to preside. A company was raised then and there, and father drilled them and, when they were ready, accompanied them to Springfield and remained there with them until they were assigned to a regiment.

Governor Yates, who was living at the hotel where father stopped, but whom father had never before met, requested him to go into the Adjutant-General's office to help them out, and father went. Later, the legislature authorized the Governor to accept the services of ten additional regiments, and father took charge of mustering these regiments into the state service.

At the same time, father wrote to the Adjutant-General of the army, at Washington, offering his services to the government. The letter received no

reply and it developed later that it had not even been filed. Having mustered in the last regiment for the State of Illinois, and receiving no reply from the Adjutant-General, father went to Cincinnati to see General McClellan. McClellan had been made a Major General, and had his headquarters there. Father had known McClellan at West Point and served with him in Mexico, and he hoped the general would offer him a position on his staff. Father called on two successive days at McClelland's office, but failed to see him, and returned to Springfield.

In the meantime the Twenty-first Regiment of Infantry, that father had mustered into service, refused to serve with the colonel of their selection, and Governor Yates had appointed father colonel of this regiment. A few weeks later the Illinois delegation in Congress recommended father for the position of Brigadier-General, and a few days later the Senate confirmed the appointment.

But my earliest recollection of the war is of the escape of mother and myself from Holly Springs, Mississippi. We had been there while father was engaged at some other point. I remember now, as though it were yesterday, the young officer coming to tell us that the enemy was close upon the town, and the confusion of our hurried departure, at night, in a box car. I can see the dim, shadowy interior of that empty box car, with mother sitting quietly upon a chair, while I huddled fearfully upon a hastily improvised bed upon the floor as an engine drew us

rapidly away. And then I must have fallen asleep, for I remember no more.

As my earliest memories come back to me, the next event that stands out clearly is of a steamboat journey with mother down the Mississippi, to join father at Vicksburg. I remember a joyous start, and, next, a confusion of crashing noise, and mother striving to dress me, bewildered and cross, in the darkness. Although the Union forces were nominally in control of the Mississippi from St. Louis to Vicksburg, our steamboat had been shelled from the shore.

Years later I questioned father how this could have happened.

"Military occupation did not necessarily imply that we were in possession of all the light field-pieces cached away on farms and plantations along the shore," he answered, smiling at the memory. "Such guns were often dragged out for a hasty shot at some passing boat."

But I reached Vicksburg, to meet the—to me—great event of the war. As our carriage drew up before Army Headquarters I glimpsed a small Shetland pony standing, saddled, at one side. Before the carriage stopped I had scrambled out and was climbing into that saddle.

Father had secured the pony, and a soldier had made the diminutive saddle and bridle, for me. Life holds but one thrill such as was mine as I sat in that saddle upon Rebbie in the first knowledge of posses-

sion. For years thereafter Rebbie was my most constant companion, and the pony lived until 1883.

Wonderful days followed. To the small boy it was "father's army," and the soldiers made me very welcome, carving all sorts of toys and regaling me with molasses candy made over the camp fires. The troops were encamped in and for a considerable distance around Vicksburg. Almost daily I rode with father upon his tours of inspection, sometimes mounted upon Rebbie, but often perched behind him and clinging to his belt as we thundered along upon a big buckskin horse that had been presented to him, called, because of its viciousness, Mankiller.

One other incident of the days when mother and I were at Vicksburg stands out clearly. A committee from Congress arrived, bringing father a gold medal—now in the National Museum in Washington. Before the presentation they read some flattering congressional resolutions, followed by several laudatory orations delivered by various members of the committee. When the last speaker rounded off his peroration there was an expectant pause. Silence deep and heavy fell upon the assemblage. All were waiting—as was I, standing close at his side—for father to respond. Father remained silent. The situation grew more tense, until I could bear it no longer.

"Papa, aren't you going to make a speech, too?" I cried.

"No, my dear boy!" he answered with unconscious energy that carried to every ear.

A wave of laughter swept the company as the tension broke putting everyone at ease.

I remember leaving Vicksburg with regret. Recollection of where we went from there is dim and confused. Incidents stand out clearly, but the sequence is lost. But one experience of that period stands out in painful memory.

There was a dinner—I believe, at Columbia, Kentucky—and I was assigned to the second table, with the children. To the child fresh from the enthusiastic attention of an army, the disregard and lack of consideration conveyed in being thus set aside quite upset my equanimity. My nurse, Julia, a slave of my mother's, was utterly unable to cope with the situation and appealed for aid to mother, who, in turn, found matters beyond her control and called father.

Father quickly grasped the status of affairs and turned to me sternly—the only time I ever remember his being stern with me.

"Sit down!" said he.

I sat. I had crowded my hat down upon my head.

"Take off that hat!"

I grabbed off the hat and threw it upon the floor.

"Pick up that hat!" continued the strangely stern voice.

But I was quite desperate now and stubbornly refused.

Turning me quickly about, father bestowed a single spank, the first and only one he ever administered to me.

"It didn't hurt," I muttered, scornfully.

This was too much for father. Lifting me up in his arms, he said, gently:

"Never mind, son. It was really a great mistake for the Governor of Kentucky to expect a man of your size to dine with children."

I do not remember the sequel, except that all was peace again between us.

And then again, father was away with the army, and mother and I were together, whether before the incident of the dinner with the Governor of Kentucky, or later, I cannot say. We were visiting Grandfather Dent, at Wistonwish, about ten miles from St. Louis. Whitehaven, where my mother was born, Wistonwish, and Hardscrabble were but a short distance apart. While I have no recollection of having lived at Hardscrabble, I had often seen the cabin, having visited at Wistonwish before. The knowledge that Hardscrabble was my birthplace seems to have made no impression upon me then.

At this time, Grandfather Dent, having moved from Whitehaven to the more commodious Wistonwish, was living there, while one of my uncles occupied Whitehaven.

Early one morning a cousin, a few months my senior, and I started out on a long ride. I was

mounted on Rebbie and he rode a slightly larger pony.

At that time and place children rode freely about, at an age when the practice would now be considered prohibitively hazardous. The fact does not necessarily predicate a more strenuous age or venturesome youth. Perhaps the contrary is true. At that day there were no automobiles or trolley cars, no velocipedes, bicycles, or roller skates. To get about—other than by the railroads, with trains few and far between—one must walk or use a horse. But in the absence of traffic congestion, one rarely had more than one's own mount to consider, which made that means of conveyance as primitively safe as simple.

And this day, returning from our ride, my cousin and I found the house deserted. Reports and rumors of guerrilla raids were continually flying about, and false alarms were frequent. Our only thought was that mother and the others had been captured. A hasty search, a few frantic shouts, and two panic stricken boys were whipping their ponies along the empty road to St. Louis.

I remember the black horror, but no incident of that ride, until we reached St. Louis and the Southern Hotel, where I was known. Unwilling to leave Rebbie in the street, I rode him up the steps and into the hotel, straight back to the office.

Mother and the others were there. Oh, the joy and inexpressible relief of that discovery! For some reason, after my cousin and I had ridden away,

mother and the others had decided to drive to town. An explanation had been left for us, and we were considered safe under the care of faithful servants. But there had been an alarm, and the house slaves, in sudden panic, had fled to Whitehaven.

Then my little pony, Rebbie, refused to descend the slippery marble steps he had so sturdily mounted, and a powerful negro, George, born on Grandfather Dent's farm, carried him bodily down.

CHAPTER THREE

AFTER the Missionary Ridge campaign, father settled us for a time at Burlington, New Jersey, where my two brothers attended school. There were many Southern sympathizers in Burlington, and, quite naturally, the feelings of the elders found expression in their children. We three strange boys, sons of the man fighting at the head of the Union army, received a disconcerting amount of the hostile attention that boys, encouraged by the indifference or approval of their elders, so well understand how to bestow.

Fred at once took it upon himself to fight my battles as well as his own, and for a time he was very busy. I suppose his ability was an added incentive. The practice of hunting up some husky lad to send after Fred—who never failed to accommodate with a fierce boy's fight—flourished until, as I remember, Fred came to be looked upon as invincible; at any rate, I considered him so.

Then, when father established his headquarters at City Point, mother and I joined him there. I remember living, at first, in tents; and then we must have returned to Burlington for a time, for the tents were replaced by log cabins, of the building of which I have no recollection.

City Point was then but a considerable plateau crowning a steep bluff at the junction of the James and Appomattox rivers, a few miles south of Richmond. There father had established a supply base and had his headquarters. The log cabins, built to replace the tents, stood where the tents had been, eight or ten of them in a row, with a farmhouse at the end, occupied as military headquarters.

Father's cabin stood in the middle of the row, and was slightly larger than the others. It contained a large room with an open fireplace, which served as living and dining room and office. Back of this were two smaller rooms occupied as bedrooms. In front of the cabins a space of level ground stretched to the bluff that dropped precipitously to the rivers on the south and east. Here mother and I came to live with father, while my brothers and sister remained in Burlington.

And here, as I remember, I first met President Lincoln. From what has been written it would appear that Mr. Lincoln came to City Point many times. Two occasions, only, are impressed upon my memory. Mere pageantry was too commonplace to leave any particular impression, but the sight of father riding at the head of troops never failed to thrill me. This day the thrill was associated with another impression that indelibly stamped the scene upon my mind.

President Lincoln, accompanied by Mrs. Lincoln and their youngest son, Tad, then a year or two older

and considerably larger than I, came to City Point. I believe the occasion was a review of General Ord's troops. Father rode at the head of his staff to the reviewing station, and at his side rode President Lincoln. Mother, Mrs. Lincoln, Tad, and I, had preceded them in an ambulance. Robert Lincoln, the President's eldest son, was on father's staff. The bands were playing and many of the staff horses, seasoned troopers though they were, were prancing. Father's horse, in particular, danced along with arching neck and curving body. But the horse President Lincoln rode walked calmly, almost as though conscious that his burden must be carried with anxious care, while the President sat stiffly erect, the reins hanging slack from his hands.

Father was but forty-two years old then, but I had always looked upon him as the largest, and, next to my Grandfather Dent, the oldest man in the world. But beside President Lincoln father looked small, and for the first time I saw him as a young man.

In a tightly buttoned frock coat, and wearing a high hat, Mr. Lincoln appeared enormously tall, much taller than when standing. And to me, the boy watching from the ambulance, the unsmiling, worn, but kindly face, the tall black-coated form, riding before that colorful throng, gave a feeling of awe that time has not effaced.

And the second time I recall seeing President Lincoln was upon the occasion of another visit to City Point. President Lincoln and father, accom-

panied by a mounted escort, and with Tad Lincoln and myself, rode to an outlying fort. The escort was drawn up in front of our cabin, the horses dancing impatiently during an unexpected delay, when Tad Lincoln, who was not a confident horseman, demurred at mounting a small, beautiful horse called Jeff, that had been provided for him.

I can still hear the pride in father's voice as he said, "Jesse will ride Jeff."

Then, at last, we were off, I riding upon Jeff and Tad Lincoln mounted upon my pony, Rebbie. Before we had cleared the reservation, Tad and I had forged ahead, Rebbie's diminutive hoofs ringing like the beat of a drummer's double time in his efforts to keep pace with Jeff.

But my satisfaction, and I fancy father's, was short. With a wild forward lunge, Jeff bolted. Instantly both father and President Lincoln were spurring in pursuit, accompanied by a young staff officer who proved to be better mounted than either of them. All the pull I could exert but steadied Jeff in his stride, and under my feather weight he was widening the gap between us and our pursuers at every bound. Father saw that the pursuit was but exciting Jeff to greater effort, and drew up, calling to Mr. Lincoln and the officer.

Ahead of me men were shouting and running, and a double line of soldiers and teamsters formed as by magic, converging upon the open gate of a mule corral. Down this living lane plunged Jeff, and into

the corral, and that excitement was over. But the rest of the way, chagrined and rebellious, I rode far in the rear, and an orderly rode at my side, a lead strap on Jeff.

But the disappointments of this memorable day were not over for me. We were but just dismounting at the fort when a Confederate battery opened fire upon us.

If you are rusty in your geography, a glance at a map of Virginia is quite likely to stir surprise. City Point, the base and headquarters of the general in command of the Union armies, was located in the very dooryard of the Confederacy. The Union army had taken its last backward step. Long after, I came to understand that there were those who considered my father ruthlessly prodigal of the lives of his soldiers. That is the last thing that can truthfully be said of him. War is like an aching tooth that cannot be mended. To save greater prolonged suffering, one must bear the more acute but shorter pain of removal. In war the toll of prolonged inactivity is greater than the toll of battle. To conserve life, in war, is to fight unceasingly. This is the way father looked upon war, the most humane, most considerate, the gentlest man I ever knew. And this, also, father said—and now I quote his exact words:

“We could have ended the war in ’sixty-three if Congress had permitted.”

But to return to the fort. I have never known

whether the rebels had knowledge of President Lincoln's coming, whether their lookouts noted the increased activity, and from this and the size and character of our escort suspected that there were visitors of importance, or whether it just happened. But the keen delight of Tad Lincoln and myself, when the rebels opened fire, I shall never forget.

Two small boys whose experiences were only of war, that had touched only to delight them, and in company with their fathers, whom each considered the greatest man in the world, were incapable of fear at a martial demonstration, regardless of its nature. The orderly confusion of perfectly trained discipline, the shrilling bugles, the sharp commands of officers, gun squads hurrying to their positions, and the shells screaming overhead, afforded us the sort of entertainment we most keenly enjoyed.

And then father hurried President Lincoln and us into a bombproof. For an eternity of time—I now imagine it to have been about twenty minutes—we huddled in the safety of that shelter, listening to the distant booming of the guns, but able to see nothing. I remember that at first Tad and I begged to be allowed to remain outside, and then more earnestly, to be permitted to stick our heads out.

Gradually the bombardment slackened, and, our fort failing to respond, it ceased entirely. I cannot recall that either father or President Lincoln spoke to us while we were in the bombproof, other than to deny our pleading, and I recall nothing of the ride

back to City Point. I fancy those latter happenings were swallowed up in my disappointment. I remember vaguely that my chagrin over my failure to control Jeff lingered, and I fancy the teasing of the staff officers had something to do with this. They were young men in that army—which is the way of armies. As I have said, father was but forty-two, and his staff was mostly comprised of very young men, most of them in their twenties. Robert Lincoln was then but twenty-one, and Will Dunn, a son of the Judge-Advocate-General, was but eighteen or nineteen.

In the day when men consider their financial achievements justify the publication of autobiographies, in which they set down even the exact amount they paid a substitute when their country called for their services, it is well to remember Will Dunn.

When President Lincoln issued his first call for volunteers, Will Dunn was less than sixteen years of age. The boy promptly ran away and joined the army. He had been in the service several months before his father located him and secured his discharge. But Will Dunn remained at home but a few weeks, when he again ran away and re-enlisted. Every effort was made to locate him, but more than a year elapsed, and the boy had served through the Missionary Ridge campaign, before he was again found. Father learned, at last, that a soldier in his army was supposed to be Will Dunn, and had him

brought before him. When questioned the boy admitted his identity, but when father told him that he was to be again discharged and sent home, young Dunn faced him unflinchingly.

"You can discharge me, General, but I'll find a way to get back. Nothing is going to keep me out of this war."

Pleased with the boy's indomitable spirit, father transferred him to his staff, and there Will Dunn served to the end of the war, a volunteer for every hazardous service. Where the spirit of Will Dunn predominates, a nation is safe.

I recall but little more of my life at City Point. I remember that later my two brothers and sister Nellie came there and remained for a time. Then we all returned to Burlington.

On our way back to Burlington, when the army steamer reached Norfolk, father decided that he would like to keep me with him for the rest of the winter. I was overjoyed. But when the rest of the family departed to continue their journey on the regular boat, I grew doubtful. A few minutes later, seeking consolation, I found father fully occupied with several officers of high rank, and I capitulated unreservedly. Father understood, as he always did. His was ever the most sympathetic comprehension. He would have kept me with him from choice. No matter how great the strain and responsibility of his position, it troubled father more to be entirely separated from the family.

And now he understood that I would not be happy there, away from mother, and a shot was fired across the bow of the rapidly receding steamer. Then I was taken on a tug to rejoin mother and my brothers and sister. Child-like, I was not so anxious to go when the unattainable swung within reach and I was hoisted aboard. Distinctly across the years I hear mother's voice as I came over the side:

"Now remember, Fred! Not a word!"

Fred was so anxious to remain with father! I felt that he thought me a great baby, but, obedient to mother's admonition, he said nothing. He had been with father through the Vicksburg campaign, and so it was decided that he must return to school. It was years before I realized what must have been his disappointment.

And now I would record a fact the significance of which impresses me ever more as I dwell upon it. I have no recollection of ever having heard father mention the surrender of Robert E. Lee.

Vaguely, I understood that a change had taken place, that the war was over. I rejoiced, too, for plainly this thing that had happened had made both father and mother happy. But in our family the final act of the drama was never discussed, either then or later.

As I grew older and came to understanding of the significance of the scenes through which I had passed, I questioned father eagerly of many things. Of other events he talked freely. I know that he had

great respect for General Lee, both as a man and as a soldier. Notwithstanding this, father considered General Joseph E. Johnston the greatest general the South produced. I recall some of the arguments by which he supported this opinion. I would not attempt to repeat them in detail, but the central fact was that at the close of the war Johnston's army alone was in condition to have prolonged the struggle. This was true despite the fact that Johnston had fought continuously against either father or Sherman. And supported as father had been by able generals, he considered General Phil Sheridan his most able commander.

Displaying no elation in victory, father as carefully covered his vexations. A quiet, contained man, in elation or disappointment he only grew a little quieter. He was incapable of sustained animosity, even toward his detractors. Defamation, like plaudits and panoply, was something to be endured. He would no more have considered answering his defamers than to have joined in the plaudits of his admirers.

This was by no means the attitude of us who loved him. We who loved him and knew him to be as gentle as brave, as abstemious as self-contained, would often wax furious over some slanderous tale at which father would only smile patiently.

Until the beginning of the war, when he was thirty-eight years of age, father had never used tobacco, and he was never at any time a drinking

man. Which, after all, is less remarkable than the fact that up to the time he first ran for President he had never voted but once, and that time the Democratic ticket, for James Buchanan.

It is curious how error intrigues the imagination, and humanity hugs legend more closely than fact. Thus we thrill at mention of Bunker Hill, ignoring the fact that the battle was not fought there, and we think pridefully of Lookout Mountain, and "the battle above the clouds," regardless of the fact that no battle raged upon that cloud-draped top, any more than the American forces charged up San Juan Hill. And so stories of father furthest removed from the truth are those most commonly repeated to-day.

Disappointment is no respecter of persons. I doubt not that each day brought to father his quota, but I know his bitterest experience was not the unwarranted action of General Halleck, but the refusal of permission to proceed south and east to Mobile, with the unbeaten Army of the Tennessee.

Fighting for a great cause to which he subordinated every personal consideration, realizing that no satisfactory compromise could be effected and that peace could only come when the military power of the South was utterly broken, he felt every failure or incomplete victory of the Northern armies as a personal disappointment. Father felt no jealousy. He never spoke to diminish or detract in any degree from another's meed of praise, but there were dis-

appointments—as for every man—of which the world had no suspicion.

It was years after the event when the knowledge came to me, in one of our frequent discussions, that father considered Gettysburg a Confederate victory.

General Lee fought the battle of Gettysburg in the sole hope of gaining the exact position he occupied when the battle ended. Thus Lee gained his objective, and General Meade failed to follow up to the victory that might have been his.

Father was fighting at Vicksburg when Meade opposed Lee at Gettysburg. Vicksburg surrendered and Gettysburg was acclaimed a great Union victory. Father accepted the popular verdict and never criticized nor disputed it. It had happened. No one was really to blame, and nothing could mend it. Lee had simply been too much for Meade, as he proved to be too much for McClellan, Hooker, and Burnside.

But when father was commissioned Lieutenant-General and given command of all the Union armies, he offered the command of the Army of the Potomac to General Rufus Ingalls, then Quartermaster-General.

Highly gratified at the honor and the expression of personal confidence, General Ingalls at first eagerly accepted. But after the first elation he turned to father.

“Where are you going to be, General Grant?”

"Right there, with the Army of the Potomac," father answered.

"In that case you couldn't have a better man than Meade," said Ingalls, warmly. And then, as father made no reply, he continued, in substance:

"You and I, General Grant, are working for the same cause, not for personal aggrandizement. General Meade, under your personal supervision, will do all or more than I could do, while I have no subordinate who could fill my place. The Army of the Potomac is going to move rapidly now, and must be fed. I feel that I can be more useful where I am."

And when father made a hurried trip to the Army of the Potomac at Brandy Station, to confer with Meade, General Meade promptly tendered his resignation.

Father had known Meade slightly in the Mexican War, but had not met him since, until then. General Meade urged father not to hesitate to make the change if he had a man in view in whom he had greater confidence. He urged that the work before them was of such vast importance to the nation that no personal consideration should stand in the way or prevent the selection of the right man.

Father declined his resignation, assuring General Meade that he then had no desire to change. The magnanimity and unselfish patriotism displayed by Ingalls and Meade were never forgotten.

These were matters of much later comprehension. To me, the ending of the war brought so little change

as to scarcely leave an impression of that event. But the event that followed closely impressed me in vivid detail, at which I sometimes marvel. Perhaps the horror of those around me projected the image of details that would ordinarily have failed of impression upon the sensitized plate of my boy's mind. Whatever the psychological explanation, the fact remains that a series of trivial happenings, as well as the impressions of a great tragedy, are still vividly before me in the record of one unforgettable day and night.

CHAPTER FOUR

I MET President Lincoln many times after we were under fire together at City Point. He spent several days with father at the army headquarters before Petersburg, and I often accompanied father to the White House. I remember this, although no recollection comes to me of any particular or impressive incident of any of these meetings.

But I saw President Lincoln the last time upon the day of his assassination, and the memory of that morning remains. I had accompanied father to the White House, where he remained for a long time, in consultation first with the President, and then with many others. Serious matters were evidently under consideration that day, the particulars of which I have never understood.

I remember that Mr. Lincoln smiled and spoke to me when we first came in, and then he and father were immediately absorbed in earnest, low-voiced talk while I wandered aimlessly about the room. A photographic impression of the appearance of many men I saw that morning remains with me now, but I cannot recall their names, if I ever knew them. And then I remember that I grew tired, and considerably perplexed and resentful that no attention was paid to me, which was contrary to my usual experience.

Evidently no one had time this day to consider the seven-year-old boy who wandered about, tired and disconsolate.

We were stopping at the Willard Hotel, father and mother and I, and we were expecting to go to Burlington that night, where my brothers and Nellie were at school. I was anxious to see them, longing for the time to come when we should leave. Yet I have no recollection of when that interminable session at the White House ended, how I got back to the hotel, or spent the rest of the day until dinner.

But I remember that mother and I were at dinner when father came in and joined us.

"I am afraid I shall be unable to leave Washington to-night," he said, as he seated himself.

I was bitterly disappointed. And my disappointment was augmented by father's further explanation that he had, conditionally, accepted the President's invitation for mother and himself to accompany the presidential party to the theater that evening.

Mother objected to this arrangement. She was anxious to rejoin the other children in Burlington. They were expecting us. In addition to this, she was worried by the sudden and inexplicable loss of appetite displayed by me. I had made no complaint, but mother was fearful that I was, or was about to become, ill.

Then a lady who had been dining at an adjoining table came to us, smiling.

"Do not be disturbed about your small boy's ap-

parent loss of appetite, Mrs. Grant. He came in before you, and consumed two orders of hard-boiled eggs and ice-cream."

This information relieved mother's immediate anxiety about me, but in no degree affected her determination to proceed to Burlington that night. Her trunks were packed, the other children were waiting for her. So father bade us good-by, promising to follow us to Burlington on the morrow.

Two men at a near-by table, who had been watching us so intently as to attract our attention, at once left the room.

I remember clearly the drive down Pennsylvania Avenue to the depot, the iron-tired wheels of our carriage rattling and bumping over the cobblestones. It was in the early evening, but the Avenue was deserted and quiet as midnight.

We were nearing the railway station when a man on horseback overtook us, drew alongside, and, leaning down, peered into our carriage. Then he wheeled his horse and rode furiously away.

To our surprise and joy, father came into the car just as the train drew out of the station. He was carrying a great bundle of papers, and after but a brief word of greeting he moved to a seat at the front end of the car and became at once engrossed in his documents.

It was an ordinary day coach of that period and the lamp at the forward end of the car happened to be burning brightest. Sitting where he did, father

was hidden from one peering through the door from the front platform. This probably saved his life.

At Baltimore our car was detached from the train and drawn through the city by horses. At the other side of town a fresh engine was waiting, and we proceeded northward, running as a special. No stop was made until we reached Philadelphia.

At Philadelphia a crowd of excited people surged about our car. Father opened the door and found a belligerent brakeman guarding the steps from an agitated deputation of state, city, and railway officials. The brakeman was declaring loudly that his orders were to admit no one, that he had thrown a man off at the Relay House, and he didn't care who they were, they couldn't come in.

Father brought them in and we received the tragic news of President Lincoln's assassination.

Burlington was only an hour away. While another special was being made up, father accompanied us to Burlington. He returned to Philadelphia by the same train and the fresh special rushed him back to Washington.

It was nearly noon upon that Good Friday before President Lincoln sent his acceptance of the box for the performance of "Our American Cousin." It was then expected that father and mother would accompany the President, and the evening papers contained the announcement that the President and

Mrs. Lincoln and General and Mrs. Grant would attend the play at Ford's Theater that evening.

When mother declined the invitation, and father learned that it would be possible for him to accompany us to Burlington, Mrs. Lincoln invited, in their stead, Miss Harris, the daughter of Senator Ira Harris, and her *fiancé*, Major Rathbone.

The change of program could not have been known to the conspirators until the evening, unless the men at the adjoining table in the Willard Hotel overheard mother's positive declination. Who were those two men, and who was the man who rode beside and peered into our carriage? It could have been neither Arnold, O'Laughlin, Dr. Mudd, Spangler, nor John Surratt. The whereabouts of each was fully accounted for at that time.

The movements of John Wilkes Booth between five and eight o'clock of that Friday evening have never been accounted for. Harold engaged a horse at Naylor's stable and rode away at about four-fifteen. At half past six Atzerodt also rode away and was gone until seven-fifteen. Atzerodt testified that he met with Booth and Payne, in Payne's room in the Herndon House, at eight o'clock, and at that time Booth gave the final orders. Booth was to murder President Lincoln and General Grant; Payne was to take Mr. Seward; and Atzerodt, Vice-President Johnson—which Atzerodt refused to do.

Atzerodt's testimony was plainly unreliable. But it appears that either Booth, Payne, Harold, or

Atzerodt might have been the man who rode beside our carriage.

But there is something else that has never been told. Many years later mother received an unsigned letter in which the writer expressed his deep thankfulness that he had failed in the mission assigned to him. The unknown writer went on to say that he had sat near to us that evening in the Willard Hotel, that he had examined our carriage as we drove to the station, that he had peered through the door of our car as the train drew out, and that, while certain father had not left his office, he would have entered the car if a brakeman had not opposed him. Convinced that the man he sought was still in Washington, he made no great effort to overcome the brakeman. And then, at the Relay House, he had fallen from the train and broken his leg.

It does not seem that any other, save the man who was there, could have known of those details and written that letter. It could not have been written by Booth, Harold, Atzerodt, Payne, or O'Loughlin, for all were then dead. The movements, on that evening, of all the other conspirators brought to trial, were fully accounted for. If the writer of that letter told the truth, he was an unsuspected conspirator. It remains one of the unsolved mysteries of that fateful time. How many conspirators were there? Perhaps it is better that we do not know.

Through the horror, uncertainty, and suspense of the period immediately following upon the assassina-

tion of President Lincoln, mother remained in Burlington with us children, and father was continuously in Washington. All that I know of the happenings of those momentous days, until I again returned to Washington, comes from the understanding of later years and has no place here.

CHAPTER FIVE

MY last sojourn in Burlington was more enjoyable than my previous life there. Quite distinctly I recall the feeling of satisfaction and security, and a pride that, I fear, was not always modest. It was my belief that my immunity from annoyances was due to fear of the prowess of Fred. Quite likely this had nothing to do with it. The war was over, we were better known, and I was older. But to me, then, Fred's earnest and instantaneous reprisals of the earlier days were directly responsible for the peace and security that were mine.

I recall but one particular incident of those days in Burlington. There was a boy who lived near—I have forgotten his name; as I remember, he was a little older than I, but, like myself, not yet come under the yoke of school. We played together. One day he proudly displayed what appeared to be a perfectly tame bee.

I was at once eager to possess one like it. I failed to note that wings and sting had been deftly clipped. I accepted this bee as a new species, and when my playmate conveyed the information that there was a swarm of them on the roof of a shed in a neighboring back yard, I started forthwith to get one.

For a moment my companion hesitated, and then

he called, "Wait until the other fellers get out of school!"

As I halted, undecided, he drew another tame bee from his pocket and presented it to me. Subsequently I came to believe that he suddenly remembered Fred.

We were waiting, conspicuously posted, when school was dismissed. We proudly displayed and handled our bees as the boys crowded around us, each imbued with a sudden desire to own one. My small friend generously disclosed the information that they could get as many bees as they wanted, on that shed, and directly the roof swarmed with small boys. My playmate quickly departed homeward, advising me earnestly to follow.

For several days thereafter, boys with lumpy faces and swollen hands loitered in the vicinity of our two homes and we confined our play to our own back yards.

I do not remember how long we remained in Burlington. I recall vividly that I went to Washington and remained for the two-day review of Sherman's and Meade's armies. In the *Photographic History of the Civil War* there is a picture of the reviewing stand, showing President Johnson sitting well forward in the center, with father beside him, a little behind and inconspicuous; but it shows me, in a Scotch cap, leaning over the front railing and much interested.

I recall the enthusiasm of the marching soldiers

and the shouts of, "Grant! Grant! Good-by, old man!" I wondered why father did not respond or join them. Always before father had participated in the reviews I had witnessed. It was much later in life before I understood father's embarrassment at the continuous ovation to him and the very patent neglect of the President sitting beside him, who was, in fact, the commander-in-chief of that army.

The troublous period of Reconstruction is familiar history. I moved in the midst of the dissensions and the confused groping, the wild joy and bitter unreason, of those days, but only the matters of personal moment left their impress upon my memory.

We lived, for a time, after the war, in Philadelphia, in a house that was presented to father by the citizens of that city. Later we moved to Georgetown, D. C., and lived in a house upon a hill, with a reservoir close beside it.

When there, Nellie attended school in Washington, and I accompanied her a few times. My only recollection of this, my first school experience, is of a spelling-bee. I remember the teacher gave me the word, "Boy."

"B-o-y," I responded, promptly, "Give me a harder one."

When she reached me on the second round the word was "Moon."

"M-u-n-e," I spelled, more slowly, but with no less assurance. "Give me a harder one."

She promptly bade me sit down. There was no explanation, and, mystified and indignant, I later complained to father. He heard me through, a whimsical smile upon his face.

"You are a Democrat, my son. Your spelling proves it."

Somehow I was comforted, but not enlightened.

And then we moved to Washington, and lived on I Street near Fourth.

It was now arranged that I should attend school regularly, with Nellie. As I had never been to school, it was presumed that I would be in classes with much younger children, and mother decided that I would be happier with Nellie than in a boys' school, where my low standing might make me an object of derision.

Until now life had held for me but one bitter and humiliating experience. This was in connection with a Scotch suit that mother had made and compelled me to wear. To me that kilt was a girl's skirt—nothing less! And my bare knees were infamous! But now I was to know humiliation even more bitter.

It was but a few days after my advent at the girls' school when the catastrophe occurred. Two of the smaller girls were jumping rope on the sidewalk in front of the school, during recess. Two darky girls, much older, happened along and walked deliberately between my schoolmates, pulling the rope from their hands. At this point I came into action.

Striding forward, I ordered the little darkies away. For years thereafter I strove to forget the dénouement. The two little colored girls turned upon me and by admirable team-work administered a thorough drubbing.

Father heard of this, but not from me. I do not remember that he made any comment, but I was at once transferred to the boys' school that Buck attended.

For a time the dreary monotony of school was unbroken. Then, one morning, the prospect of another interminable day sent me to mother, earnestly petitioning for a holiday.

Mother shook her head in refusal.

"I have a dreadful headache," I urged, in desperation.

"Then you may remain home, of course," she answered. "But if you are too ill to go to school you must not expect to meet the boys at recess or play with them after school."

I explained earnestly that I might be better by recess time, but mother remained obdurate. The outcome was that I attended school that day.

But some time later I came to father with the same plea.

"Well, my dear boy, suppose you come with me to the office."

Thereafter, when disinclined for school, I said nothing to mother. The plea to father was always

followed by a happy day with him at Army Headquarters.

Army Headquarters were then located on Seventeenth Street, in an old dwelling-house. There was a considerable yard, with great trees in front. When I played there the orderlies and young clerks often contrived to join me in many a spirited game. And there were sights there, too, as interesting as games. Washington side streets were not paved in those days, and army teams were often stalled, hub-deep in the mud, before headquarters. A six-mule army team bogged down in the mud meant violent action—both physical and vocal.

I fancy that it was the loss of this delectable playground that impressed upon my memory the appointment of father, by President Johnson, as Secretary of War *ad interim*.

Father held the position for several months, pending settlement of the controversy between President Johnson and Congress, over Johnson's dismissal of Stanton.

And so I went with father to an office in the War Department, a place that possessed few attractions for me. And I happened to be there in the office with father on the day that Secretary Stanton, reinstated by Congress, returned to his desk.

Mr. Stanton came in, very plainly angry. Small boy that I was, I remember the rudeness of his manner. But it did not trouble me. It had been explained to me that upon Mr. Stanton's return father

and I would go back to Army Headquarters and the old playground. It was a joyous occasion for me that Secretary Stanton's gruffness could not mar.

The playground did not claim all my leisure hours. While we were living on I Street, a cousin of about my own age made me a long visit. The city was strange and everything was of interest to him. One day, in unusually high spirits, we were returning homeward when we came upon a boy sitting hunched down upon the lower doorstep before a modest house.

At the sight my cousin stopped abruptly. There was as little malice as premeditation in what followed. It was simply one of the things a boy may do.

"Do you want to fight?" my cousin demanded, in affected truculence.

"Yep," promptly responded the strange boy, unfolding to stand erect, more than a head taller than either of us.

We saw our mistake when it was too late. When the stranger went into action our minds were in the condition one may imagine to be that of a toy dog that charges fiercely upon a somnolent cat—and the cat doesn't run. The strange boy disposed of both of us with painful skill.

Home again, we talked over the fight as the soreness in various parts of our anatomies subsided. We decided that we had been taken unawares; that our teamwork was faulty. Satisfied at last that we saw our way to a different ending, we sought and again

found the strange boy. He duplicated the previous drubbing, adding some fancy touches evidently overlooked on the first encounter.

It was now a matter of honor to demolish that boy. Day after day we discussed our mistakes and planned a new attack. A third battle resulted as had the first and second. But we had learned much, and now we knew the worst he could do. At the fourth attempt we bested him.

Long after, I found that father had been advised of the first fight and of each subsequent one. He never mentioned the matter to me.

It was while living on I Street that I passed through the marble, kite, and top age. Such were the things that concerned me in the tumultuous days following upon the end of the war and the death of President Lincoln. Always father seemed in consultation with some one, Senators and Congressmen more in evidence than army men. When he was at home the stream of callers was unbroken, often until late at night. It was long after before I understood that father had been consulted by Congress upon practically all the legislation of the period, and particularly upon every reconstruction measure.

Of all the throng—the important and the curious, statesmen and self-seekers—who thronged around father in those days, one figure stands out most clearly in my memory. This was Anson Burlingame, whose altruistic efforts in behalf of the Chi-

nese are still remembered. Burlingame came to our house on I Street accompanied by several Chinese mandarins. Undoubtedly it was the flowing pig-tails, the yellow robes and silk embroidered dragons of the Oriental state costumes, of the Chinese, that impressed the American who accompanied them upon my memory. But that visit was destined to be the beginning of a peculiar relationship between father and the Chinese government that continued to the day of his death.

The days passed happily. Not only were callers at I Street numerous and constant, but the immediate family was large. For the greater part of the time we children were all at home, my cousin remained, and Grandfather Dent, too, came and remained with us. Then there were Colonel Bowers and Colonel Babcock, who had won acceptance as regular members of the family.

It was before the capture of Vicksburg that father asked the sentry walking guard at Headquarters if he knew a good penman in his company?

The soldier answered, "I am a good penman, General, and a school-teacher by profession."

That was the last guard-mount for Private Bowers. He proved to be more than an excellent penman, an able man of delightful personality. He was appointed to father's staff and promoted to a colonelcy. After the war Colonel Bowers became a great favorite with all of us, and we all knew of his abiding ambition. He delighted to talk of it, al-

ways with a quizzical smile and some humorously deprecatory allusion to his presumptuous ignorance. Nevertheless, it was very real, very dear to him, this dream of a consummation too remotely possible for real hope.

Colonel Bowers' ambition was to be able to accumulate ten thousand dollars and with it purchase, and retire to end his days upon, an Indiana farm. And the Colonel Bowers whose greatest ambition was to one day own and live upon a modest Indiana farm had been detailed steamboat inspector at Vicksburg, and refused an offer of fifty thousand dollars in gold to turn his back and permit the cotton boats to slip through. Bowers understood that the embargo was about to be lifted, that there was no valid reason why the cotton should not then go through. There was tremendous speculation in cotton that would pay heavily for immediate delivery. But his orders were to hold the cotton boats, and Colonel Bowers held them.

Accompanying father to West Point just before the first inauguration, Colonel Bowers slipped, fell under the train, and was killed.

We were still living on I Street when Fred left us to enter West Point. That our life on I Street was drawing to a close and that a playground far better than the yard in front of Army Headquarters awaited me I had no suspicion.

As I remember, it was near the end of our sojourn on I Street when I accompanied father and

mother for the first time to West Point. It was not an official visit. We simply went up together to see Fred, who was then a cadet. Our coming was unannounced, but we had barely arrived when the commandant requested father to set the hour for a review of the Corps of Cadets. Remembering his own cadet days and the intense dislike for prominent visitors whose presence added to the toil of already crowded hours, father, to my disappointment, declined the honor.

Ex-President Millard Fillmore and General Scott were also at West Point that day. I remember them well. To me General Scott seemed a giant. I still consider him the handsomest man I have ever seen, and his bearing and dignified courtesy to father and mother impressed me strongly.

Before we left, General Scott presented father with a copy of his autobiography, and on the fly-leaf wrote, "From the oldest to the greatest American general."

CHAPTER SIX

WE were still living on I Street when father was nominated and elected the eighteenth President of the United States. He was then forty-six years of age, the youngest man to have held that office, and the youngest, but one, since elevated to it.

Father made absolutely no effort to secure that nomination. Looking back, I now see that from the day of President Lincoln's assassination it was inevitable, and I know that father accepted it with greater dread than pleasure in the prospect. It was only another difficult task that he must assume. All the older members of the family understood that father would have preferred to escape the ordeal.

I have before me now the copy of a letter written by my Grandfather Grant. I know nothing about it other than what I now gather from the context. Grandfather Grant was a methodical man and he kept a copy. It is a long letter and I quote from it, in part.

Cov., Ky., Jan. 25th, '64.

HON. I. N. MORRIS.

DEAR SIR:—

Your letter of the 15th. was received several days ago, but as I was engaged in answering similar inquiries for

the Hon. E. Newton and had on hand several other letters to answer, I have not been able to answer you till now.

The facts, however, are these, and if you should conclude to go on with the matter as you have suggested, you will of course adopt language and make your own arrangements. I will give you a few facts as to the early life, habit, etc., of Ulysses.

And then grandfather tells a story of father's childhood, to show, as he says, "that the cool deliberate bravery which he has always manifested on the field of battle is a natural inherent quality."

He continues:

Another incident. When Ulysses was twelve years old, you may remember I took a contract to build the Georgetown Jail. I had a team of two large horses with which I did most of the hauling. This team Ulysses proposed to drive. I let him do so, not expecting him to hold out more than a week or so, but he did drive all the time till the job was done—about seven months.

After explaining that it required eight men to put on the wagon the load of three great logs from which the timbers were sawed grandfather tells how once, when the hands had not arrived, father, with the aid of a horse, loaded alone; a feat that, grandfather said, "made some talk, created some wondering among old teamsters at the time." Grandfather continues:

Like his mother, he rarely ever laughs, never sheds a tear or becomes excited—though always in a pleasant

humor—never says a profane word, or indulges in jokes—always says what he means and means what he says—always expressing himself in the fewest possible words, and never had a personal controversy with man or boy in his life. . . .

Now one thing more and I believe your letter is answered. I am fully satisfied that he would not be a candidate for the Presidency under any circumstances. He went into the Service avowedly to contribute his mite towards putting down this wicked rebellion without having any political ambitions after this was accomplished. He is now a Major General in the regular army, and will doubtless be placed at the head of it. And I believe that is the extent of his ambition.

Respectfully yours,

J. R. GRANT.

Grandfather Grant may reasonably be presumed to have understood the sentiments of his son. Only because he believed it to be for the best interests of his country did father ever consent to be a candidate for the Presidency.

Of the campaign, before that first election, I recall but one circumstance. I accompanied father upon a brief tour through New York State. At Utica, New York, we met Horatio Seymour, father's political opponent. To my amazement, father shook hands with him. I stood watching, round-eyed in fascinated horror difficult to describe but never forgotten.

I do not recall that anyone had ever spoken to me of Horatio Seymour, or that I had asked about

him. My impressions of him had been formed by the cartoons of a fiercely partisan press. I believed him to be a terrible man. And through the consternation that held me in mingled terror and perplexity filtered the first words of Mr. Seymour's greeting, words that but added to my bewilderment:

"I fear you will have slight cause to remember me as your political opponent, General, but I am very glad to have this opportunity to meet you."

I recall nothing further of that tour, not even of the stop at Utica.

Of father's first inauguration my memory holds but one incident, and that that a man of very considerable weight stepped upon my foot. I remember the exact place, too; the northwest corner of Pennsylvania Avenue and Seventeenth Street. I am certain that I could put my foot now, fifty-four years after that event, on the same spot and in the same position. It is now a larger foot. This is all that I remember of that inauguration.

From the fact that father's nomination, his election to the Presidency, and his inauguration made so little impression upon me, I now assume that they made little change in our mode of living, our actions or feelings. That father's elevation to the Presidency made little change in him, I know.

All my life I had been accustomed to frequent movings, and the habit—if it is a habit—still clings to me. I have never lived in one home as long as I

lived in the White House. But while I have no recollection of the actual moving from I Street to the White House, I remember that I was very unfavorably impressed by the dingy, shabby carpets and furniture in this new home.

I was often in the White House during the incumbency of President Lincoln, but I do not recall that these things impressed me then. Perhaps it was mother's disapproval of the furnishings, rather than my own, that I now recall. But I do know that the interior of the house was not attractive when we first arrived there but as new furnishings were installed and the old rearranged under mother's skillful direction, the White House became a real home.

Coming out from dinner on the first evening of our residence in the White House, we found a soldier walking guard outside the dining room door. Father halted the sentry with an inquiry as to whether there were other guards, and was informed that two others were posted on the main floor and several more at the entrances and upon the ground floor. It was a custom inaugurated at the beginning of the war, and it terminated that day.

The President's offices then occupied about one third of the second floor, over the East Room. For several years my own room was on the northwest corner, but later I moved to the room across the hall on the southwest corner. I was seldom in either, except to sleep. My days were filled with outside

interests and my evenings were spent in the library with father and mother.

The small boy has no perspective. The things of his immediate concern fill his life and are momentous or trivial in the degree that they intrigue him. Of the undercurrents moving about me, as of matters of greatest public interest, I only grew to understanding with advancing years.

The earlier years of my life in the White House were to me then, not eventful. I attended school, but not with great regularity. I gathered around me a new company of boys who lived in that section of Washington and we became great friends. The White House lot was our playground in good weather, and the big, airy basement, or ground floor, was reserved for rain or storm. I never considered that my position as my father's son entitled me to any special consideration, and I know that no playmate ever accorded me deference because of that fact. They flocked to the White House because there was the largest and best playground available. And mine was the life of an ordinary freckle-faced small boy in good health and fine spirits, who adored his father and mother, his two brothers and sister, and was in turn much loved and petted by them.

Willoughby Cole, whose father was Senator from California, became my dearest chum. He lived near us on I Street, and later the family moved to a home not far from the White House. Later still, we were roommates at Cornell University and we kept up our

brotherly intimacy to the day of his death, several years ago. I have never known a more even-tempered, more lovable character. Never once did we have an off day. I saw his father, ex-Senator Cole, when he came East two years ago; a fine-looking man of one hundred years; hale and hearty, too. He died but a few weeks ago.

Again as at Vicksburg and City Point it had been "father's army," the White House was now "father's house." The constant stir, the coming and going of all sorts of people, the frequent pageantry of formal and semiformal gatherings, were but life as I had always known it and of little concern to me compared with my personal interests.

But from the first I sensed a distinction here over which I puzzled vaguely, groping for understanding of the difference. It was never explained to me. Instinctively, I comprehended that here were subtleties of discrimination that must be accepted, and in acceptance some indefinable but comforting thing was lost. It was the single alien note in the harmony of my existence.

My Grandfather Dent had been a slave-owner. My own nurse was a slave. This did not impress upon me a sense of ownership. All my life I had been accustomed to persons around me who were either slaves or servants. The distinction between these, in my mind, was that I loved the slaves. They belonged to me and I to them. We were of the

same family. Those who were but servants were but friends. There was no kinship.

But the White House swarmed with retainers who had been there from time immemorial. They performed the services, attended to the familiar duties about the house, as others had always done. Upon the surface these were no different from the servants I had always known. But here these were, in whatever capacity engaged, employees. It was a distinction I could feel without understanding. For a time it stood an intangible barrier between me and completeness in this new home. Small boy that I was, I felt an intruder, at the best one there on sufferance, something less than a paying guest.

And then, gradually, as I came to know them, the intangible barrier melted away. They treated me with kindness and consideration that wiped away vague distinctions. I grew fond of them all and I remember all with affection. The thought that none are living to-day saddens me as I write.

There were delightfully odd characters among those old White House employees. I often think of one old colored man whose name I cannot recall, but whose Sabbath personality will never fade from my memory. By title he was 'The Furnace Man.

I saw him first upon a Sabbath, in the White House library, attending to the open coal fires. For a long time I imagined he came on duty only upon the Sabbath. Several times each Sunday, in the

early fall before the furnace was started, throughout the winter, and upon the raw days of early spring, he would come to the library, always dressed in a double-breasted frock coat, thrown open to display a massive gold—or gilt—watch chain, and carrying a shiny plug hat and a gold-headed cane. Upon week days the furnace man was indistinguishable, but on Sunday he was a personage.

And there was another, Albert, our coachman. Albert was not of the established White House retinue, for we brought him with us. The White House stables were not as large as those on I Street, but Albert kept just as busy keeping them perfectly clean and in order. Apparently he never left them. If anything could have made Albert unhappy, I imagine it would have been a day away from his horses. I do not recall that he suffered such an affliction during the ten years he remained with us.

While a small boy I spent many contented hours in the stable with Albert. Often I found him eating his dinner from a tin tray placed upon a stool, and at such times he always carried on a running conversation—it was more than a monologue for there was response—with the horses and Rosie, his black-and-tan dog.

Of the horses, Cincinnati and Egypt were his favorites. Both were beautiful bays, closely matched, splendid specimens of Kentucky thoroughbred stock.

I believe Cincinnati was a brother of the famous runner, Lexington. They were presented to father during the latter part of the war, and, as father never sold a horse in his life, they spent their last days with us.

And Albert would talk as he ate; but when the last tin cup of coffee was drunk, the proceeding was always the same. During all his talk the horses would move restlessly about, answering him with frequent low whinnies. Now, holding a lump of sugar in his thick lips, Albert would call out:

"Now, yo' Cincinnati, yo' kain't have none of dis yere." Whereupon, Cincinnati would walk out of his stall and carefully take the lump of sugar from Albert's protruding lips. The other horses, knowing that their turn was coming, would stamp and paw with impatience. Another lump of sugar and Albert would say, "Now, yo' honey-baby, Egypt, wouldn't take no sugar from Albert." And by that time the sugar would be in Egypt's mouth. And so on down the line. And all the time Rosie would be lying flat upon the floor, her eyes never wavering from Albert's face as she waited her turn.

Rosie had no pedigree; she was only a black-and-yellow dog, but, as I remember her, Rosie knew more than any dog I have ever known. And Albert was the most thoroughly contented man I have ever known. He was pleased with everything, including himself. Father had bought from Brewster a great,

heavy carriage, and the event of the day, for Albert, was when he reined up his four-in-hand in front of the White House.

The four wonderful horses dancing and chafing at their bits, the gleaming harness, the great, polished carriage, and Albert, his white teeth glistening through the smile that all his struggle for dignity could not banish from his ebony face, made a picture that held every eye.

And in some mysterious way Albert could stop the prancing and fretting of his horses at will. The moment mother appeared the four would stand like statues.

At the end of father's second term as President mother sent for Albert.

"I have recommended you to Mr. Hayes as an excellent coachman, Albert, and he wants you to remain with him," she said. "I want to tell you this because I have often scolded you."

"La! Mis' Grant," broke in Albert, "Albert never minded yo' scoldin's. Dey jes' went in one yeah an' out t'other."

"You rascal!" said mother.

Many years later I last saw Albert. His wool had turned to cotton then, but time had not withered the smile on his wrinkled black face.

"Sho, Misto Jesse, Mis' Grant certainly did like me as a driver," he said, proudly. "Why, de las' word she said tow me was, 'Yo' rascal!'" And Al-

bert laughed at the memory as the tears ran down his black face.

The first four years I knew Albert he had my unbounded admiration, and ever since he has commanded my unbounded respect. What is finer than a faithful, competent, contented man?

CHAPTER SEVEN

IN the early days in my new home the only sorrows I ever knew in the White House came to me. I possessed all the normal small boy's fondness for a dog and acquired several in rapid succession, only to have each, in turn, die. Over each demise my grief was bitter. Then some one presented me with a magnificent Newfoundland. When this dog came, father called the White House steward. He asked no questions, made no accusations.

"Jesse has a new dog," he said, simply. "You may have noticed that his former pets have been peculiarly unfortunate. When this dog dies every employee in the White House will be at once discharged."

"Faithful" was the name I gave this dog, and he, and one or two more I acquired later, lived during the remainder of our stay in the White House. Faithful never had a press notice; to the outside world he was no better known than was John Smith's dog, but, beyond this, he lacked nothing of attention. I never owned a dog more deserving.

Other than dogs, I had few pets in the White House. At one time I was filled with the desire to keep pigeons, but it appeared that at an earlier time Tad Lincoln had been fired by the same ambition, and

that the caretakers of the Treasury and other public buildings were still striving to exterminate the hardy survivors of Tad's breeding. For me pigeons were taboo. But I still had my pony, Rebbie, only now I was outgrowing him and he was loaned to a succession of smaller boys, until, his work done, he was retired to end his days in idle comfort.

Then there was a parrot, presented to me by Señor Romero, the Mexican minister. This parrot had no speech and was less noted for his beauty than for the vileness of his temper. One might have imagined him nurtured on chili peppers. I kept him for years, and then he was passed on through a succession of owners. Although I lost track of him long since, I should be surprised to hear that he was not still living.

Two gorgeously colored game cocks completed the list of my pets. Confined in adjoining yards, they fought continuously between the pickets—there was no chicken wire in those days. Then, when separated widely, each spent most of the daylight hours crowing challenge and defiance at the other.

The steward to whom father spoke in reference to my dogs was the source of much mingled vexation and amusement to mother. He did not remain long in that position and I do not remember that I came into close personal contact with him, but for years after, his eccentricities and self-satisfied gaucheries were recalled with amusement.

The steward was a worthy man. To this unde-

niable fact he owed his appointment. During the war he had been an excellent quartermaster sergeant, and father argued from this that he would make a desirable steward. For a long time father supported his choice stanchly. I recall one conversation between father and mother, apropos of some delinquency.

"If the steward had enough forethought to have done so and so, it would have been much better," said mother.

"But, Julia," smiled father, "if he were as wise as that he would not be a steward. You must not expect a Roscoe Conkling in that position."

To the ex-quartermaster sergeant, the White House table was a sort of super mess. His idea of quality found expression in quantity. To him the *pièce de resistance* of a dinner was, necessarily, either roast beef or a turkey, and improvement upon this could be effected in but one way, by a larger roast or a bigger bird. When the wearisome sameness of his cuisine aroused mother to protest, he would respond cheerfully in increasing quantity.

Then, one day, mother insisted that the table must be improved.

"Improved, madam!" exclaimed the sergeant. "Why, we have been living on the absolute pinnacle!"

Shortly after that father found another position for the ex-sergeant.

But though my pets were comparatively few, my

other interests were multitudinous. It was in the early days of my life in the White House that I became interested in stamp collecting.

Boys never change. I am convinced that the first cave boy was a collector. The mania for stamp collecting came upon me with the thrill of a great discovery, and for a time it held me in a gripping fervor of enthusiasm that overwhelmed every other interest. No one had ever imagined such a stamp collection as I would gather.

Then I came upon the advertisement of one Anthony J. Foster, of Milk Street, Boston. This advertisement offered a large assortment of foreign stamps for five dollars. I had never possessed five dollars at one time. To me it was a vast sum. It did not occur to me that there was any possibility of acquiring such wealth except by saving it. So I said nothing of my ambition to anyone, save to my cousin. He and I at once decided that there would be no more candy or soda water until we were possessed of the price of that assortment of stamps.

And at last, at the cost of much self-denial and after an interminable time, the five dollars was amassed and on its way to Boston. Then, with impatience that reckoned not of distance or train schedules, I looked for the arrival of the stamps. I presume now that to my impatience the dragging hours became days and that I lost hope of the arrival of the stamps or the return of the money long

before delivery could have reasonably been expected. And in my anxiety and fear I consulted my stanch friend, Kelly.

Kelly was a big-bodied and bigger-hearted member of the Washington police force, detailed on special duty at the White House. In my eyes, Kelly, next to my father, was the greatest man in Washington.

"Sure, ye better tell your father about it, Jesse," was Kelly's advice.

And so I took my trouble to father.

"What do you wish me to do, my dear boy?" asked father.

I had been thinking about this, too.

"I thought you might have the Secretary of State, or the Secretary of War, or Kelly, write a letter," I suggested.

"Hum-m!" mused father. "A matter of this importance requires consideration. Suppose you come to the Cabinet meeting, to-morrow, and we will take the matter up there."

Promptly on the hour I presented myself at the Cabinet meeting. Hamilton Fish of New York was then Secretary of State, and William W. Belknap of Iowa Secretary of War. Both were great friends of mine.

"Jesse has a matter he wishes to bring before you, gentlemen," said father.

Breathlessly I told my story, ending with the sug-

gestion that either the Secretary of State, the Secretary of War, or Kelly write a letter

"This is plainly a matter for the State Department to attend to," said Mr. Fish.

To this Mr. Belknap promptly took exception, declaring it his intention, as head of the War Department, to act at once.

Followed a general debate, in which the other Cabinet members stood solidly for Kelly. I shall never forget with what interest I listened to impassioned speeches in which Kelly's virtues, his power and influence, were extolled. He was declared to have wider powers than the Constitution bestowed upon either the Department of State or the War Department, and his personal ability and influence were proclaimed to be greater than that of the Secretaries who sought to usurp his prerogatives. When the question was put to vote, Mr. Fish and Mr. Belknap voted for their respective departments, but the rest of the Cabinet voted for Kelly. Then the decision was formally announced and I went down stairs to find Kelly.

I can see Kelly now, as he sat doubled over at a small desk, writing that letter on the stationery of the "Executive Mansion"—so headed at that time—the sweat standing out on his forehead, his great fingers gripping the pen.

At father's suggestion, I made a copy before mailing the original letter. It read:

I am a Capitol Policeman. I can arrest anybody, anywhere, at any time, for anything. I want you to send those stamps to Jesse Grant right at once.

signed, Kelly,

Capitol Policeman.

A dozen times the following day I made anxious inquiry for the reply to Kelly's letter. In due time the stamps arrived. As I remember, that five-dollar assortment exceeded our expectations. For a considerable time after its arrival my cousin and I were philatelists to the exclusion of all else. One of us conceived the idea of writing to the American consuls for specimens of the stamps of the country to which they were accredited. These requests often fell on fertile ground, and many consuls were kind enough to send us full sets.

But my joy in these receipts was considerably dampened by mother's insistence upon my writing a personal letter of thanks to all who responded. I think the drudgery of compliance with this requirement had considerable to do with my subsequent loss of interest; or perhaps the disease ran its course. Certain it is that we lost interest and the collection of stamps was forgotten. I presume it is now among the books in the White House library.

It was about this time that Buck and I went up to West Point to see Fred. Mother filled a large basket with food of all kinds and we succeeded in smuggling it into Fred's room. Fred's instinctive understanding of the contents of that basket and

his instantaneous action filled Buck and me with amazement. At the first sight of the basket, without a question or a word of explanation, Fred threw open the door and called out, "Sixty-eight!" his room number. Then he fell upon the contents of the basket with the vigor of a starving man, and at once the room swarmed with hungry cadets. More quickly, almost, than I can tell it, the contents of the basket disappeared to the last crumb, the basket was hidden, and the cadets vanished as suddenly as they came. A moment later the officer on duty appeared. He was introduced, and with a friendly word he passed on. Only then did Fred explain.

"The officer who comes on duty in a few minutes would not be so amiably blind," said Fred. "I took the only possible way to save that plunder."

My Grandfather Dent lived with us from the close of the war until his death. He was a fine old gentleman whom I loved dearly. The many tales he told remain among my most cherished memories. His forbears came to Maryland in 1645 and settled on Chesapeake Bay, at the mouth of the Gun Powder River. When we were in the White House this dear old gentleman was still a stanch Jacksonian Democrat, and he would brook no argument on politics, or, for that matter, upon any other subject. His pronouncements were not debatable. He and father were devoted to each other and I am sure

father never opposed or sought to convince him, however widely at variance their views. Grandfather Dent was wont to explain, in strict confidence, "The general is really a stanch Democrat; but he doesn't know it."

Grandfather Dent held a daily reception in one of the rooms of the office portion of the White House, and all the prominent men of the day who had business there would drop into grandfather's room for a chat before leaving. Grandfather's courtesy was unfailing. He never failed to rise from his chair in greeting each newcomer and he was always a pleasing and attractive companion.

Continually, journalists and literary men, statesmen and politicians, sought him for intimate details of the life and times of forty or fifty years before. I cannot say why these particular names linger in my memory, but I recall George Alfred Townsend, John W. Forney, George Smalley, and Senator Stockton of New Jersey, and Congressman—later Senator—Daniel W. Voorhees of Indiana, "the tall sycamore of the Wabash," as particular friends of Grandfather Dent.

Of the tales grandfather told me, of particular interest to me, were the incidents of his several trips East from St. Louis, in the real pioneer days. Those Eastern trips would be talked over for months, sometimes for a year, before he would start. It would be discussed with all his friends in St. Louis,

and letters from them to friends and relatives in the East would be consigned to him for delivery, months before his departure.

Finally, accompanied by a retinue of servants and sumpter mules, he would start; always first making his will. On the road he would make long stops with Governors and prominent men who lived anywhere near his line of travel. And always, in telling of these journeys, Grandfather Dent would end up by saying:

"Yes, sir! In those days only gentleman traveled, and a journey was an event. What happens now? You jump in a train and are whisked through the country, and you meet all classes! Why, a damn Yankee bagman offered me a cigar!"

That was always the close of his story. I never saw any flaw in this dear old gentleman, but I can now see that he was not a progressive.

In turning back to those boyhood days, disconnected, fragmentary incidents flit across the field of memory. The public receptions, with the long line of patriotic idle and curious, filing slowly past to shake the President's hand, were ever a trial to father. But it was a custom inaugurated long before his time and he never sought to evade this that he considered one of his duties.

And those receptions were a trial to me also. The parents of my regular companions were wont

to keep them at home on the days of the public reception, lest they get in the way and become a nuisance. And I recall that upon one of those days I was idling disconsolately in front of the White House when a stranger accosted me. The man was unmistakably English.

"Why is that crowd there?" he asked.

"It's a reception," I answered.

"Are they invited?" he questioned.

"No," I answered again.

"Can anyone go?" he asked, incredulously.

"Yes," I assured him.

"My word! Wonderful! Marvelous! I shall avail myself of the opportunity." And he made straightway for the end of the line.

And there was the time when Horace Greeley came to dine at the White House with one trousers leg stuffed in the top of his boot. Boots were no novelty to me. Many statesmen wore them. But I glimpsed that caught-up trousers leg before we went in to dinner, and there followed, for me, an interminable period of anxious debate. What should I do about it? Should I call Mr. Greeley's attention to it, or should I quietly pull that trousers leg down? In my uncertainty, I did nothing. But when dinner was over and our guest gone, I spoke to father about it. "What should I have done?"

"You did quite right, my boy," said father. "If you had pulled that pants-leg down, you would

only have put Mr. Greeley to the trouble of tucking it up again."

And I recall that there was a fashion, or practice, at this time—about 1870—of carrying little wooden fans, upon which the boys and girls would inscribe their names and some sentiment. As I remember, these fans antedated the autograph album. I cannot be certain of this, nor can I recall where this unforgettable and regrettable incident occurred. But I remember that a very pretty little girl requested me to write something on her fan. We exchanged fans and I wrote my name upon hers. Glancing at what she had written upon mine, I saw, after her name, in capitals, the cryptogrammic letters, O. K. K. B. W. P. I thought for a moment and gave it up, replacing the fan in my pocket.

She urged me to try to guess, and I opened the fan and tried again, but the letters conveyed no meaning to me. Just before leaving, she asked if I wanted to know what the letters meant, and, without waiting for me to reply, said, "It means, one kind kiss before we part."

I was such a little wooden-head that her explanation suggested no action upon my part. I have regretted this stupidity for more than half a century.

There was a vacant lot of considerable size south of the White House, upon which we boys played ball. We called ourselves the "Potomac Base Ball

Club." Ability to play ball, not pedigree or social position, was the requisite for enrollment in that club.

In a match game, the smallest member of the visiting club was at the bat. The customary inquiry was made by our pitcher, "High or low?" To which the little fellow replied, "Oh, anywhere!"

Whereupon our pitcher threw the ball high above the batter's head. The visiting boy jumped for it, any by chance connected exactly right and made a home run. The act excited my wildest admiration. To me that small boy became one of the great of the world.

It was more than thirty years later when I met that boy again, and he was then distinguished as the coldest-nerved and squarest professional gambler in Nogales, Arizona. He remembered that home run and laughingly admitted that it was the most satisfactory act of his life, while I assured him that no act in history had made a greater impression upon me.

The rules of the game were vastly different from those of to-day, and as we played they were not infrequently interpolated to meet some exigency. Many a game of ball stopped because the ball was lost, and the umpire's decisions were commonly adjusted to the demands of the most persistent. Catching a ball upon the first bound retired the batter, and for this reason the catcher stood far back from the home plate. If a boy got to first

base, his arrival at third was assured. But we had our Ty Cobbs and Babe Ruths in those days. Any aspiring youth who imagined that his future career lay in pitching had Billy Williams as his guiding star, while Davy Force was the idol of the fielders.

CHAPTER EIGHT

IT was from the members of this baseball club that my cousin and I and a few others formed the society known as the "K. F. R." This is a secret society, its one secret being its name.

Speculating upon the meaning of those cryptic letters, father proclaimed it the "Kick, Fight, and Run" Society.

As I write I have before me the little book, *Half Century of the K. F. R. Society*, published in 1921. I quote in brief excerpts from this history of the K. F. R. as written by the Rev. Charles Morris Addison, D.D., now of Cambridge, Mass.

There is no end to the number of clubs formed by boys. The stories of most of these associations are both similar and short. But to the mind of the historian, and, he is sure, to the minds of his fellow-members, the story of the K. F. R. is unique, and to us it has still, after fifty years, a real and deep interest.

Most boys' clubs have a short and tumultuous existence. But here is one which has lived with the same purpose for half a century, and for nearly forty years with the same membership, save the inevitable loss by death. And it had attained this continuity because it made, from the very boyish beginning, friendship as its principle. Most self-formed boys' clubs are soon destroyed, being broken in pieces by actual blows, or, like Job, by words. But not so

the K. F. R. It is not known that out of our seventy-six men knowing each other in every degree of intimacy, none has ever quarreled with another. This is the more remarkable as one rereads the old and already fading minutes of our first meetings. How we have ever been willing to speak to each other at all, after the way we treated each other in those days, is a wonder. Very few of us have escaped being expelled in disgrace at one time or another. Everything has happened that could destroy friendship, and yet no friendships have suffered.

There were meetings when the president could only keep order by shying kindling wood at the heads of unruly members; days when there were free fights; days when there were fierce rivalries and personal jealousies, causing a quick succession of cliques and cabals, and caucuses, and then heart-burnings and resignations, and then remorse and humble return to the fold. It seemed as though we couldn't get away from each other. We were held by our principle of friendship, which then, as ever since, has been stronger than our differences. It is so now. It has resulted in a friendship which, beginning in propinquity—we were all West-end boys in Old Washington—has become independent of space. And on this fiftieth anniversary we think it worth while to preserve for our children and others a story that may help them.

Like all life, our society began in a small way. One day Jesse Grant and his cousin, Baine Dent, met Al Parris and asked if he wouldn't like to start a club. No one can imagine Al's saying no to a proposition like that. So three more boys were approached, Harry Cutts, Walter Chew, and Frank Bolles, and the six proceeded to organize. They first came together for this purpose on Christmas day, 1871. The place was a small room, a gardener's tool house, on the White House grounds, given by President Grant to his son Jesse as a playroom. Jesse Grant was made

the first president. The first new member was, naturally, Walter Chew's twin brother, Len. How they got separated at first is not known. Then applications for membership, as one early historian modestly reports, "came pouring in from all sources." Out of these were selected Wilford Harrison, Gus Almy and Will Almy—another set of twins—Blair Lee, and Laurie Riggs. This made twelve members, and now, as the constitution came to be adopted, the tender society was nearly wrecked by weeks of fierce debate as to whether the number should be twelve or thirteen. It must have been settled, because Walter Benet became the thirteenth member. The name was the proposal of Frank Bolles and is our only secret.

The minutes of the first sessions, from December, 1871, to the spring of 1872, have been lost, but we have them all from then on. On November 9, 1872, it is recorded that, "With great disorder the meeting then adjourned." A motion was made and passed on December 7, 1872, "That a fine of ten cents be imposed upon all that are guilty of fraudulent voting." "As order must be kept at all costs," another writes, "Mr. Bolles moved that W. Chew and Duncan be fined five cents for interrupting the chair! The president decided them fined three cents each." A merciful reduction!

The preamble to the first constitution read:

"As boys approach the time when they shall be boys no longer, they are necessarily obliged to make some preparation for their embarkation on life's stormy and tempestuous ocean, Therefore, it was resolved to unite the undersigned persons in some bond of unity greater than everyday acquaintance. The before-mentioned persons accordingly resolve to form a society which should and shall be called The K. F. R. Society.

"And to meet at regular intervals to improve themselves and to practice in various ways for the final exam-

ination which all must undergo before entering the shining portals of light. The objects of this society were, are, and ever shall be, to improve its members individually and collectively in mental and moral culture and to encourage them in their attempts towards literary and mental success."

As means toward these exalted ends, there was first a circulating library, which soon grew to over two hundred volumes, and next a debating society. But evidently the elaborate purpose of our preamble was not clearly understood for early in 1872 Jesse Grant moved "That the society have some motive." Passed. A committee on motive was appointed. I find no record that the committee ever reported.

Our next step in a literary direction was the publication of a magazine, called the *K. F. R. Journal*. Its first number appeared in December, 1872. The first editor was Joe Partello, assisted by Walter Benet and Jesse Grant. It cannot be called a modest little sheet, for its first editorial contained these words:

"The want of some vent for our extraordinary literary genius has long been felt, and hence the origin of this design."

The first two numbers consisted of four pages, but with the third it blossomed into eight. For the first and only time the White House put an ad. in a public print announcing President Grant's office hours; an ad. which the *Journal* proudly bore through its first volume of six numbers.

Its second volume began in November, 1873, with C. M. Addison, Frank Bolles, and A. K. Parris as editors. It contained boyish stories and occasionally it touched upon national affairs, as when it remarks, in those early days of graft, that "Congressmen regard Oakes Ames' little memorandum book much as they would look upon a prize package of nitroglycerine. . . ."

As the boys grew up many of them left Washington, some for the army and navy, and the sons of officers and government officials, from the President down, left when their fathers' terms of office were over.

This led to the constant election of fellows to fill vacancies and to a system of honorary membership which began in 1872 and lasted until 1883, when the last active was elected and we all became honoraries. In 1877 the society left its cramped but dear quarters on the White House grounds for new and more manly quarters on the third floor of 1427 F Street.

What memories that history awakens! How seriously we took ourselves in those days! Perhaps we were as ridiculous as the record sounds. I laugh as I read it, laugh even as I choke. And I read along to the fiftieth reunion, when twenty-five men gathered at the Army and Navy Club in Washington. I know it was remarkable that twenty-five men should have gathered there, forty years after the last member was admitted, and a half century after its organization, but the thought saddens me that of the original six only Al Parris—now a retired banker in Washington—and I remain.

My cousin, Baine Dent, graduated from the U. S. Naval Academy in the class of 1880. Ten years later he retired because of failing eyesight and became commandant of the Lindsley Institute at Wheeling, West Virginia. He died in 1916. He was two years older than I, but as far back as I can remember he was my playmate and chum. And there was Harry Cutts, exactly my own age. He

graduated from Princeton in the class of '80, one of Princeton's famous football players. Later he graduated from the Harvard Medical School and practiced his profession in Washington, and still later in Brookline, Massachusetts. He died in 1918. Walter Chew practiced law until his health failed, and two years ago he left us. And last of the six, Frank Bolles. He, too, was a couple of years older than I, but always one of my stanch friends. A lawyer, one of the editors of the *Boston Advertiser*, with his friend the Rev. Edward Everett Hale, a friend of James Russell Lowell, and author of *Land of the Lingerin' Snow*, and *At the North of Bear Camp Water*, and for the last twelve years of his life secretary of Harvard University, Frank was the first to leave us, in 1894.

And I study the list—seventy-five boys grown to manhood, serving in the army and navy, and in almost every department of civil life, and every one a credit to the K. F. R.

And I think how greatly all has changed, and how little. To-day we have vastly more, but no additional capacity for happiness. Then we had never imagined a typewriter or a phonograph, a trolley car or an automobile. The flying machine and the submarine were but names representing the impossible. There were no electric lights, no steel buildings, even the bicycle and roller skates were yet to come. Yet we thought as well of ourselves and as ill, were as content and as dissatisfied, as good and

as bad, as we are to-day. There are added superficialities without end, but there is no change. Things unimagined by my Grandfather Dent, in his boyhood, were the necessities of mine, as things I never dreamed of are the necessities of to-day. Superficialities, fashions to be put on and off, but always the same old human nature.

To me, one little memorandum in those old records of the K. F. R. wipes out all the difference between then and to-day. That is the reference to "Oakes Ames, and his little memorandum book, and Congress."

Three thousand years ago the author of Ecclesiastes wrote,

The thing that hath been, it is that which shall be,
And that which is done is that which shall be done:
And there is no new thing under the sun.

And my memory turns back to those days in the little clubroom where we boys, breathless with vague horror, discussed Oakes Ames, Congress, and the Crédit Mobilier, and good people wondered if there was left an honest man in all the world.

Now, to-day, we have another man's name, and Congress, and the Teapot Dome; and good people speculate, the ribald jeer, and many wonder, is there an honest man? Surely there is no new thing under the sun.

CHAPTER NINE

WHEN Buck was at Harvard and Nellie and I were the children in the White House, Fred had graduated from West Point and was with a railway-construction company outfit in the cañons of Colorado, filling in the usual time of leave after graduation. Later, when his furlough expired, he joined his company out in the Indian country.

Senator Cole was returning home to California with his family, and, as Willoughby Cole and I were inseparable, father suggested that I accompany them. Father had very definite ideas about training us boys in self-reliance. No suggestion I ever made was vetoed by him on the ground of hazard. If there was no harm in it, possible risk and danger were not things to be considered. And father, always an enthusiastic traveler, placed particular stress upon the broadening effect and educational value of travel while yet we were young.

I enjoyed it, but that journey West covered no territory new to me until we passed beyond Omaha. Shortly after the close of the war I had made a tour through the Middle West with father. Only one incident of that trip can I now recall clearly. I remember that we were everywhere received with

ovations, but it was at Detroit that the experience came that has proven unforgettable.

Several of us went out on an iron balcony that opened from a hotel parlor, on the second floor, really to satisfy a large and clamorous crowd that lingered about after a more formal reception. Father only bowed his acknowledgment, but several short speeches were made by different members of the party. The speeches over, the others returned to the parlor, but I remained on the balcony. Many people continued to call out! "Speech! Speech!" But as no further response was made the crowd was melting away. Obeying a sudden impulse, I climbed on the balcony railing and shouted, "Don't go away! Another speech will be made." Those who heard me laughingly applauded, and I made my first and last appearance as a public entertainer by reciting, "The boy stood on the burning deck," to the great amusement of those who remained.

But now from Omaha on it was the "wild West" and new to me, every waking moment of interest. From the car window I saw buffalo, antelope, prairie-dog towns, wild horses, coyotes, and many Indians. When we reached Cheyenne, then but a double row of dance halls and saloons extending north from the station, the broad street between the rows of shacks still grass grown, there was a wait of more than an hour and we all got out and walked about.

Our train carried, besides a Pullman car, two or

three day coaches, a smoking car, and many freight cars. At almost every siding we stopped to cut out a car or to pick up one. But this was my first opportunity to closely investigate a real "cow town." We saw enough, however, and were back before our train finished its switching.

The passenger cars stood on the main line, but in making up the freight the engineer bumped them several times and once shook them up rather severely. At one unusually hard bump two cowboys jumped down to the station platform, declaring loudly that they were satisfied to make their journey on horseback. When we were ready to start the conductor urged them to return to the car, but they stubbornly refused.

"If she shakes you up that-a-way when she's standing hitched, what in —— will she do when she's goin'?" the spokesman grumbled as they turned back to the grass-grown street.

I had been in San Francisco but a day or two when Mrs. Cole announced that several friends were arranging parties and that I was sure to enjoy them greatly. The prospect frightened me, and I showed such consternation at the plan that she canceled all arrangements made and thereafter declined all invitations for me.

And so, instead of going to a round of children's parties, Will and I went up to David Colton's mine, on Sutter Creek, and from there made a two days' journey into the mountains, for hunting and fish-

ing. Among the clearest recollections of that visit is that of the relief I felt as we rode out of San Francisco and away from the possibility of a party.

Our mentor and guide upon this expedition was the most proficient and versatile sportsman I have ever known. Born of Dutch parents in a little Pennsylvania town, the wide world was Steinberg's playground. He happened to be in San Francisco at that time because he had just been landed from a ship upon which the commander of an English man-of-war had placed him with the stern injunction to return to the United States and remain there.

It appeared that Steinberg, in his wanderings, had happened among the Samoan Islands and virtually made himself king, under the guise of a sort of grand vizier to the hereditary ruler, and England had heard of his activities and growing power and forcibly removed him. He was well known to and trusted by Senator Cole, and now our party consisted of Steinberg, Barney (our cook and man of all work), Will Cole, and myself.

We located our camp on the bank of a rapid stream that swarmed with trout. A great pine, fully ten feet in diameter, had fallen, bridging the stream. It must have lain there for many years, for the bark on the upper side was entirely worn away by the elements and the claws of animals crossing there. Close to this fallen giant grew another pine, an immense tree; and using these as two walls to our dwelling, we closed the two open sides with the

boughs and branches of young pines and thus made a wonderful camp. The ground was strewn deep with pine needles, providing a delightful bed. From only a few minutes' fishing we had trout for dinner the first evening, with enough left over for breakfast.

Before we had finished building our camp we had a visitor. We were greatly surprised when the stranger appeared, for we had not seen a house or a human being since leaving Sutter Creek. The stranger was tall, heavily bearded, and, to me, appeared a middle-aged man. To my surprise, I learned directly that he was but a boy in his early twenties. He had been born and lived all his life in a little cabin scarcely more than a mile from our camp. He brought us a box of honey and invited me most cordially to his home. Later, I called there and met his mother, returning many times during our stay.

I have forgotten this youth's name, but I place him high on my roster of interesting characters. His father had settled there before the boy was born, building a little log cabin at the edge of a windfall that he had cleared up for a garden patch. The father had died when the boy was but little more than a baby, and the mother had remained there with her child and somehow managed to exist until he grew old enough to help.

Then he had enlarged the little garden patch, and in summer he worked in the garden and attended

his bees, clearing a little more land and burning the great trees where they fell. In winter he trapped. He told me that he could not remember when the clearing fires were not burning. And he had never been away from there, further than to the trading post, ten or twelve miles away. He had never seen a town. What he knew his mother had taught him, and his only books were a set of the Waverley Novels. And, to me strangest of all—he was happy and content.

On the morning after our arrival, the trout saved over for breakfast were gone. Searching further, we discovered that the honey presented by our neighbor was also missing. When he came, later, he declared it the work of a bear. Saying nothing of his intention, he brought us more honey and, cutting the thick bark of the great pine, he made, high up, a shelf-like notch large enough to hold the honey and our other loose supplies.

That night I was sleeping soundly when something crowded against me. Half awakened, I kicked out in the darkness, and my foot struck something soft and hairy that departed rapidly, taking one entire wall with it.

"A big grizzly," said Steinberg, and our neighbor corroborated him when he examined the enormous tracks next morning.

After that, Barney never went to bed again at night while we remained in camp. He managed to

get some sleep during the day, but at night he sat up and fed the fire.

But Will and I, mounted double on the bare back of one of the horses, and armed with a small rifle that would have but peeved a grizzly, rode away in the hope, of which we said nothing, of coming upon our visitor of the night before.

I was mounted in front, carrying the rifle across the horse's neck, when suddenly the animal whirled and bolted. Will clung to me, and somehow I managed to stick to the horse, until he ran between two closely growing trees. There was space for the horse, but the protruding ends of the gun struck the trees and we were swept back to the ground. We landed considerably dazed, but unhurt, to discover that we were lost. Unable to decide in which direction the camp lay, we followed the trail of the horse; that, at least, was going away from there. Ultimately it brought us back to camp.

I do not recall how long we remained, but I know a great package of books went from the White House to that little mountain cabin when I returned home.

I think it was shortly after my return home, although I cannot be certain, when General Phil Sheridan, back from his assignment as military observer for the United States in the Franco-Prussian War, came to the White House to make his report to

father. We were in the library, father and mother, General Sheridan and I.

Much of the talk was technical, dealing with military maneuvers, and of causes and conditions beyond my capacity to follow. However, I listened no less intently. I liked General Sheridan. Then came a question I understood and an answer I have never forgotten.

"What was your impression of the whole situation?" asked father.

General Sheridan hesitated, a slow smile wrinkling over his face.

"One thought came to me and remained, growing stronger as I studied conditions. It was that, given either your army, General, or Lee's, I could have driven the French out of Paris and the Germans back to Berlin."

After he became President, father purchased a cottage on the bluff at Long Branch, and there we went every summer. I had grown too large to ride Rebbie, and Fred, who was stationed on the Plains, in "the Indian country," sent me a beautiful but capricious pony, or, rather, a small horse, on which I spent as many hours as possible every day. I received, also, at about this time, a fine light, breech-loading shotgun—the first one I had even seen. Joyously I discarded the single-barrel, muzzle-loading gun I once thought so fine. Now the powder horn and shot pouch were cast aside; no longer was

it necessary to fumble with the caps that were so difficult to force over the nipple on frosty mornings. My cup of contentment was full to overflowing.

As soon as we reached Long Branch my cousin and I were out shooting sandpipers or taking long jaunts after yellow legs and plover. I think with amazement now of the plentiful game of those days. Always eager sportsmen, in winter we rode out, covering the country for miles around Washington, shooting—there was no proscription in those days—almost everything we saw, often returning laden with ducks, squirrels, and rabbits.

And we were as enthusiastic fishermen as hunters. Our favorite fishing grounds were all located well away from home, the wharfs at Alexandria providing many choice spots. Often when rowing down the Potomac to Alexandria we passed boys going up to fish from the Washington docks. The best fishing ground is always “over there!”

At that time Alexandria was a delightfully sleepy little town. The grass grew between the cobblestones of its paved Main Street, and generally there were cows grazing peacefully there. When the fish were not biting freely we often wandered about the town, searching out the principal places of interest, then, as now, the church and the Masonic lodge that Washington once attended, and the Carlyle House.

Particularly in the spring, before leaving for Long Branch, I ever found the daylight hours too

short. One favorite ride was out to the reservoir, then just completed, and another to "Cabin John's Bridge." The whispering possibilities of that arch were often tested. And of delightful memory are the exploring climbs over the rocks at the falls of the Potomac.

Grandfather Dent told me many tales of his exploits in this section, upon his several journeys East from St. Louis, fifty years before, and identifying and locating places then visited by him added a thrilling interest to our explorations. Upon one of those Eastern visits grandfather had found what he believed to be strong indications of gold throughout this section. Many times my cousin and I searched among those rocks for the gold we never doubted Grandfather Dent once saw.

And who shall say that we did not find better than gold? What can gold buy of memories that after a half century still bite with the savor that was of youth and of air and sun and water and woods, and the content of a boy?

Only twice, before my first boarding-school experience, was I away from home for any extended period. Father was ever an enthusiastic traveler but during his terms as President his journeys, upon which I always accompanied him, were short. But we went frequently. One trip often taken was to the home of Grandfather and Grandmother Grant, who then lived in Covington, Kentucky.

Father's mother, who had been Hannah Simpson, was a woman of remarkable vitality and keen intelligence. It was father's opinion that his sagacity, or, as he was wont to say, "such as I possess," was an inheritance from his mother. But while remarkably active and keenly interested in every problem of the day, never once did Grandmother Grant visit us at the White House. All father's frequent efforts to induce her to come to us met with refusal. And so, we often went to her. Never were such ginger snaps as Grandmother Grant made. Grandmother Grant lived to be over eighty-five years of age, her death occurring but two years before father's.

But although grandmother would not accompany him, my Grandfather Grant frequently visited us at the White House. Small boy that I was, my sincere affection for my two grandfathers was tinged with amusement when they were together.

Grandfather Dent was a courtier, with all the *savior faire* of the Old South, while Grandfather Grant, at heart no less kindly and considerate and never repellent, was by nature a taciturn, self-contained man. Perhaps the single infirmity that he would acknowledge intensified his natural reserve. With advancing years he had grown deaf. To me this was a curious deafness. I was his confidant and knew that he commonly understood much that he was not expected to hear.

But to Grandfather Dent this deafness was the

infirmity of extreme old age, and he always treated Grandfather Grant as one feeble and vastly his senior.

Grandfather Grant would come into a room to find Grandfather Dent ensconced in an easy-chair before the fire. Instantly the latter would spring to his feet.

“Accept my chair, Mr. Grant.”

Grandfather Grant would never hear. Stepping as spryly as the other, he would seize the stiffest, most uncompromising chair at hand and draw it up to the fire. He always sat stiff and straight, never lounging in his chair. And Grandfather Dent would hover anxiously over him, urging upon him the more comfortable seat, which Grandfather Grant would never accept.

Often I have heard Grandfather Dent say to mother, in effect:

“You should take better care of that old gentleman, Julia. He is feeble and deaf as a post, and yet you permit him to wander all over Washington alone. It is not safe; he should never be allowed out without an attendant.”

And Grandfather Grant, who was supposed to hear nothing, would say, aside, to me: “Did you hear him, Jesse? I hope I shall not live to become as old and infirm as your Grandfather Dent.”

To-day the thought of Grandfather Grant brings back a disappointment through which I came to happiness that remains one of my dearest memories.

I was more than nine years old before I attended school. This, to Grandfather Grant, was reprehensible neglect upon the part of my parents. Often grandfather protested to father, only to meet with the quiet assurance, "School must come soon enough."

But one day, apropos of the old school question, Grandfather Grant said to me:

"When you can write me a letter, Jesse, I am going to give you this gold watch." And he drew from his pocket the enormous hunting-case watch he had carried for many years.

Under the stimulus of this promised reward, I applied myself so diligently that a month later I wrote a letter to grandfather, reminding him of his promise. That first letter brought a reply, but not the expected watch.

"You are still too young to own so handsome a watch, Jesse, but as soon as I am convinced that you will not play quoits with it, you shall have it."

A year later I still remembered grandfather's promise and mentioned to father that I thought I would again write to grandfather about it. It was then a few weeks before Christmas.

"I would not write," said father. "Wait until you see him again."

Then father at once went to Gault's and purchased a small gold watch. He brought this watch home before dinner that evening and exhibited it to mother and Nellie, pledging them to secrecy.

"This is Jesse's Christmas present," he had explained.

Then, while we were at dinner, father drew the watch from his pocket and handed it to me.

"Here is your watch, Jesse."

"Why, Ulyss!" exclaimed mother. "You said that was his Christmas present."

Father turned to me with his slow, understanding smile.

"Jesse doesn't want to wait until Christmas, and neither do I," he said.

I have received many gifts during the years that stretch behind me, many others from father and mother, but no one, not even the gift of Rebbie, brought and holds the satisfaction that was mine with this present that father could not keep until Christmas. It brought me something far sweeter than mere delight in the gift, something I felt without understanding. And it remains with me now in understanding, a joy that can never fade.

CHAPTER TEN

SISTER NELLIE had grown to consider herself no longer a child, and the question of a boarding school for her had been a matter of careful consideration. She was anxious to go. And so, at last, a well-known Connecticut school was decided upon and both father and mother accompanied her there. I well remember her tremulous but patronizing good-bye to me.

The school was but a short distance from New York, and it was planned that father and mother would stop upon their return and remain overnight at the Fifth Avenue Hotel. And upon their arrival at the hotel three telegrams from Nellie awaited them. Nellie, whom they had left but an hour before.

"I shall die if I must stay here," or words in substance equally as harrowing, was the text of each.

Promptly father sent an aide to bring Nellie back, and the following day she returned home with them.

My scorn for what I considered Nellie's weakness was measureless.

"When I go away to school you can bet I'll stay," I declared.

Considerable time elapsed before my turn came.

I fancy an occurrence that happened about then hastened it.

Another cousin, Jack Dent, considerably older than I, was living at Georgetown. Jack frequently came to the White House to play with me and I looked upon his coming as something of an honor. He was just enough my senior to be comfortably patronizing. This day, Wheaton Augur—son of General Augur—was with me when Jack came and invited Wheaton and me to go with him if we wished to see some unusual sport.

We did. Thereupon Jack led us to a section of Washington previously unknown to me, and to a small church in the basement of which was a negro school. On the sunny side the blinds to the windows were closed. Jack pointed out the vestibule of a near-by house and instructed us to run there and hide when he gave the word. Then he found a good-sized stone and hammered vigorously upon the closed blinds.

“Run!” he cried, waving his hand toward the retreat previously indicated.

We promptly ran and hid, peering around the door-frame.

We had just reached our position of fancied safety when the door to the school room was thrown open and out rushed a negro—a youth in his early twenties.

Plainly we saw Jack, standing at one side, point mysteriously to our hiding-place. With a rush the

negro school-teacher was upon us. Too late we realized that we were trapped. We fought back desperately, but despite our united effort the negro thrashed us soundly. When at last we escaped, Cousin Jack had disappeared.

Smarting from our wounds and burning with anger, we sought and found Jack. He strove to explain that it was all a joke, but we were in no frame of mind to appreciate his delicate humor. Joining forces, we did unto Jack as we had been done by even, perhaps, a little better.

For a few days we were bitter in the thought of our experience; and then came appreciation of the humor of Cousin Jack's idea. We began to see it as a capital joke to play upon some other boys. We accordingly found two boys and, perfidious as Jack, we promised them something unusual.

Back before the school in the church basement, we found conditions apparently as they had been before. Instructing our prospective victims where to run and hide, I secured a stone and, in imitation of Jack, hammered upon the closed blinds. Our intended victims ran at the word, and as promptly the same negro youth appeared at the door. Glee-fully we waved toward the vestibule. Then the unexpected happened again. Ignoring our signal and the other boys, the teacher pounced upon Wheaton and me, and again we were soundly thrashed.

As I recall, it was about a year after Nellie's dis-

appointing experience when it became my turn to go away to school. The school selected for me was at Cheltenham, near Philadelphia. Strangely enough, I do not recall who, if anyone, accompanied me. But upon the day appointed I arrived at my first and only boarding school, my mind filled with plans that did not contemplate any extended residence there.

For a considerable time there had been disquieting friction between our government and that of Spain. Then the American schooner *Virginus* was seized by Spaniards, off the coast of Cuba, and its crew, including many Americans, executed. The press and the country demanded war. Later it became commonly understood that we were preparing to attack Cuba, but father and the administration had a different plan.

General Sheridan was to be sent in command of an expeditionary force—in which as many Confederate officers and soldiers as possible were to be enlisted—through the Bay of Biscay, to land upon the northern coast of Spain. Frequently I heard father discuss this plan.

This was the government plan and it had not leaked out. It was expected that the actual campaign would be short and that in a month or less from their landing the American forces would occupy Madrid. Plans to this end were going rapidly forward, while the country looked impatiently for a movement against Cuba.

About this time I was sent away to school and

I went eagerly, my mind full of my own plans. I was going to be in this war, not as a spectator, but as a participant. I realized that I was too young to hope to get in the army, but I had thought of another way. I would enlist as a "powder monkey" in the navy.

Filled with this idea, I took into my confidence the first two friends I made in the school. I did not tell them all I knew, I only said that I intended to run away and enlist in the navy as soon as war was declared. Eagerly they volunteered to accompany me. Day after day we planned and watched for news.

I had been at the school two months before I understood that there would be no war. Proof had been found that the hostile acts had been staged by Royalists for the purpose of embroiling the Spanish Republic in a war with the United States. Father refused to attack a sister republic in the face of this evidence, and satisfactory adjustment of the differences was made between the two governments.

Directly I understood this, homesickness overcame me. Bitterly now I regretted the boasts I had made and all the sarcastic things I had said to Nellie. For a time pride sustained me. Then I weakened to partial surrender and wrote to mother.

"I do not believe I am making satisfactory progress here," I wrote.

"It is too soon to determine this," mother

answered. "When you have been there longer you will like it better."

Then in full surrender, I wrote to father. "I want to come home," was the burden of my cry.

I mailed this letter in the evening, and the following morning I received a telegram from father.

"We want you, too. Come home at once."

That night I was home again.

That it would be difficult for me to forget the threatened war with Spain is easily understood. Why I remember Charles Sumner, and from boyhood strove to understand the measures he opposed, may be clear only to myself. I disliked him. I smile now whenever I think of the primary cause, but it is a smile of sympathy for the boy that was. I am not yet convinced that the cause was insufficient, the dislike unjustified.

Senator Sumner was one of the most frequent callers at our house when we lived on I Street. He was a tall man of commanding appearance, rendered doubly conspicuous by the garments he wore. The first time I remember seeing him I was only curious as to what "medicine show" he belonged with. After I understood that he was the senior Senator from Massachusetts, his appearance continued to fill me with wonder. He always wore the most glaring clothes I have ever seen on a civilized man; heavy plaids in vividly contrasting colors, looming above a foundation of white spats. The spats alone would

have marked him out in those days; the combination was unforgettable.

I saw him often before our first meeting, and I always wondered why he did it. In any assemblage of that time, Charles Sumner was as conspicuous as an Indian in blanket and feathers would have been.

And then came the day when I first met him, and Senator Sumner patted me patronizingly upon the head. That was the act that turned wonder to dislike.

After this I continued to see Senator Sumner often. He seemed ever at our house, but always I maintained the discreet distance that precluded the possibility of a repetition of that pat. And as I watched him in the sharp light of my dislike, I fancied that his attitude toward father carried a suggestion of the same patronage he had bestowed upon me. The thought rendered me silently furious. Far from speaking of it to father, I was ashamed to think it. And in my resentment I watched and listened for all that concerned this man.

Now, in the light of mature understanding, I believe my boyish intuition was true. Sumner looked upon father as a military man who, necessarily, knew nothing of statesmanship. He set out to be father's mentor and guide. And so long as father considered his advice sound, his counsel wise, he acted upon it. But when father disagreed and exercised his own judgment, Sumner became an enemy. An honest

and conscientious man, his was an ego that could not brook opposition or disagreement.

In the same way that he had criticized Abraham Lincoln and been disloyal to him, as he disliked Johnson and fought his measures with vehemence, he turned upon and opposed father. If father approved of a man or a measure, in that fact alone was sufficient cause for Charles Sumner to oppose him. And so he, who once approved, came to oppose the San Domingo annexation, and to attack Colonel Babcock, solely because his report upon the annexation project had been favorable to father's desire for annexation. And so he fought the restoration of the mercantile marine and opposed the settlement of the *Alabama* Claims.

All this and vastly more followed closely upon the rupture of the most friendly relations through which he had been the recipient of continuously solicited favors, as the patronage records show. And distinctly I remember the circumstances, though not all the details of the sudden break.

A Senator—whose name I have forgotten—introduced a measure of which father approved. Senator Sumner disapproved of it and came to father with arguments against it. Father listened and thanked him for his opinion. Subsequently the first Senator stated that father approved of the measure. This Senator Sumner promptly denied, saying that he had discussed the matter with the President, and

that father was opposed to it. Thereupon the first Senator came again to father.

"Yes, I approve of the measure," said father. "I heard Senator Sumner, but expressed no opinion."

This was the end of Sumner's friendship. That it had not come before was due to the fact that, before, he and father had been in accord. Father had acted as he always did. He listened to both sides, thanked each for his opinion, and when the time came acted as his judgment dictated. Father's acts were his voice. I recall that once he spent a long afternoon in discussion with a man whom he appointed, next day, to a Cabinet position, without any previous hint of his intention.

After this occurred events that increased Sumner's enmity. John Lothrop Motley, who had been appointed minister to England at the request of Sumner, acting on the instructions of the Senator instead of following the policy of father and the State Department, brought about a condition that threatened the friendly relations of the United States and Great Britain, and father removed him. It was the only thing to be done under the circumstances, but it further infuriated Sumner.

After Motley's removal, Secretary Fish, acting for father, and Sir Edward Thornton, the British minister, brought about the Treaty of Washington which ultimately led to the settlement of the *Alabama* Claims. And here again Sumner took a position diametrically opposed to that of father. Sumner

became the leader of the element that stood out for ridiculous and impossible constructive damages, amounting to hundreds of millions of dollars. And he maintained this position after the total sum of the claims filed amounted to less than fourteen millions.

CHAPTER ELEVEN

THE *Alabama*, a Confederate cruiser, was built at Birkenhead, England, in June, 1862. The United States warned England of her character and purpose and asked her detention. But she was allowed to leave and sailed for the Azores, where she received her armament, which was brought in other vessels from Liverpool. Thereafter the *Alabama* became so successfully aggressive that all the depredations upon our shipping resulting from the lack of diligence on the part of England in the performance of her neutral obligations, were termed *Alabama* Claims.

At the close of the Civil War there were many matters in dispute between England and the United States, apart from the *Alabama* Claims. There were the San Juan boundary question, the Fisheries question, claims of British subjects against the United States, and the matter of the expense to which our government had been put.

On January 26, 1871, Sir Edward Thornton, acting under instructions from his government, suggested that a "Joint High Commission, composed of members of each government, be formed to bring about friendly and complete understanding between the two governments as to the rights of citizens of

the United States and her Majesty's subjects, respectively, with reference to the Fisheries and other questions between them."

To this father replied, through Mr. Fish, that "removal of the differences which arose during the rebellion, growing out of the acts committed by the several vessels which have given rise to the claims known as the *Alabama* Claims, will also be essential to the restoration of cordial and amicable relations between the two governments."

This was agreed to by England with dispatch, and the Treaty of Washington was negotiated by this Joint High Commission. Satisfactory agreement was arrived at in reference to the San Juan boundary and the Fisheries question, and the *Alabama* Claims, constituting the most important matter submitted to the Joint Commission, were referred to a Tribunal of Arbitration, to be composed of five arbitrators, to meet at Geneva.

Followed delays, argument, and counter-argument, words without end. Public feeling both here and in England ran high. The *Pall Mall Gazette* bluntly suggested violation of the treaty obligations. The London *Times* took up the cry, urging retirement from the Tribunal. Impatience here over the delay and endless controversy waxed hot and waned in weary indifference.

The United States government waited, making no threat. But the tone of the American replies indicated less and less anxiety for further negotiations.

Then Lord Granville proposed that both parties unite in a joint note to the arbitrators, requesting an adjournment for eight months, and submitted the draft of a note to be presented to the arbitrators in which he gave notice that it was the intention of Her Majesty's Government to cancel the appointment of the British arbitrator unless an agreement was reached before the close of the time fixed for the adjournment.

Father declined to join in such a note, and the English government proceeded no further in the course outlined.

The end came, but not as indicated in the historical records. It was the end of father's patience. Convinced that arbitration would fail, father sent for Secretary Fish and at that conference in the library I was present. "We want fifteen and a half million dollars, at once," said father. This went forward as a peremptory demand to Sir Edward Thornton. And so the arbitrators found, and England paid, and the *Alabama* Claims were settled.

Many years later I chanced to meet ex-President Benjamin Harrison at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, in New York. He was counsel for Venezuela in the difficulty between Venezuela and England, in which President Cleveland intervened.

"This ends the farce of arbitration," said Mr. Harrison. "The same conditions prevailed in your father's day. The arbitration was a farce, but your

father was a strong man. Here, too, arbitration was a failure, but Cleveland was a strong man."

I remember the only time I ever mentioned Senator Sumner's name to father. It followed closely upon a drive we took one day. Father was driving a fast horse and we were going at a good clip, when a butcher's delivery wagon drew up and passed us. A short distance on it stopped to make a delivery. Then again it caught up with us and, despite all father's effort, it passed us the second time.

But now father had read the owner's name on the wagon, and the following day he bought that horse. The animal became a great favorite and father named him Butcher Boy.

A few days after acquiring Butcher Boy, father was showing his new purchase to Roscoe Conkling. Conkling looked the horse over without a sign of approval.

"Do you know, General," he said at last, "I think I would rather have the two hundred and eighty dollars than that horse."

"That's what the butcher thought," said father.

Senator Conkling turned and winked solemnly at me. In that wink was full equality in manhood.

"I like Senator Conkling better than Sumner," I blurted out to father, later.

"Senator Sumner is an able, honest, patriotic man," said father.

Constantly I marvel how different things are and how little changed. There is material progress

without end; even, we imagine, a new psychology; but to argue from this of change is, to say the least, inconclusive. It appears rather that we have worked marvels in and with everything save ourselves.

Time and again, within the space of my recollections, history has repeated the same egregious folly, and ever the same old human nature displays the same unlovely traits. Only the garments of Folly change; the jade remains ageless.

I read but the other day that President Coolidge had discontinued the hand-shaking receptions at the White House. It was a practice involving mental and physical torture for the Executive and served no useful purpose, and yet the editor was inclined to complain of the innovation. And again, I read that those close to the President are disturbed by his refusal to array himself in more formal dress. I can but smile, it is so much a part with yesterday.

And among the great matters of that yesterday, the *Crédit Mobilier*, the Whisky Ring, the Mulligan Letters, were the prototypes of much that is to-day's news. Men said then that these things sounded the death knell of Republicanism. I hear the same dismal prophecy repeated to-day. Are we better or worse, or never as good as our friends acclaim, or as bad as our enemies avow?

I have never met an individual who impressed me as all bad; I doubt if there ever was such a man. It has been my good fortune to meet and know many splendid characters, men whose uprightness may not

be questioned nor denied. But among all the men I have known, three stand out before me as superlatively possessed of the moral and spiritual qualities, the genuine humaneness, the charity and innate righteousness, that make up the complete measure of goodness.

One of these I knew more intimately and loved beyond any other; one I met and talked with a few times; one I met but once. They were men of different nationalities and creeds, men sprung from environments as dissimilar as may be imagined; men who might be presumed to have little in common, even in their conception of right. But to me, in my life, Pope Leo XIII, Sun Yat-sen, and father were the three good men. I have no argument to support my belief; I would attempt no analysis of this that remains a conviction; it came and it abides and I set it down here.

One situated as was father, when general in command of the Union armies and when President of the United States, could not know personally all who held command or received preferment under him. For the most part he must rely upon the judgment and integrity of those recommending the appointment. But nothing ever procured or influenced a personal appointment but father's belief that the appointee was an able and a good man.

Such appointments are beacon lights or they are pits strewn for disaster. No one understood better

than father that by each appointment he set a light or dugged a pit. I know what he sought, what he believed he found. Evening after evening he talked with mother, and I listened. Sometimes I grasped the details then, sometimes understanding came later, but always his purpose was unmistakably clear to me.

"The country needs, I must find, a good man—the best man procurable."

Never in such discussion was there consideration of the effect upon his political fortunes or of its bearing upon the friendship or loyalty of his personal supporters. And when he had decided upon the man, father appointed him, gave him the freest possible hand, and supported him. But in the final determination personal friendship and political exigency counted nothing.

Father lost the support of Charles Sumner because the man's egotistical demands outrode his judgment, and he sacrificed the friendship of Charles Dana, of the *Sun*, because he did not consider him temperamentally fitted to render the country the best service in the place upon which his ambition centered. He admired and respected both men, but both became enemies because he conscientiously thwarted their personal ambitions.

History has passed judgment upon father's appointments, both military and civil. I am content, as he would be, to have it so. But there are side-lights,

the details history does not record, the impressions that are mine.

Not always did those appointments measure up to father's expectations. It could not be expected. I speak with all reverence, Peter who denied and Judas who betrayed were of the chosen twelve.

There were scandals arising in father's administrations, as well as those culminations of inheritances from previous administrations—scandals that struck close to father, involving as they did his private secretary, Colonel Babcock, and General Belknap, the Secretary of War.

Father was never disturbed by public condemnation, based upon the apparent facts, when the real truth was known to him. Conscious of his own rectitude, he did not readily believe evil of any man. When convinced, he acted fearlessly and promptly, whether to remove, as was the case with Bristow, or to support, as he supported Babcock and Belknap.

I was older then and I knew and understood the real facts in each case. The three men were personally known to me. The latter two, in particular, were great friends of mine. Anything that concerned them interested me, and in position to listen and hear the truth, I listened and understood.

Benjamin H. Bristow of Kentucky, then Secretary of the Treasury, was a man of striking appearance and charming manner. His manner, in particular, impressed me. Always his considerate and gracious

courtesy placed me upon an equality of understanding delightful to a boy.

But Bristow's unscrupulous ambition ruined him. He was an able man who aspired to the Presidency. To me it is still incomprehensible that a man of his intelligence could have hoped to win by dishonorable practices. It required incontrovertible evidence to convince father of his perfidy, but when convinced, he acted decisively.

Bristow's more than evident idea was to discredit the administration and then present himself as the one upright official whose conscientious efforts at reform were frustrated by the President. He was in charge of the investigation that led to the uncovering of the so-called "Whisky Ring."

In brief, certain dishonest employees of the Internal Revenue Department conspired with certain distillers to defraud the government out of a part of the Whisky tax.

Bristow's investigations received wide publicity. Of course the Democrats seized upon each disclosure with glee. That vast frauds had been perpetrated upon the government was shown and the perpetrators were disclosed. Bristow's plan was to proceed with great vigor, giving to every move wide publicity, and then without apparent reason to abandon his efforts. When questioned as to why the investigation languished, he would proclaim his personal desire to proceed, but clearly intimate that he was blocked by orders from "higher up." His

insinuation was that he was cutting too close to father or his particular friends.

There were many incomprehensible happenings before father could believe that Bristow was plotting against him. When convinced beyond the possibility of doubt, he demanded Bristow's resignation.

The investigation was then vigorously prosecuted. Hopelessly immeshed, the thieves struck back in one last desperate attempt to escape. Ostensibly the attack was directed at Colonel Babcock, father's private secretary, but the effect hoped for was to embarrass father so as to prompt him to call off the investigation. It was an ancient but too often potent ruse. This time it failed.

Across the back of the letter brought to him as proof of Colonel Babcock's connection with the Whisky Ring, father wrote, "Let no guilty man escape."

That father meant all the words implied, that there was to be no compromise and no quarter, even his detractors have never questioned. That he meant more, that not only must no guilty man escape, but no innocent man suffer, they failed to comprehend.

Never for a moment did father question Colonel Babcock's honesty. We all knew and loved him. He fought under father, he was a member of the family on I Street. Not only would it have been impossible for Colonel Babcock to have been guilty as charged, but father appreciated just what had happened.

Colonel Babcock was the most distinterestedly friendly person I have ever known. His was almost a passion for helpfulness. The slightest acquaintance was sufficient motive for Babcock to respond ardently to any request within his power to grant. He was never so happy as when exerting himself in behalf of his friends, and to Colonel Babcock every acquaintance was a friend. He was an able man, a man full of friendliness, and a man without guile.

Such a character is born to be imposed upon. If imposition engendered gratitude and friendliness toward its victims, their lot would not be so deplorable. The contrary is true. It is human nature to despise those upon whom it is possible to impose, and if the imposition proves futile or falls short of the expectation, contempt and disappointment are ingredients potent with hatred.

Unscrupulous men used Colonel Babcock's friendship, imposed upon his guilelessness, sought to destroy him to save themselves. Father understood and never doubted; a jury acquitted him; but the hatred of those who failed to accomplish their purpose through him followed Colonel Babcock to the day of his death.

And there was the scandal arising from what is yet believed to have been the dishonesty of General Belknap, the Secretary of War.

The government trading posts in the Indian country were a constant source of annoyance to the administration. The position of post trader was, at

most posts, a fat plum, and the traders robbed both the Indians and the government with cheerful impartiality. Nothing could be done about it. For years the trading posts were monuments of congressional culpability. It was a situation the President could neither alter nor control. In his first annual message of December 6, 1869, father said:

From the foundation of the government to the present the management of the original inhabitants of this continent—the Indians—has been a subject of embarrassment and expense, and has been attended with continuous robberies, murders, and wars. From my own experience upon the frontiers and in Indian countries, I do not hold either legislation or the conduct of the whites who come most in contact with the Indian blameless.

This was the condition that led to the political and social ruin of an able, upright, chivalrous man. I have never known of a case analogous to the deplorable fate that was General's Belknap's. His were, substantially, the acts charged—acts capable of but one construction, and yet, acts that, until the last moment, until rumors had spread everywhere save to the ears of the man involved and impeachment was imminent, he had performed with no faintest suspicion of the real situation.

Caught in a fate incredible, bizarre beyond imagining, a fate from which nothing could save him but an explanation that would utterly destroy an-

other—a public explanation General Belknap would never offer—he came to father.

History records that father accepted the resignation of General Belknap, his Secretary of War, upon the eve of his impeachment. For this father was severely criticized. But what history does not record, what has never been told until now, is that father suggested that resignation, compelled it. He told mother and me so that evening.

“Impossible! Such an act would involve, might even ruin you politically, Mr. President!” protested General Belknap.

“I demand and shall immediately accept your resignation,” answered father.

And as the two old comrades shook hands at that sad parting, said father, “If it can comfort you to hear it, I would assure you of my unbounded sympathy and respect, General Belknap.”

And that evening, as he told mother and me what had happened, father said:

“I shall be severely criticized for this, Julia, but I would not do less and I only wish I could do more.”

During both administrations father continued to urge such legislation as would bring the Indian agencies under the control of the War Department. Congress remained deaf to every suggestion. The army was expected to fight and hold the Indians in subjection, while the Department of the Interior was nominally responsible for the conduct of Indian

affairs, that were manipulated by Congressmen for patronage only. As I recall, this situation existed until about 1890.

I have read garbled versions of the General Belknap story, tales founded upon more or less excusable inference, but never one which displayed understanding of the facts as father told them to me at the time, or in any degree exonerated the innocent victim of a woman's dishonesty. Here is the real story as I recall it.

Neither General Belknap, the Secretary of War, nor the War Department had any voice in the appointment of post traders. This fact did not deter a woman from manipulating the situation to her own advantage.

A sister of Mrs. Belknap, a young widow, made her home with the family of the Secretary of War. This sister-in-law was supposed to have inherited a fortune from her deceased husband and was considered and always appeared to be a woman of wealth. Understanding the situation existing in the management of Indian affairs and the traffic in agencies, she sought to turn her knowledge to a profit.

Her plan, devilish in its ingenious simplicity, was illustrated by the disclosures brought out in the investigation of the Fort Sill Agency.

She represented that her brother-in-law, the Secretary of War, was in a position to dictate the appointment of post traders, and that he would be

governed in such appointments by her recommendation. This claim, false and improbable upon its face, was credited. Then, that she might profit by the credence of unscrupulous persons scrambling for the more profitable agencies, without putting to the test her claim of influence, she developed a truly Machiavellian idea.

One Evans had secured the appointment as Indian trader at Fort Sill, one of the most profitable posts. The young woman suggested to a man named Marsh that he put in an application for the Fort Sill Agency, and that, in consideration of an equal share in his profits, she would bring about the transfer of the post from Evans to him. The bargain was made and her terms agreed upon.

Then word was communicated to Evans that he was in danger of losing his post, and in his anxiety Evans hastened to Washington. Thereupon the woman advised Marsh that Evans was in Washington, prepared to make a fight to retain the agency, and suggested that Marsh see him. The result of the conference was that Marsh and Evans came to an agreement under which Evans was to keep the post, but pay Marsh twelve thousand dollars a year, quarterly in advance, as long as he held it. The first quarterly payment was made and Marsh turned half of it over to General Belknap's sister-in-law.

General Belknap knew nothing of this arrangement, which was not disclosed until long after Belk-

nap's resignation had been accepted by father and the Secretary of War was out and disgraced.

Mrs. Belknap died, and General Belknap married his sister-in-law. Believing his new wife to be a woman of wealth with invested interests, General Belknap made no inquiry into her affairs. Later, in the absence of Mrs. Belknap, a check from Marsh for her share of the money paid by Evans to retain his post was received by General Belknap, who accepted it for his wife and receipted therefor, with no suspicion that it was other than a check in payment of a portion of her proper income.

When the investigation threatened, word was promptly sent to Evans, who hurried to Washington to see Belknap.

"What shall I do?" Evans asked.

"Simply tell the truth," answered Belknap. "If you have honestly administered your agency there is nothing to fear."

"If I tell the truth what will become of you?" queried Evans. "Marsh has regularly turned over half of the money I paid him, and for a part of it he holds your receipt."

This was the first intimation General Belknap had of the real situation. As soon as he understood all the facts he went to father, as I have told.

Impeachment proceedings dragged along in the Senate and were finally dropped. Mrs. Belknap took herself to Europe and remained there. The general returned to private life, discredited and dis-

graced in the eyes of the world, but to father and me an upright, chivalrous man, worthy of all respect.

It was after this that father did another thing without precedent. With such wide publicity that even Congress lacked the temerity to act to thwart the plan, father offered the appointment of post traders to the authoritative heads of the various church denominations, both Protestant and Catholic. As I recall, the Catholics, and every Protestant denomination but one, recommended men who were duly licensed post traders.

It was long after that father acquainted me with the result of this effort to secure honest men for the trading posts. With a grim smile that emphasized the disappointment in his voice, he told me that of all the appointees recommended by the various ecclesiastical denominations, only those indorsed by the Catholic Church had proven incorruptible.

I would mention only one more incident of misfortune to a public official. This was the postmaster of a New Jersey city, an old soldier whom father knew, who had left an arm at Shilo.

To this postmaster the editor of a prominent local paper was bitterly antagonistic. Continually the editor attacked him in the columns of his paper, and finally he printed a scandalous article reflecting upon the character of the postmaster's wife.

Stung beyond endurance, the crippled postmaster shot and killed the editor.

The Senator who considered that particular post office part of his official patronage came to father, explaining that he was obliged to be absent for a fortnight and requesting that nothing be done in the matter of appointing a postmaster at —— until his return.

“But —— has a postmaster,” said father, mildly.

“I understand. But haven’t you heard, Mr. President? Postmaster X has been indicted for murder!”

“I have heard about it,” answered father. “It seems to me the vacancy is in that newspaper office, not in the post office.” And then, at the other’s look of bewilderment, “X will remain postmaster until he is acquitted or hanged.”

CHAPTER TWELVE

BUT while we are a progressive nation, though still at heart conservative—witness the fate of the League of Nations—and we still criticize our President for his sartorial delinquencies and pay him no more than father received nearly fifty years ago—considering the prices he must pay—we have, shall I say, broadened certain angles of our point of view. We do now concede that the President is entitled to some relaxation and have sought to provide a way for him to obtain it. To-day there are two great yachts at the President's disposal. This is a long step in advance of father's experience.

The *Tallapoosa* was a government light-house supply boat, whose captain once suggested to father that we accompany him on a regular scheduled run along the New England coast and back to Long Branch. We did so. There was no expense to the government; the boat was on her regular trip, and father paid for such extra provisions and supplies as were required on our account. But a storm of indignant protest swept the country.

It was indeed an unenterprising newspaper—if there was such an one—that did not run at least one front-page column under the caption, "Junketing at Government Expense." And that trip furnished

material for editorial comment for months thereafter.

This was followed by the congressional suggestion that father furnish Congress a schedule of the hours devoted to government business while summering at Long Branch. And this was the attitude toward the President, in time of peace, of the Congress that a few short years before was pinning medals upon the victorious general in command of its armies, who accepted command only upon the condition that he be not interfered with.

Does this sound curious, as an echo from some less enlightened, more primitive day? Think for a moment. Send your thoughts back over a half dozen years. Six years ago every man in uniform was a national hero for whom nothing was too good. Presses were running night and day printing bonds to be sold by the hundred million to provide money to enable us to avert the ruin threatened because of a half century of pusillanimous quibbling and neglect. This was but six years ago, and to-day Congress refuses to grant an appropriation sufficient to maintain even such a miserable little army as we had before the World War, and a presidential candidate considers it good politics to indorse his colleague's condemnation of a preparedness-day plan. Have we changed?

But enough of scandal. Those things that at the time plagued father truly distressed mother. For mother the world contained three divisions—her

family, sincere friends of father's, and his detractors. The last were utterly bad and there was no hope for them.

That mother enjoyed her life in the White House there can be no question. But to me she appeared happier at Long Branch. The reason is apparent to me now. There was relaxation in those vacation periods that could not come elsewhere. With father it seemed to make little difference. Whether at Army Headquarters, in the White House, or at Long Branch, father was the same. His responsibilities occupied him, and wherever he was, if the family were about, his was the same quiet content.

The love of my parents for each other and their devotion to us children made no impression on me then. I had never known anything different. Appreciation and understanding come to me now, filling me with content. Whatever the storm and stress, the anxieties and disappointments, they knew happiness. In all my life I never saw one instance of misunderstanding or friction between them; nothing but abiding faith and love in full content in each other.

The memory of a little happening, one of the things that impressed me with the belief that mother was happier at Long Branch, comes to me now. Father and mother, Buck and I were seated on the railed front veranda of the Long Branch cottage. Mother, commonly dignified, slow moving, never frustrated or hurried, was rocking placidly. Sud-

denly Buck sprang to his feet, vaulted the railing, and was gone.

Father's face lightened with his slow, whimsical smile. "Did you see that, Julia? Now if you were sitting here alone, and the railing extended across the steps, and the cottage caught fire, you must be rescued or burn."

"You think so!" laughed mother, and rising quickly, she stepped to the railing and vaulted it as lightly as Buck had done.

In those days our neighbor upon one side was Mr. Brown, the head of the New York banking house of Brown Brothers. Beyond was the cottage of Thomas Murphy, Collector of Customs, and behind, either the Seligmans' or the De Forests'. I cannot be certain of the exact locations, but each family, except Mr. Brown's, contained small boys.

It was the custom for the boats running up and down the coast on regular schedules to draw inshore and salute father in passing. At first we responded by running up a flag. Later, I acquired a small cannon and would fire that, and then run up the flag. Soon after, the Murphy boy, too, procured a cannon. Cannons multiplied. No small boy could resist such an opportunity as that. In time the saluting boats were answered by a salvo of small cannon fire.

Father came in one day with twinkling eyes.

"I have discovered one way of securing desirable real estate cheap," he announced.

"Yes?" questioned mother.

"Simply establish Jesse next door," said father.

The explanation followed. Mr. Brown had been talking to father.

"We raised a family of our own, mostly boys," said Mr. Brown. "Then we raised various installments of grandchildren, also, mostly boys. We enjoyed it, and we feel we performed our full duty to two generations of boys. Mother and I came down here for peace and quiet. When Jesse got his cannon, we moved to the other side of the house and so escaped, for the most part. Then the Murphy boy got his and we retreated to the rear. Now there is no escape. Cannon surround us. Mother and I have decided that we are too old to contend with another generation of small boys. Our cottage is for sale."

But despite the good times at Long Branch, the place was never so dear to me as the White House. It was a delightful place—the White House was home.

Among the constant visitors at the White House was Admiral Ammen. Regularly each week he dined with us there. I know father and mother looked forward to those evenings as eagerly as did I.

Admiral Ammen and father had been playmates in Georgetown, Ohio. There the boy who was to become an Admiral once saved father's life. I heard the tale many times and I know father believed that

but for the prompt, courageous action of that playmate his career, in all likelihood, would have terminated that day. The two boys were fishing from floating logs caught in a back eddy. The log father was upon rolled, throwing him into the water, half stunned by striking another log as he pitched sideways; and young Ammen, at considerable effort and some little risk, saved him.

Admiral Ammen was a highly cultured man, a keen observer, and a delightful raconteur. In father, mother, and me he had an appreciative audience and many were the tales he told of India, China, and Japan, and of all the seven seas.

Daniel Ammen entered the Naval Academy at the age of fourteen and the greater part of his life had been spent at sea. He was a warm advocate of the annexation of San Domingo and the building of a canal across Panama, favoring, as did father, the Nicaraguan route.

Father had surveys made of the three proposed routes, Nicaragua, Panama, and Attranto. These surveys and the conditions then existing all indicated the superior advantages of the Nicaraguan way. It must be remembered that in the '70s the great bulk of ocean tonnage was carried in sailing vessels, and for them Nicaragua offered practically the only way. Both the distance and the prevailing winds favored it. And the strategic value of San Domingo, in the event of a government canal, was

one reason father so strongly urged the annexation of that island.

Night after night father and Admiral Ammen discussed these things and I listened, often thereafter spending hours poring over maps and geographies, identifying places and routes delightfully mysterious to me.

In his first message father urged the building of an interoceanic canal across the Isthmus of Panama. A canal and a foothold among the islands of the Gulf of Mexico and the Caribbean Sea—which a shortsighted policy had permitted to pass under control of foreign states that might at any moment become hostile states—father considered national necessities.

The project of transferring the territory of San Domingo to the United States was not new in father's day. In 1845 President Polk sent Lieutenant (afterward Admiral) David Porter there as a commissioner to arrange terms of annexation. And in 1854 President Pierce sent Captain (afterward Major-General) George B. McClellan, who also made an unsuccessful attempt to negotiate a treaty. In 1867 President Johnson made a feeble attempt to accomplish the same thing.

After father's inauguration, President Baez of San Domingo sent a commissioner to Washington to represent the advantages of a union of the two republics. A second commissioner was sent in 1869.

Father appointed Mr. Benjamin S. Hunt of

Philadelphia to examine conditions on the island and report. Mr. Hunt was taken ill and could not go. Later, father sent Colonel Orville E. Babcock. Colonel Babcock returned with the basis of a treaty. The fact that father sent this regular-army engineer officer secretly, without advising with or notifying Sumner, was one of the causes of Senator Sumner's enmity. Up to that time Senator Sumner had favored the annexation of San Domingo, as I know from hearing him discuss it with father. Thereafter he bitterly opposed it.

A formal treaty for the annexation of San Domingo was rejected by a tie vote of the Senate, in June, 1870. Father renewed his recommendation in his message the following December. He said, in part:

The acquisition of San Domingo is desirable because of its geographical position. It commands the entrance to Caribbean Sea, and the isthmus transit of commerce. It possesses the richest soil, best and most capacious harbors, most salubrious climate, and the most valuable products of the forests, mine and soil of any of the West Indian Islands. In case of foreign war it will give us command of all the islands, and thus prevent an enemy from ever again possessing himself of rendezvous upon our very coast. At present our coast trade between the states bordering upon the Atlantic and those bordering upon the Gulf of Mexico is cut into by the Bahamas and the Antilles. Twice we must, as it were, pass through foreign countries to get by sea from Georgia to the west coast of Florida. San Domingo with a stable government, under which her

immense resources can be developed, will give remunerative wages to tens of thousands of laborers not now upon the island. The acquisition of San Domingo is an adherence to the "Monroe Doctrine"; it is a measure of national protection; it is asserting our just claim to a controlling influence over the great commercial traffic soon to flow west to east by way of the Isthmus of Darien.

No action was taken beyond the appointment of a commission to visit San Domingo and report upon the facts.

We are all creatures of environment, and our environment has left us nationally insular. In our anxiety lest we disobey Washington's injunction to "avoid entangling foreign alliances," we have always sought to restrict natural expansion. Nothing frightens more worthy people, to-day, than the suggestion that we have grown too big for the swaddling-bands of our infancy. Father's insistence upon the annexation of San Domingo aroused a storm of fearful protest, under the cover of which his enemies loosed their petty, personal spite.

I never saw father so grimly angry as at this time. There were conferences in the library between father, Admiral Ammen, and Mr. Fish, from which I was excluded. Nothing like that had ever happened to me before.

On April 5, 1871, father sent a special message to Congress. I did not see that message then, no one would talk with me about it, but I gathered

that something dreadful was about to happen to Congress.

It was years later before I read that message. It amazed me, bringing back vividly the memory of those strangely tense days. In the memory, I understood that for the first time father's iron control had given way. Inured to vilification, called "butcher and drunkard," charged with favoritism and accused of nepotism, he had gone calmly on his way. Never before had he struck back. Now he spoke, not as a chief magistrate speaks, but as an angry man, incensed beyond endurance.

It was not because Congress failed to ratify the treaty. Father was silent in disappointment. But, laboring under the conviction of his country's need, with no thought but to serve, he had been overwhelmed by acrimonious attacks impugning his motives and the motives of all the friends of annexation.

It is a great honor to be President of the United States, but just as surely it is as bitter an experience as a man may know.

Father could not rouse Congress to action. Nothing but actual or threatened war ever did arouse Congress. Prejudice, mental astigmatism, and the determination that the nation at large shall pay his personal obligations to his constituents are the qualifications of a successful Congressman; and a successful Congressman is one that is returned.

One day I asked father, "Why are you so anxious to bring about the annexation of San Domingo?"

"Because it should belong to us," he answered quickly. "There is not one sound argument against annexation, and one day we shall need it badly. I fear we may pay heavily for the failure to act as justice and common sense indicated."

Did father see with prophetic vision? I know he saw things other men failed to see, that he achieved where able men had failed. If he saw clearly then, there would have been no Cuban War if San Domingo had been taken over. And to-day, I wonder if the time is not approaching when the Northern States will face a race problem more serious than that of Reconstruction days?

I think of San Domingo and of father's persistent efforts to bring about annexation, every time I ride upon the Elevated or in the Subway, and see white women stand while negroes occupy the seats.

CHAPTER THIRTEEN

THERE were other reasons than the tales he told for my fondness for Admiral Ammen. When at home, Admiral Ammen resided about ten miles from Baltimore, and "Out to Admiral Ammen's" was a favorite hunting route of my cousin's, Bane Dent, and mine. The place was located inland, far from any view of water, the house and its site forbidding and unattractive, but within was the most delightfully hospitable home I have ever entered.

In those days, when governmental scientific expeditions returned to Washington and rendered their final report, it was the practice to sell the scientific instruments and other equipment at public auction and return the money so obtained to the Treasury.

Admiral Ammen attended one of those public sales and purchased for me a small but powerful astronomical telescope, a fine microscope, and a photographic camera with a wonderful lens. Three treasures such as these would render the donor unforgettable to any boy.

Thereafter the roof of the White House was my goal on every clear night, and every other available hour was devoted to the microscope or camera. For a long time there were few more faithful star-gazers

than myself. Night after night father accompanied me to the roof, and there we studied over astronomical charts and tables, under the dim light of a lantern, and searched the heavens.

Father was intensely interested. I am persuaded now that his fatherly prejudice led him to hope for some wonderful discovery upon my part. I do not recall that it was ever father who suggested that the hour was growing late. It was mother who would at last send a messenger summoning us to bed.

But mother was almost as deeply interested in my microscopical investigations as was father in my astronomical research. Her defective eyesight made it impossible for her to view the myriad organisms the microscope revealed to me, but many a long hour she sat patiently beside me, watching my every movement, keenly interested in my explanations and descriptions.

The wonderful camera afforded no such satisfaction as was mine in the telescope and microscope. I know it was one of the most perfect cameras then evolved, but my results were negligible. In those days dry plates were unknown, the film roll undreamed of. Photography was a messy business and my efforts were more productive of ruined shirts and nitrate of silver smears than of pictures.

It was at about this time that Buck, then home from school, and I, started out upon a walking tour that since we were small boys we had discussed and

planned one day to take. The incitement to this sprung from the stories Grandfather Dent told of events in his early life—tales, to us, more thrilling than any volume of mediæval romance.

When he was fourteen Grandfather Dent ran away from home and secured employment upon the survey of the Wheeling National Turnpike. For four years grandfather remained, working through the survey and upon the construction of that thoroughfare. Apparently he knew every rod of the way. Time and again we listened enthralled by his descriptions of the wild beauty of the route, the difficulties and dangers, the engineering obstacles and triumphs, and the wonderful completeness of that great way, entirely forgetful of the fact that he told of an earlier, far more primitive day.

After four years upon the National Turnpike, grandfather went to live with a cousin, a fur trader, learning the fur business, but receiving no wages. Nothing had been said about remuneration in the beginning, and grandfather waited for the cousin to speak. But after two years of labor and silence, and when the money he had saved from his small wage on the Turnpike was exhausted, grandfather suggested that something in the nature of remuneration would be appreciated.

The cousin was at first amazed, and then indignant.

“Why, it costs me more than you are worth to feed you!” he exclaimed.

Again grandfather was adrift. Despondent, without any definite plan beyond the determination to leave Louisville, grandfather sat upon the river bank, waiting for the first barge in either direction. There a fur buyer from Pittsburgh found him.

Regularly this man came down the Ohio from Pittsburgh, with a boat load of trade goods, cloth, beads, and knives, everything useful for barter with the Indians. These trade goods the cousin commonly bought, and in turn the Pittsburgh merchant purchased the cousin's stock of furs. Most of the furs were secured from the Indians by barter, the trader scouring the outland to Vincennes and beyond. But it was not all trade; the nearer Indians and the white trappers commonly demanded cash.

This day the dealer from Pittsburgh was angry. "I'm here with a boat load of trade goods and your cousin tells me he is tired of trading and thinks he will retire, and his best offer is less than the cargo cost me. I want to sell it to you."

Grandfather explained that he had worked for two years without wages, spending during the time all the money he had upon his arrival. He was penniless.

The outcome was that the dealer not only turned over the cargo of trade goods to grandfather, to be paid for in furs, but he advanced the necessary cash to carry on the business. That first season grandfather's share of the profits amounted to more than two thousand dollars. Thus grandfather, at twenty,

was an established fur trader. The arrangement continued, and in four years he accumulated over twenty thousand dollars, a fortune in those days.

Then grandfather fared forth to locate and build his home. Before this he had met the girl who was to become my grandmother. Ten miles from St. Louis, grandfather found the place of his dreams. There he purchased a large tract of land and built Whitehaven, the home for his bride-to-be—Whitehaven, where my mother was born and near which, years later, father built his cabin and called it Hardscrabble.

When Whitehaven was established, the house built and furnished, Grandfather Dent went for his bride. A few miles above Pittsburgh, he built a great log raft, and upon one end of it a cabin and upon the other end a stable. The roof of the cabin was heaped high with dirt and planted with vines and flowers. From New York came the finest coach ever seen west of Philadelphia in those days, and he purchased a splendid pair of horses. A cow was installed in a portion of the stable.

After the wedding, at Pittsburgh, the bride and groom drove away in that coach to the waiting raft. And upon that raft, slaves poled grandfather and grandmother, the coach and pair, and the cow, out of the Allegheny to the Monongahela, into the Ohio, and down the Mississippi to St. Louis.

Time and again Grandfather Dent told that story, always ending with a chuckle, "And then I

sent that raft down the river to N'Orleans and sold it for more than the entire outfit cost."

All this was back of the hike of which Buck and I dreamed and planned when we were small boys, and took as soon as we were old enough to be allowed to go.

We took the train from Washington to Harrisburg, where the walk was to begin—Buck and I, Walter Murphy, and Harry Otis, two boys of about my age. We planned to follow the National Turnpike—that we looked upon as grandfather's road—where it wound through Pennsylvania into Maryland and back, and on, at least to Pittsburgh.

Well we knew what we expected to find. There would be picture rocks, and forests and streams, the great silhouette of Washington, formed by a stunted fir growth clinging to the face of a perpendicular cliff; ravines and deep gorges, and bubbling springs upon old construction camp sites. And there was the place where a slide buried the road and a new survey had to be run, leaving an unfinished five-mile spur of pike sticking out into the void, like the fallen trunk of some giant, blasted pine tree. How often it had been described to us! Innumerable spots were as clearly impressed upon our minds as the contours of the White House grounds. We expected to recognize and identify them all.

Alas! we identified none of them. We had failed to consider the changes of more than half a century.

There was still natural beauty, but the wilderness was gone. The way upon which grandfather had toiled was a path through the wild. The turnpike we followed was a dusty country road stretching between bustling or sleepy towns and villages, bordered by prosperous farms. It was a delightful road in those days, but it was not the "grandfather's road" of our dreams.

Buck and I said nothing of our disappointment. At first, we had talked, as we plodded along, of what we expected to find beyond. But as the long miles stretched behind us and no dream spot materialized, we grew silent. Realization was dawning that the things of that other day were gone, and in the understanding we grew ashamed. Suddenly I seemed older; for the first time the sensation of looking back upon a lost childhood impressed me. I no longer searched for the things we had come to see. They were gone. I should have understood that they would be gone.

Then, gradually, my mind adjusted itself to this new conception. It became a new walk; not the one I had expected to take, but one that, perhaps, held unexpected possibilities. I was seeking, now, for something new.

One day, hot and thirsty, we stopped at a shabby little hotel in a sleepy village and asked for ice water. For a moment the coatless and collarless individual tipped back in a chair beside the door

eyed us in speculative silence. Slowly the legs of the chair came down.

"Come along back," he said, laconically.

We followed him inside, through the outer room, down a narrow hallway and into a smaller room, furnished with a table and chairs. Here he left us, returning directly with glasses and a two-gallon jug of rum.

"It's water we want, not that," said Buck.

"You said ice water; that's the password." The man's tone plainly indicated that he suspected us of trifling with him.

Buck explained and at last a pitcher of water came, but it was not iced. Then Buck and the innkeeper fell into friendly talk. Buck was always a "good mixer," which means, primarily, one with friendly interest in the other fellow. And now they chatted and we three drank the not too cold water and rested.

I recall no particular thing that was said, beyond one remark of the innkeeper's. It impressed me because it sounded, then, illogical.

Said the man, "If we lost local option I'd move to another prohibition town. There's no money these days in a country hotel, except in a prohibition town."

I understand now. To-day the bootleggers are the most ardent advocates of prohibition.

Then we stopped another day at an old stage-

coach inn, in Maryland. It was hot that day, too, and far earlier than usual we were ready to abandon the road. While we covered an average of twenty-five miles a day, there were no fixed hours for walking. Frequently we were away at dawn, and again we would start late and darkness would overtake us on the road. But ever when we would agree on a particular resting place, we stopped, regardless of the hour.

And this day a young lady, her hair still in curl papers, ushered us into the dark, musty little parlor of the inn. In a few minutes she returned, her hair curled and patently garbed in her best. I fancy four guests at one time was an unusual occurrence; perhaps it was simply a matter of four boys and a girl; but whatever the reason, the inkeeper's daughter took upon herself the task of entertaining us.

She began by calling our attention to the framed family tree hanging upon a wall. That it was a thrifty tree may be imagined. The young lady's name was Isozodora Brown.

We maintained a discreet silence as to our identity, and from genealogy the young lady turned to music. There was a cabinet organ and Isozodora Brown played. It required little time to exhaust her meagre repertoire of instrumental music, and her not unpracticed fingers drifted into the melody of an old song. Then, grouped about the organ,

we sang together all the songs she knew. Then we suggested others, the popular songs of that day, names she had heard and music she had longed for but never seen.

When she learned we were *en route* for Pittsburgh, her interest increased. She had never been there, but she hoped to go one day. There was music there. "Oh, how I wish I were a boy!" she cried, plaintively. "A boy can always see and hear everything."

She fell to questioning us determinedly. "Where had we been? What had we seen?"

We confessed familiarity with Philadelphia, admitting that two of us once lived there. At once her envy was swallowed up in awe. To see Philadelphia was the dream of her life.

"Mr. Bowen of Philadelphia once stopped here for a whole week. He sells lightning-rods. He is a splendid man. Surely you must know him!"

We were reluctantly forced to admit that we did not know Mr. Bowen of Philadelphia.

We remained for supper and breakfast, leaving the old inn and Isozodora Brown regretfully.

When we at last arrived at Pittsburgh an enterprising reporter identified us and sought an interview. We made that interview conditional upon his featuring Miss Isozodora Brown. True to his promise, upon the front page of the largest morning newspaper appeared in heavy headlines,

“Miss Isozodora Brown, the belle of Maryland, entertains General Grant’s sons.”

A package containing fifty copies of that newspaper, and all the latest music, went back to Miss Isozodora Brown. I have often wondered what she thought and said!

CHAPTER FOURTEEN

OF FATHER'S second nomination, election, and inauguration I have as little recollection as of the first. My one impression of that time is of sympathy for Horace Greeley, doomed to the bitterness of defeat. There were no arrangements at the White House for receiving the election returns, no waiting reporters, no scurrying aides. Father was apparently unconcerned, and we retired at the usual hour, content to read of the result in the morning papers.

But as soon as the new Cabinet appointments were confirmed, speculation began as to father's attitude toward a third term. In the minds of many worthy people that possibility reared a specter of Imperialism. It caused us to smile and it appears infinitely more ridiculous to-day. Just the other day I was reading the editorial of a worried editor of that time, who said, "It does not follow that, because under the circumstances of 1872 it was wise to renominate the President, it would be equally wise to do so in 1876."

This was one of the first murmurings of the agitation that increased until it became a storm of speculation, wild insistence, and vehement protest, over the later years of father's administration.

It was then that the belief came to me that father was surrounded by voracious and implacable enemies. I shall never forget the sudden consternation of this new understanding. Never during the war had I thought of the Confederates as father's enemies. All whom I had known were father's friends. Now, suddenly, there were enemies. I had been impressed with the personal antagonism of certain individuals—as in the case of Sumner—but those who opposed and maligned him were my foes, rather than father's enemies. However much the things they said or did angered me, I read in their speech or actions nothing that menaced father. They were a company of worthless persons making faces in their impotence. Mother and I had discussed and analyzed them. For the most part they were irreconcilable Confederates and disloyal Northern Copperheads, natural enemies of the Union, and a lesser number of disgruntled politicians.

Now appeared those whom we had counted friends, in the ranks of those who clamored against him. These were not bitter Confederates, Copperheads, or disgruntled politicians, but heretofore loyal supporters, suddenly turned antagonistic to the man who was devoting his life to their service.

I understood what our country and her institutions meant to father, appreciated his loyalty, the devoted singleness of purpose that actuated him. Those former friends who could doubt, decry, or

impugn his motives became, to me, his first real enemies—enemies as unnatural as detestable.

It was the summer before father's second nomination that father, mother, and I went for a short outing to Lake George, stopping, as I recall, at the Fort William Henry House. In the party, or joining us there, were the member of Congress and the state Senator from that district.

One day we five started out upon what was planned to be a long sail. But we had gone but a short distance before the weather changed, blowing up rough, and mother, who was a poor sailor, requested that we turn back. We were out less than half an hour before we put back to the starting-point. The waves were running high then, tossing the boat about.

Mother and I were assisted ashore, and when father tried to follow, the Congressman extended his hand to steady him. Once ashore, the Congressman shifted his grasp to father's arm and directly we were walking back to the hotel, mother and I in advance, father following, the Congressman upon one arm and the Senator upon the other. Father was a friendly man and I suppose the others were delighted to walk arm in arm with the President.

Certainly we were a cheerful, contented party. But two prominent citizens of that community saw the little procession returning and promptly went before a notary public and made affidavit that the President had gone out with a sailing party and

become so intoxicated as to require assistance to reach his hotel.

Needless to say there was no liquor upon that boat, not a drop had been drunk by anyone; but that story, supported by facsimiles of the affidavit, was broadcasted during the campaign that followed. Both the Senator and the Congressman indignantly protested the calumny, but father simply ignored it, making neither comment nor denial.

But to me, people who made such charges no more attained to the dignity of enemies than did the irresponsible men who at various times attempted father's life. As I recall, only one of several such attempts became publicly known. Where possible, father sternly suppressed any mention of them. But one unfortunate who sought father's life, because of some imaginary grievance, not only received wide publicity, but the story of his wrongs met with such credence as to bring about a secret congressional investigation.

This man first came up to father upon the street in Washington. After dismissing the White House guard that had surrounded Lincoln, father not only refused to continue any precautionary measure of that sort, but as uncompromisingly declined to be followed about by Secret Service agents. So this day, father, as was his custom, was walking alone when the stranger accosted him.

"General Grant, I can't stand this persecution any longer!" began the stranger.

Father stopped. "What do you mean?" he asked, quietly.

"You know what I mean! You have persecuted me for years! Now I'm going to kill you!"

Then father understood. Unarmed, he was confronting a man possessed of a homicidal mania.

"I don't believe I would do that," he said, evenly. "I am sure we can come to an agreement satisfactory to both. I will agree to cease persecuting you, and you in turn will agree to abandon your plan. We cannot discuss this upon the public street. I would suggest that you come to see me at the White House to-morrow morning."

For a moment the stranger hesitated, and father watched him closely, striving to anticipate his next move.

"I shall be there at ten o'clock," the man decided, and, turning, walked away.

Father followed until he met a policeman. The insane man was still in sight. Pointing him out to the officer, father explained briefly, directing that the man be apprehended and cared for. He believed, of course, that an examination would disclose the man's mental condition, and he cautioned the officer that there be no publicity given to the fact that he had threatened the President.

The stranger was taken in and examined. He refused to tell his name or disclose his place of residence, but he readily admitted that he had spoken to the President and he charged father with having

persecuted him for years. He was held under observation.

While detained, he talked to people who credited his tale. A fund was subscribed by these charitably disposed people and alienists were employed who declared the man not only sane, but possessed of more than ordinary intelligence.

Proceedings were instituted that effected his release and the efforts in his behalf continued until a committee was appointed to examine into his charges.

The man told a lucid story of bitter hounding by father that had driven him from his home, destroyed his business, and finally procured his incarceration in an insane asylum. Rigorous cross-examination failed to shake his story or disclose any evidence of mental aberration. Nothing was lacking but the cause for father's animosity. That appeared to lay hidden in some secret that he must guard even in his misfortune and suffering. Far from discrediting him, this intensified the sympathy for him.

"He has persistently followed me to this very day," he answered one last question.

"How can that be?" he was quickly asked. "You are with powerful friends now. No one can harm or approach you."

"He can," the man answered. "He comes through the keyhole."

Later a messenger came to father with the as-

surance that there would be no further cause for apprehension. The man would be carefully guarded.

"Turn the poor devil loose," said father. "Why single him out? The country has been listening to keyhole stories ever since I left Galena."

I heard and was troubled. There were times when father puzzled me. "If the man is crazy, he might shoot you," I argued.

"Yes, that is true," smiled father. "But don't you think it a pity to cage the only scotched snake?"

I puzzled over that for a considerable time.

It was about then that I came across a school history that in the account of the Civil War made no mention of father other than to say that Lee surrendered to Grant at Appomattox. I came to father in great indignation. "It's Swinton's History. Did you ever know him?"

"Yes, I knew him," said father. "He might do that. I once saved his life."

Then I heard the story. As I recall it, Swinton was a protégé of John Lothrop Motley and a friend of Sumner. At the request of Sumner he was admitted within the Union lines as a newspaper correspondent and historical observer. He came to be suspected of furnishing information to the Confederates. Later, at Cold Harbor, he was court-martialed by General Burnside and sentenced to be shot. Father was at City Point and knew nothing

about it until a member of his staff brought the news that they had caught Swinton at last, and that he had been tried and sentenced to be shot as a spy. Father promptly ordered him released and banished from the Union lines. I never asked father why he did it.

For a considerable time Nellie had been going about to social functions. She was only eighteen when married, and I cannot recall that there had been any formal "coming out," although I presume something of the sort occurred. But wherever she went and however closely chaperoned, I was her "squire of dames." In the Dent family the age of chivalry still obtained. To mother it was unthinkable that Nellie should go out in the evening, no matter who constituted the party, unless also accompanied by a male of her family.

For the most part I was the available male, and I went readily enough, as a necessary appendage without which Nellie could not have gone, but without personal enthusiasm. Not only was I two years younger, but I was afraid of girls. Nellie and I were agreed that beyond functioning as a sort of extra wrap, I was a failure as an escort. She complained that it was never later than the third dance when I would appear with the suggestion that if she was ready to go home, I was. Needless to say she never heeded the suggestion.

I remember that once I accompanied her to a

dance at the Naval Academy, at Annapolis. We were a little late and Nellie rushed in, fearful of missing the first dance. After the dance she came to me, where I waited at the door of a reception room, and, perching upon a small table, exclaimed with a sigh of utter hopelessness:

"I can't dance! It's simply awful!" The consternation in her voice startled me.

Glancing down at her nervously swinging feet, I saw them still incased in the heavy galoshes she had worn over her dancing slippers. Without a word, I stooped over, unbuckled and removed them.

Nellie's eyes were wide with amazement.

"Oh!" she breathed, and, slipping down from the table, vanished without a word.

It was hours later before I had more than flitting glimpses of Nellie.

"It was wonderful," she murmured, sleepily, as she settled back in the carriage that at last carried us back to the hotel where the party and official chaperon were staying that night.

What with diplomatic functions, state and Cabinet receptions, notable foreign visitors—the most prominent being Prince Arthur of England and the Grand Duke Alexis, son of the Tsar of Russia—the state dinners required by custom the entertainment of military and naval and personal friends, there was an air of festivity about the White House.

We seldom dined alone and the table was always

set for the unexpected guest. I know the White House was socially popular with Washington society during father's tenure, and that mother introduced the custom, that still prevails, of inviting women of distinction—the wives of Cabinet officers, Senators, and personal friends—to assist her in receiving at White House receptions; but beyond this, and the impression that at Washington social functions, outside of the White House, rather more liquor was served and drunk than was sanctioned by social custom in either Philadelphia or New York, I recall little in detail of my purely social experiences. I was too young, even when a student at Cornell, for full participation, and I cared little for society.

Now, as I dwell upon those days that are gone, events crowd more closely. Doubtless it is because happenings in wider diversity impressed me more clearly as I grew older. I recall many curious and interesting things about which others have written, but I wish to avoid reiteration as much as possible. My real purpose in writing my recollections of those earlier days is to tell of the more intimate, personal things, of which only I can speak from knowledge, that the world that knows of Ulysses S. Grant, the general and President, may have a clearer conception of Ulysses S. Grant the man.

And so I must tell of mother, of my brothers and sister, of myself, and of those who touched to influence the thought and actions of us who constituted

the home circle within which father found his chief comfort and delight. And while this circle was often widely distended, as we moved upon our several ways, spiritually it was never broken until death came and took him who was the center and life.

But father, who loved best to have us all about him, never sought to hold us there when our personal desires or duties drew us elsewhere, or particularly when opportunity for travel presented itself. As I have stated, father delighted to travel, and he was equally eager to have us go.

Fred, who had already seen considerable service in the Indian country, accompanied General Sherman abroad, as an aide, and was again on duty with the army, in the West. His experiences abroad, while pleasurable upon the whole, had not been free from embarrassment. It was difficult for the continental mind to grasp the fact that Fred was but an aide to General Sherman, and not a sort of Crown Prince to whom General Sherman was aide. It amused Sherman, but at times it greatly embarrassed Fred.

One experience of his, in particular, I recall. At Constantinople, the Sultan of Turkey granted an audience to General Sherman and Fred. Mr. Boker, I think, was then American Minister to Turkey. Fred was holding back, while the arrangements plainly indicated that he was considered the guest of honor. It became necessary for him to speak. The Sultan spoke no English.

"Go ahead, Fred," said Boker, in a low aside. "Say something."

"I don't know what to say," whispered back the embarrassed Fred.

"Ask him who made his trousers," suggested Boker, gravely.

Fred told the story, remarking in solemn wonder, "If there was a yard, there were at least twenty, in those pants."

Now, two or three years after my first trip to the far West, Fred wrote from his station, beyond the frontier. He had been ordered on a tour of inspection of the army posts in the Indian country and he invited me to accompany him.

"It may be your last opportunity for a real buffalo hunt," he wrote.

I hurried to father with the letter.

"Of course you must go!" he exclaimed, with even greater eagerness than mine.

CHAPTER FIFTEEN

WHEN I made my first trip to California, with Senator Cole and his family, buffalo were always in sight from the car window after we had passed a few hours beyond Omaha. Then they wandered in one vast herd from Texas to British Columbia, grazing northward in the spring and summer, and turning south again with the early fall.

Now, in 1874, I saw no buffalo from the car window. The Union Pacific from Omaha, and the Atchison, Topeka, and Santa Fe Railroad from Topeka, had divided them into several bands, grown wild and rapidly thinning out.

Fred had joined me *en route*, and we left the railroad at Dodge City, Kansas. At that time Dodge City had lost little of the wildness that brought it evil renown but a few years before. From the unpainted little station it appeared but a single dusty street, between low, weather-stained wooden buildings, with low railings in front at which ponies of all colors and sizes were standing.

As we stepped from the train an ex-sergeant who once served under Fred met us. There was some talk, aside, between them which I was too much interested in my novel surroundings to consider.

Fred called to me: "I must report at Fort

Dodge, but if you would like to see more of Dodge City, Jesse, Sergeant Kelly will show you around."

I eagerly assented to this arrangement, and Fred left for Fort Dodge and I remained with Kelly, who was to bring me to the fort before midnight.

The ex-sergeant at once headed for the nearest saloon and ordered a drink. I ordered lemonade for mine. Standing at the bar, beyond which stretched the now deserted space of a dance hall, the ex-sergeant confided in guarded tones that when darkness fell he was a marked man.

"Even in daylight, I can never tell when they'll jump me. I'm always ready," he whispered.

It was twilight then and one lamp behind the bar had been lighted. I was thrilled. This was as my imagination had painted Dodge City.

Kelly lingered long over his drink and then ordered another. My lemonade had been ginger ale—there were no lemons—and I did not care for another, but I accepted it upon Kelly's urgent insistence. Kelly lingered longer over the second drink. I saw with disquiet that it was growing dark. The ex-sergeant stood close beside me, facing the bar. Suddenly I became aware that his right hand, hanging at his side, held a gun. In as casual a manner as I could assume I moved to his other side. Kelly turned his back to the bar and again the gun was between us.

"Do you pack a gun?" he half whispered.

I proudly admitted that I did.

"Better let me have it," he said. "You'll be safer. Bad as these devils are, they wouldn't shoot an unarmed man, and I don't want you mixing up in my trouble. The colonel wouldn't like it."

Reluctantly I surrendered a little twenty-two caliber revolver.

"They'd sure get you if you shot 'em with this," said Kelly, gravely, as he thrust the toy in his pocket.

Kelly had turned to order another drink, when two men darted through the door, shooting as they came. The chimney of the one lighted lamp went to pieces in a shower of glass. The light flickered and went out. Kelly's gun roared twice and then he was dragging me toward the door.

"Run!" he gasped, as we reached the street. He was running, and I followed. "I got 'em both!" he panted. "That's two less."

Down the whole length of the street, that was all I ever saw of Dodge City, we ran. At the last hitching rail stood two saddled ponies.

"Can you ride?" gasped Kelly.

I was too spent and breathless to more than nod weakly.

"Climb up!" he cried, seizing the second pony and swinging to the saddle.

I obeyed. My legs were wabbling but I know I never mounted quicker. Out through the gathering darkness we rode furiously. Kelly spoke but once.

"Keep close behind me. They're certain to follow," he called back.

My pony was a good one and I settled down to ride for my life. I cannot recall that I even thought of where we were going, until we were at Fort Dodge and, strangely enough, drawing up before Fred.

"He'll do," said Kelly as he swung to the ground.

Fred was grinning up at me.

Only then did I realize that it was all a hoax.

At daybreak next morning we started south. There was an escort of fifteen cavalymen, two supply wagons, and an army ambulance. With the outfit, also, were two famous scouts, Chapman and Stillwell. The stories these two told around our camp fires would make a thrilling book, and I learned that modestly they told less than the truth.

Fred and I had good mounts, but for the most part we rode in the ambulance. I had brought my shotgun with my luggage, and before Fort Dodge had dropped out of sight behind us I had prairie chickens enough for dinner for the entire outfit packed between the seats. After that I was recognized as the small-game hunter for the party, and I kept the larder full. Always there were prairie chickens or wild turkeys, but I always limited my shooting to the demand for the game I brought.

Those were wonderful days. Whether we were riding or driving, the horizon-bounded, undulating vista, across which for days at a time there would

be no trail and never a sight or sound of civilization, was an ever renewing delight. I grew to love the undefiled prairie. Since then I have found that the sagebrush and the desert exert an even stronger appeal. And to me the prairie is gone. Farms and ranches mar and spoil it, and wire fences bind it in rigid blocks between which wind the ugly scars of endless hot roads. But the desert and the sage remain to one who knows where to go. Ever the scent of the sage calls me with the voice of longing, and the peace of the desert is wafted to me above the din of cities. I may not have long to stay, but I am going back.

Two or three days out of Fort Dodge we narrowly escaped disaster. At the usual ford across the Cimarron River a wagon had sunk, rear end first, directly in the path of the old ford. Only a foot or less of the heavy pole showed above the water. The first troopers had entered the water before the situation was understood. Two horses were rescued with difficulty. There had been a heavy storm a fortnight before and the treacherous sands had shifted, our scouts held. It was hours before they felt out a new, safe way across.

The following day a solitary horseman appeared on the distant horizon. Evidently he saw us, for he sat motionless upon his horse for some time before he turned at right angles to our course and galloped beyond our sight. That was the only white

man we saw upon the trail for over six hundred miles.

In the afternoon we turned from the direct course to strike the ranch of a man known to our scouts. One of the ambulance mules was plainly in distress in the morning, and by noon it was apparent that it could go little farther. Fred was reluctant to abandon the animal when there was a possibility of having it cared for, and so we detoured to strike this ranch. The rancher not only agreed to care for the mule, but he loaned us another to take its place.

We had with us a famous hound, loaned by Hugh Keeler of Dodge City. The rancher loaned us two young dogs. "Jes' to give 'em a chance to run with Keeler's pup," he said.

I shall never forget this man's generous hospitality. The Centennial was widely talked about then, and the rancher proudly displayed to me a thousand-dollar bill.

"In '76 I'll have two more just like that," he said, "and then I'm going to Philadelphia to buy the whole shooting-match."

From the ranch on we traveled more slowly, often stopping for an entire day to throw out scouting parties in search for fresh buffalo signs. There were occasional signs, but we saw no buffalo until after leaving Camp Supply and working into the Pan Handle country.

But every hour brought some new interest to me.

In low places where the trail had cut deep, patches of sunflowers were always growing. I never saw them elsewhere, only where the trail appeared, cutting through the turf. No one knew how they got there, nor do I now.

One afternoon we came upon a broken-down government mule. It was too much of a wreck for us to bring it along with us. That night our horses, secured as was the practice in the Indian country, nearly succeeded in stampeding when, at midnight, the poor old mule attempted to join them. Next morning we left it again, in good feed and with no galling task before it, but desperately lonely. I have often wondered since if it would not have been kinder to have shot it.

Frequently we came upon small parties of Indians moving about. Commonly these would have avoided us, but for the scouts. Signaling, the scouts would halt them and in sign language reassure and draw them up. Then, when the Indians gathered close, Fred would greet them and, the scouts interpreting, a friendly talk would follow.

At Camp Supply we halted for several days. Fred was busy here, with inspection and paper work, and a young officer, Lieutenant Gardner, and I, with an escort of two or three men, started west on a two days' trip into the Pan Handle, for buffalo.

On the second day we came in touch with the main southern herd. The buffalo were scattered wide, grazing in small groups. Outside, and a

little apart, were the old bulls, with wary eyes for younger, predatory males.

The plan of attack was explained to me and I was cautioned to single out a calf, as the old buffalo were too tough to eat. Cautiously we drew up to the most favorably located group, and, as soon as they discovered us, dashed in, shouting madly, our horses upon a wild run.

The idea was to confuse and scatter them and thus prevent the groups from gathering in a compact herd, where, winding in and out, only an expert buffalo-hunter could do more than wound them. Upon my first attempt to cut out a young animal, as directed, I found myself chasing the oldest and largest bull. I followed him for miles. Once or twice he turned and charged me. I was armed with a 45 S. & W. Russian-model revolver, and with this I was shooting. I have no idea how many shots I fired before I came to the conclusion that the animal could not be killed. Then I saw a young cow and, abandoning the old bull, went after her. At the second shot she was mine. With my hunting knife I cut out the coveted meat, the tongue, and was ready to return.

Then my real trouble began. Only buffalo were in sight. I knew I had ridden for miles, but I had lost all sense of direction. One way looked as likely as another to me. At last I decided to attempt to follow back over the track my horse had made. If I had been moving at a moderate pace doubtless

the attempt would have failed, but a shod horse running wildly kicks up considerable turf. I followed slowly, and to my surprise came upon the dead body of the bull I had first pursued. Dismounting, I removed the great hairy forelock as a souvenir.

Now I had a double trail to follow, and after two hours of concentrated effort I sighted our wagon.

In the excitement I had lost my broad-brimmed cowboy hat, and I found it upon the return trail. In my wild shooting I must have scattered bullets everywhere, for I found a bullet hole through the brim of the hat. Upon my way back I also found many loaded shells. Reloading upon the back of a running horse, and with an anxious eye upon an animal that might turn and charge me at any moment, I fancy I dropped as many shells as I succeeded in forcing into the gun.

On the second day's hunt I was steadier and more expert, and on the third day we turned back with tongues and buffalo meat sufficient to supply the officers' mess at Camp Supply for many days to come.

On the day of our return we were out with the dogs, coursing antelope. We simply rode as fast as we could, more interested in the wonderful work of the hounds than in securing game. Before we left Camp Supply word came that the hospitable rancher who had entertained us and loaned us a

mule had engaged in a knife fight and lost his nose.

From Camp Supply we went to Fort Sill, where we remained several days. Fort Sill was the largest army post in the Indian Territory and here were stationed many officers and their families. At once dances and dinners were arranged, and, as Fred must perforce attend, I accompanied him.

And at Fort Sill, also, was the one really beautiful Indian woman I have ever seen. She was the daughter of a chief and little more than a girl, and she would have been considered a beauty anywhere. She had been captured by another tribe and now war between the tribes threatened. The army had rescued the captive and was now trying to patch up the trouble without bloodshed. The Indian girl was plainly pleased at the attention shown her, and her attitude indicated that she would be equally satisfied whether the matter ended in argument or war.

At Fort Sill we heard again of our rancher friend. We learned now that the kindly rancher was not only minus a nose, but that the authorities were after him and he was a fugitive from justice. It appeared now that he had been the head of a gang of horse thieves. Located upon the only ranch in a wide territory, he had the stolen stock driven to him there, where he would alter the brands and then send the horses stolen in the south to be sold in the north, and those stolen north, south, as the case

might be. He had escaped and was now supposed to be in hiding. I wondered if that thousand-dollar bill would ever be spent at the Centennial Exposition.

Many years later, I drove with a companion into a new mining camp in southern Arizona. We passed several groups of miners cooking their dinners. There were no houses and only one tent in the camp. We drove through the scattered groups and found a camping-place for the night. Near it a solitary man sat smoking his pipe beside a bright fire. I glanced casually at the man, and then examined him closely. His nose was gone. Then I identified him. It was my old acquaintance, the rancher. "Hello, Frank!" I called to him. The man made no reply.

Later we were cooking our own dinner when a voice a little way back from the glare of our fire called out,

"Hey, young Grant! I want to speak to you."

I went to him. He told me in cautious tones that he was not known in that country.

"Very good," said I. "I never saw you before."

He left that night, taking with him all the horses in camp except our two.

We went next to the Cantonment, an army post in the Texas Pan Handle, and then back to Fort Sill. From there we next went to Caddo, the nearest railway point, where I took train for home. All the

way from Fort Dodge to Caddo there was abundant game of all sorts except buffalo. Only the buffalo had been driven farther west.

We had been two months upon the trip, each night, except when we were at one or another of the army posts, camping where wood and water were convenient. Altogether we had covered something over six hundred miles. Every night around our camp fire wonderful tales were told. When finally ready for sleep, I would roll in my blanket, with my feet as near the fire as was safe, and very close to Fred. Around us twinkled the fires of the men. Tethered to ropes stretched between the barricading wagons, the tired horses and mules moved drowsily. As the fires died down, just beyond their flickering light gathered the circle of wolves. Ever coming and going, moving restlessly and again sitting in long silences, or howling weirdly, the wolf circle remained unbroken until day.

From Dodge City to Camp Supply there was not a house along our way, and we saw but one white man upon the trail. From Camp Supply to Caddo station, crossing two sides of what is to-day the State of Oklahoma, with a population of over two millions and with more than a thousand towns, there was not a house, and we saw no single white man other than those of our party.

There was no town at Caddo, no house, nothing but the station, and in it neither agent nor telegraph operator. Just before reaching Caddo station I

shot two fat turkeys and they went East with me. Utilizing a window of the silent building as a looking-glass, I brushed my hair, and then, with luggage and turkeys beside me, I sat upon the edge of the platform and waited for my train.

CHAPTER SIXTEEN

AS I look back, that expedition with Fred through the Indian Territory—I always think of it as my buffalo hunt, although I saw buffalo upon but four days of the more than sixty days of the trip—marks the end of my boyhood. I was the only boy in the party and I had been called upon to take a man's part; certainly I had been thrown upon my own resources more completely than ever before, and the effect was enduring.

I came back to find my old interests in sports and games gone. There was a thrill in those days and nights in the unspoiled open that the pleasures of the East could not duplicate. After chasing buffalo, riding a perfectly schooled horse through the streets of Washington was tame sport. I wonder now if my experience had not been father's? All his life father had been an enthusiastic and an unusually skillful horseman. War in his day was not conducted from headquarters far in the rear. Father directed from the saddle. There was then no other way. But he rarely mounted a horse after he became President. Always he loved to drive a fast horse, but I cannot recall that he ever rode one for pleasure, after the close of the war.

And I returned to find old interests grown strangely drab and unsatisfying and new interests pressing with disquieting import.

Nellie, though only seventeen, was now exceedingly active socially, and I was in constant demand for service I liked no better than in the days before I came to consider myself grown up. Then, less than a year later, she was married.

Fred's marriage caused scarcely a ripple upon the calm of my self-preoccupation, but Nellie's overwhelmed me in a mist of bewildering emotions from which I have never entirely emerged. Nellie and Algernon Sartoris were married in the East Room of the White House. I know that it was an elaborate wedding, much discussed and commented upon. I remember the confusion of preparation, and I have read many detailed accounts of it since, always with a strange sense of unreality. Of the ceremony itself, I recall a throng of indistinguishable faces, a mist of white that was Nellie—a strange Nellie—and father, silent, tense, with tears upon his cheeks that he made no movement to brush away. And then Nellie was gone, the White House strangely empty.

Although I seem never to have studied consistently and laboriously, I was ready for college. Fred and Buck had chosen West Point and Harvard, respectively, but I remained undecided. I felt no predilection for an army career, and father waited patiently for my decision, urging no prefer-

ence of his own. But the decision, in effect, was made for me.

Dr. McCosh, then President of Princeton, was dining at the White House when the question of my choice of a college came up. Dr. McCosh, to my surprise, promptly recommended Cornell as possessing the most advanced system of education, unhampered by tradition. He spoke earnestly, and I felt with considerable suppressed irritation. I remember that he said he would like to see many of Cornell's advanced methods introduced at Princeton, but that he had been unable to bring this about. The commendation of Dr. McCosh put an end to my indecision. That fall, at the age of sixteen, I entered Cornell.

I had not been keen about college, and then something happened that for the first time made me eager to go. My throat tightens at the memory of that day.

I was to enter Cornell in the fall, and late that summer father and I made a trip to Maine, to visit James G. Blaine. Emmons Blaine was about my age, but larger and of more mature appearance. He would readily have passed for eighteen, while I would not have been questioned if I had given my age as fourteen. We were at dinner when Mrs. Blaine mentioned that Emmons was entering college that fall—as I remember, Harvard.

"Jesse has chosen Cornell," said father.

"He may change his mind before the time comes."

Mrs. Blaine smiled across the table at me, but the implication was unmistakable. She believed that time to be far in the future and my choice inferior to that of Emmons.

"I'm going this fall," I answered, striving to speak casually.

With a laugh, Mr. Blaine turned to his wife. "And you thought Emmons was establishing a record."

"Jesse is sixteen," said father, quietly.

Suddenly I understood clearly a fact I had not considered before—father was proud of my achievement. He had not said so. There was no elation in his voice; rather it was deprecatory. But I knew—knew just as surely at the moment as when, a half hour later, we re-entered Mr. Blaine's library and father's arm rested for a moment across my shoulders. Thereafter I was eager for college.

My college life was uneventful. The fact that I was the son of the President brought me no more preferment at Cornell than it had among the boys with whom I played around the White House. If the fact was remembered, it was but to make me the uncomfortable victim of some jest.

I shall never forget one embarrassing occasion. When we returned to college from vacations, it was the custom for a large number of us to gather in New York City and charter a special car for the trip to Ithaca. This, by preference, was a day

coach, both because it would hold more and because the purpose was not to sleep.

Upon this occasion there were enough of us to fill our special car to overflowing, when an accident to a preceding train caused its passengers to be transferred to ours. A fine old farmer and his Shaker-bonneted wife were allotted to our car. We gladly crowded up to make room. I believe I was the only boy on board who was not possessed of some sort of musical instrument, and the din—we considered it music—was terrific.

For a time the countryman and his wife sat silent and rigid, as I fancied they imagined seasoned travelers should sit, but at last the old gentleman's curiosity overpowered his diffidence and he leaned forward to inquire of a boy in the next seat if we were a minstrel troupe.

"A minstrel troupe!" the young wretch exclaimed, shrilly. And then in a horrified whisper, audible to all in the sudden silence, "Didn't you know that this is the private car of General Grant's youngest son?"

Crowded in a double seat with four or five others, I heard, as was intended, but I heard, also, the warning hissed in my ear, "Sit still!"

As the first boy addressed had risen to the occasion, so the others were as instantly as alert to support him.

"That's him over there—the little runt with the red ears and the bodyguard."

In full swing now the sibilant whisper went on: "The rest are mostly great musicians, hired by the government at enormous expense to amuse him."

I wriggled in embarrassment, but my bodyguard, real now, wedged me in my seat.

"That one"—he indicated a youth who a few minutes before had been strumming on a banjo—"gets ten thousand a year. That man over there, with the flute, has played before all the crowned heads of Europe. He gets fifteen thousand dollars a year and all his expenses. The government is right liberal with the President's boys. Just before Christmas they sent up a big box with three or four packages of greenbacks, right off the presses in Washington, for each of us. We've just been down to New York to spend it."

At this the old man's indignation burst forth.

"By jiminy!" his voice was shrill. "I've read a lot in my newspaper about the doings down to Washington, since the war! I didn't believe more'n half of it, but now I see they didn't tell more'n half the truth. I've voted the Republican ticket ever since there was one, but I'll never vote it again."

"Oh, that's nothing!" his tormentor answered, indifferently. "Didn't you read in your newspaper, about three weeks ago, that the President had sent the Secretary of State to Spain, on a man-of-war, to bring back a troupe of bull-fighters that Jesse wants to see perform? That's going to cost a quarter of a million."

The farmer sputtered out something I did not catch, but just then his wife came into action and I heard her plainly:

"David, you come right out of here! I reckon that young man's lying, mostly, but we ain't goin' to ride with no such folks!"

That was the sort of consideration my position as my father's son brought me. It was rather difficult at times. But there was another side to the picture. When father and mother came to Ithaca to see me, as happened two or three times, there was never any demonstration or expression of curiosity from the student body. They recognized my right to privacy with my family as fully as that of any other student. The boys who would have thronged around father's car if he had stopped there upon any other occasion, never appeared when he was there as my guest.

As for me, I was more conversant with affairs in Washington during my college days than when I was at home in the White House. This was natural. I had grown older, and from Ithaca, Washington stood out in sharper perspective. Events of which I read in the daily papers impressed me more strongly than casual mention or even discussion between those directly concerned would have done. To read of them lifted them out of the commonplace. Whatever I read, I remembered and followed up with avid interest, that I might discuss

it with father and get his interpretation or opinion when next we met.

I remember that it was upon my return from college that I first asked father why he did not put an end to all the third-term talk by publicly declining to serve. The same question had been asked repeatedly by numerous editorial writers. I knew how father felt about it and that he was looking forward to the end of his Presidency as toward a joyous release. Yet the discussion went on, each advocacy bringing down a storm of acrimonious objection.

In South Carolina the Republican state convention had declared for a third term, and at about the same time Senator Conkling had delivered a speech that aroused a furor of discussion.

Through it all father remained silent, refusing to discuss the subject or even to comment upon it, outside of the family circle. And so, at last, I asked the question.

"Talk only furnishes fuel for more talk, Jesse," said father, gravely.

"I don't mean you should discuss it," I attempted to explain. "Just decline."

"Do you want me to decline something that has never been offered to me?" he said, smiling quizzically. "If the effort is made, I shall refuse to permit my name to be brought before the next national convention. Until then it would be futile for me to speak."

Father was true to his promise. At the national convention that nominated Hayes father refused to permit his name to be brought forward. The country faced no crisis that demanded his services; he was tired out and discouraged by the lack of appreciation so widely displayed. It hurt father to be represented as a designing man nursing a deadly ambition. No act of his public career justified the presumption that he was self-seeking. Always one of his most striking characteristics was his unselfish patriotism.

As I look back over the years, I again see his face and hear his low voice as he talked with mother and me of his desires and aspirations, uncovering, to us who loved and understood, his hopes and simple faith. And now in these latter days I feel that I have come to understanding of the doubt and suspicion that thickened about him.

The explanation lies in a single paragraph of an old editorial upon father's last annual message. It reads:

The message of the President is very characteristic. It shows both his shrewdness and his simplicity.

There it is. To many, simplicity, if it does not mean feeble-minded, signifies shrewdness. The world has never understood simplicity in which there was no guile. If a man be great, in the measure of his greatness lies the unknowable.

Augustine Birrell touched close when he wrote in one of his biographical essays in the *Obiter Dicta*:

One is often tempted of the devil to forswear the study of history altogether as the pursuit of the Unknowable.

And as in great achievement there is always mystery, to the world father was a man of mystery. The qualities that brought his first renown were the same qualities that later brought down upon him the suspicion, criticism, and abuse of lesser men who could not reconcile with his genius, his simplicity, and his purity of purpose.

But the man who risked his future and, relying upon his own judgment, went over the head of his immediate superior—Halleck—for permission, not to attempt to capture, but “to capture Fort Donelson,” who cut his way through the Wilderness, and finally achieved to Appomattox, was the same man who said in his first inaugural address:

The responsibilities of the position I feel, but accept them without fear. The office has come to me unsought; I commence its duties untrammelled. I bring to it a conscious desire and determination to fill it to the best of my ability.

And that was what father ever sought to do. There were disappointments and misunderstandings, but there was no wavering, no unworthy compromise. He began with a definite intention, a fixed purpose,

and for eight years, as for four years before, he "fought it out along this line." The results were not all he hoped for, all he desired, but it was a good fight. Beneath a gentleness deeper and more understanding than I have ever known in another, lay inflexible determination and behind a simplicity that frequently expressed itself in faith almost child-like was a deep reservoir of understanding from which he ever drew the right word and the right act at critical moments when upon him depended the nation's weal.

The world knows of father's victories and defeats, his achievements, his steadfast loyalty, his uncomplaining courage, and it has come to understanding of his integrity. This would have more than satisfied father, but it does not suffice me. I would have the world know, too, the man I knew.

CHAPTER SEVENTEEN

FROM almost my first day in college I began to follow closely the administration in Washington, in the light of the things I knew and in my understanding of the man at the head of the nation. I have studied and compared the records and achievements of that time with those of all the administrations that have followed. It is an illuminating study.

Not all he began was finished during father's administrations, but nothing was lost. In the turmoil and confusion of Reconstruction, under conditions for which there was no precedent, at the beginning of a growth and development that no man foresaw, father faced a task that has confronted no President since his day. With singleness of purpose and clearness of vision for which there is no explanation, only the fact, he saw, he pressed on to the end. Not only was father a pioneer who cleared the way, but he pointed a path beyond his clearing that every President since his day has followed.

During father's administrations much of the bitterness left at the close of the war was assuaged, and the seceding Southern States were restored to their original positions in the Union. He secured the passage of the law under which he appointed a Civil

Service Commission, the beginning of civil-service reform. He declared unequivocally for sound money and brought about the legislation that ultimately effected the resumption of specie payments. He negotiated the Treaty of Washington and the settlement of the *Alabama* Claims, and settled the Fisheries dispute. He vetoed the "Inflation bill," and just as unhesitatingly the "Bounty bill." He advocated the annexation of San Domingo, the building of a Panama Canal, the restoration of the mercantile marine, and the building of a more efficient navy. In his first annual message, father said:

On my assuming the responsible duties of Chief Magistrate of the United States it was with the conviction that three things were essential to its peace, prosperity, and fullest development. First among these is strict integrity in fulfilling all our obligations; second, to secure protection to the person and property of the citizen of the United States in each and every portion of our common country; third, union of all the states, with equal rights, indestructible by any constitutional means.

And in conformity to this, he said in the same message,

Among the evils growing out of the Rebellion is that of an irredeemable currency. It is a duty, and one of the highest duties, of government to secure to the citizen a medium of exchange of fixed, unvarying value. This implies a return to a specie basis, and no substitute can be devised. It should be commenced now and reached at

the earliest practical moment consistent with a fair regard for the interests of the debtor class.

The demands upon the time, strength, and patience of our Executives are enormous at all time, but in those days of the clamoring carpet-bagger, the irreconcilables, an ex-soldiery demanding and entitled to consideration, the strain was bewildering as well as excessive. Day and night father studied his problems in grim determination to give his best. He listened, but he rarely counseled, and his judgments were his own. When he delegated authority the transfer was absolute. He never appointed a man to any position save in the conviction of the man's fitness for the task, but so convinced he left the appointee to his job and backed him up.

Father has been criticized for his loyalty to his subordinates. Perhaps that loyalty was, at times, imposed upon. It was part of the man. Where he believed he would not question, and he did not readily credit evil report. It required more than apparent facts to convince him, for behind the facts he sought to know and understand the equities. But when he gave an order he considered the thing done. That was the commander. There was no excuse for disobedience.

More common than any other complaint was the charge of favoritism to old soldiers. Always there has been a non-combatant jealousy of the old soldier, sprung, I believe, from a consciousness of inferiority. There was no favoritism in father's appointments,

but there was preference. Between two men of equal worth and ability, he would select the ex-soldier. Why not? But father never appointed a man simply because he had been a soldier. Always there was a reason, apart from the man's military service. Behind every appointment was the consideration, in effect, that appears in the story of Lieutenant John L. Routt.

It was Governor Routt who told me the story first, in part. Routt had been Governor of the Territory of Colorado, appointed by father, and when Colorado became a state in 1876 the Territorial Governor was, as I recall, elected the first Governor of the new state.

Governor Routt told me that he had been greatly surprised by his appointment as Territorial Governor. He said, simply:

"I first met your father at Vicksburg. I was a lieutenant of artillery, and one day my colonel introduced me to General Grant. After the war, I met your father once, on the street in Washington. To my surprise, he stopped me, called me by name, and asked me what I was doing. I told him I held a clerkship in the War Department.

" 'That's too bad,' said your father. 'I hate to see a young man in a government clerkship.'

"I explained that I was also studying law and that the clerkship was only a means to an end.

" 'Where do you intend to practice?' he asked.

"I said that, inasmuch as I was in Washington, I intended to practice there."

"'I wouldn't do that,' said your father. 'The profession is overcrowded here. If I were a young man entering into the practice of law, I would go to Colorado. Colorado will soon be admitted to statehood, and you would find wider opportunities there, growing up with the new state.'

"I had never thought of going West, but I decided at once. 'I shall settle in Colorado as soon as I am admitted, General,' I told your father. It did not occur to me that your father would remember this, and you may imagine my surprise when, without previous notification or even a warning hint, I was appointed Territorial Governor."

This was all the explanation Governor Routt gave. Later, I repeated to father what Routt had said. The slow smile spread over father's face and he told me the story of Lieutenant Routt.

Father was examining the artillery positions around Vicksburg, and came upon one position he had previously indicated, but found no guns there. Surprised and displeased, he ordered the colonel in command to get his guns in position there at once, and rode on. Riding on, from an advanced position he saw a bayou that did not appear upon his map, and realized that it would be extremely difficult, if not impossible, to bring up the guns in time to the place he had indicated.

Completing his survey, father rode back to find

that colonel and select another position for his battery. But upon his return he found the guns drawing up in position. Thereupon father congratulated the colonel upon the accomplishment of a difficult task, explaining that he had no knowledge of the existence of the bayou when he gave the order. The colonel promptly disclaimed any credit for the achievement, stating frankly that he saw no way of getting the guns there, and so passed the order on to his major, who, in turn, passed it to one of his captains, who turned the job over to his lieutenant.

Lieutenant Routt promptly answered that if given a detail of fifty men to cut down some cedars, he could get the guns up. He was given the detail and he brought up the guns.

Father then called up Lieutenant Routt and congratulated him personally upon his accomplishment. From then until he met him in Washington after the war father had never seen Lieutenant Routt. But father did not forget men of that stamp, and when he met the young man in Washington and learned that he was studying law, he advised him to settle in Colorado, and he remembered that Routt had promised to go.

Then came the time when the Territory was divided into hostile factions, each strongly urging the appointment of its particular choice as Territorial Governor, and father cut the knot by appointing a resourceful man not identified with any faction. And the Lieutenant Routt who had made good

at Vicksburg made good as Governor Routt of Colorado.

And yet that appointment was bitterly resented at first, as an instance of unwarranted favoritism to an old soldier.

The fifteenth amendment to the Constitution, that enfranchised the former slaves, became effective in 1870, and then the real difficulties of reconstruction began. Next to the loss of the war, that amendment dealt the South its bitterest blow. Emancipation represented but pecuniary loss, but enfranchisement meant compulsory political, and, to a degree, social equality abhorrent to every Southern soul.

Perhaps that statement is too strong, but, born on the borderland, a boy with a slave nurse and with an ancestry upon one side, that all Union was yet Southern, I can not modify it. Perhaps no one in the beginning anticipated such immediate enfranchisement. Father did not. He believed that it must come, but only when the negro had been educated and trained to receive it. But there appeared to be no other way; at least that was the consensus of opinion in which he came to concur.

In his eighth and last Annual Message, father said (and there father makes the clearest exposition of the real problem of reconstruction, I have ever heard):

Nearly one half of the States had revolted against the Government, and of those remaining faithful to the Union a large percentage of the population sympathized with

the rebellion and made an "enemy in the rear," almost as dangerous as the more honorable enemy in front.

Immediately upon the cessation of hostilities the then noble President, who had carried the country so far through its perils, fell a martyr to his patriotism at the hands of an assassin. The intervening time to my first inauguration was filled up with wranglings between Congress and the new Executive as to the best mode of reconstruction, or, to speak plainly, *as to whether the control of the Government should be thrown immediately into the hands of those who had so recently and persistently tried to destroy it, or whether the victors should continue to have an equal voice with them in its control.* Reconstruction, as finally agreed upon, means this and only this, except that the late slave was enfranchised, giving an increase, as was supposed, to the Union-loving and Union-supporting votes. If free in the full sense of the word, they would not have disappointed that expectation. Hence at the beginning of my first Administration the work of reconstruction, much embarrassed by the long delay, virtually commenced.

And in that work, purely legislative, the province of the President lying wholly in supporting the work of the legislative branch of the Government, in defending and carrying out its measures, supporting its appointees—an army of men in whose appointment he had no voice and of whom he personally knew nothing—father must remain but the passive instrument of the legislative will; but upon him fell the odium of all that went amiss. To the Nation at large, they were father's acts.

Among the Northern appointees to official posi-

tions in the conquered states were able and conscientious men; but that among the horde of "carpetbaggers" were, also, a scurvy lot, no one understood better or deplored more bitterly than father. If in the South there could have been a wider consciousness of error, if they could have come to understanding of their great mistake and co-operated to the end of a more perfect union, the evils that fell upon them in that day would have been vastly mitigated.

Once sitting with father and mother in the library, a sudden silence fell upon us. It had been an unusually trying day for father and at its close had come a frantic call for support from Governor Kellogg, of Louisiana. Father stirred wearily in his chair and broke the silence. "Oh, if the South could only see!"

But that vision could not come while wounds were raw and smarting. For in the troublous days, the lawlessness and anarchy that grew and spread throughout Louisiana, North and South Carolina and Georgia, the South saw only the unwarranted aggression of a rapacious Northern conqueror, who having despoiled would now humiliate them utterly. It was not an unnatural presumption.

But the man at the head of the Nation sought only to support the Constitution and to enforce the law, as the only way to ultimate peace and security. Nothing can clearer set forth father's purpose than

his own words, in a proclamation issued by him early in 1871.

This law of Congress applies to all parts of the United States and will be enforced everywhere to the extent of the powers vested in the Executive. But inasmuch as the necessity therefor is well known to have been caused chiefly by persistent violations of the rights of citizens of the United States by combinations of lawless and dissatisfied persons in certain localities lately the theatre of insurrection and military conflict, I do particularly exhort the people of those parts of the country to suppress all such combinations by their own voluntary efforts through the agency of local laws and to maintain the rights of all citizens of the United States and to secure to such citizens the equal protection of the laws.

Fully sensible of the responsibility imposed upon the Executive by the act of Congress to which public attention is now called, and reluctant to call into exercise any of the extraordinary powers thereby conferred upon me except in case of imperative necessity, I do, nevertheless, deem it my duty to make known that I will not hesitate to exhaust the power thus vested in the Executive whenever and wherever it shall become necessary to do so for the purpose of securing to all citizens of the United States the peaceful enjoyment of the rights guaranteed to them by the Constitution and laws.

It is my earnest wish that peace and cheerful obedience to law may prevail throughout the land and that all traces of our late unhappy civil strife may be speedily removed. These ends can easily be reached by acquiescence in the results of the conflict, now written in our Constitution, and by the proper enforcement of equal, just and impartial laws in every part of the country.

The failure of local communities to furnish such means

for the attainment of results so earnestly desired imposes upon the National Government the duty of putting forth all its energies for the protection of its citizens of every race and color and for the restoration of peace throughout the entire country.

CHAPTER EIGHTEEN

AS I recall, it was upon one Christmas vacation that I came home from college to find a great change in father. Usually quiet and restrained, but alert, and with a curious suggestion of reserve power about him that made his unhurried movements more forceful than the more violent action of another, father was now wan and worn, and wrapped in a brooding silence that even the family could not dispel. Only at mention of a dream long dwelt upon and now shaping into actuality did he rouse to something like his old, alert interest.

"We're going, Jesse. That's settled," he said to me, the wan face lighting. "We start as soon as possible after my successor is installed. We will take whatever money there is and we will go as far and stay as long as it lasts." He was boyish in his animation now.

He spoke of the long-deferred hope of a lifetime, a journey around the world. There had been a time when it was only a dream and a time when responsibilities and duties made it impossible, but now the day was drawing near when he could go; and he was going, to the limit of his last dollar.

And the thought came to me: this is the man whose overweening ambition for place and power the

country fears. I hope I am a good patriot. I should be ashamed not to be. But I have never been as good a patriot since that day.

But there were wearisome days ahead for father before he was to start upon that journey, days that required all his patience and fortitude. As frequently as possible I hurried home, sometimes to remain but a day, but each time I found father more harried, arousing only as we discussed and planned the journey we were to take. To see the end of his Presidency and to get away was all he asked.

Fred, who had married an estimable young woman, was then at the White House with his wife. It was Fred's ambition to have a son born in the White House, who should be Ulysses S. Grant, 2d. The baby that came was named Julia Dent Grant, but if Fred was disappointed there was never anything in his speech or actions to indicate it.

I had returned to college when the event occurred that scandalized mother but over which father only smiled inscrutably.

Donn Piatt, once secretary of the legation at Paris and for a time *chargé d'affaires*, and who during the war was assistant adjutant-general, on the staff of General Robert C. Schenck, was then in Washington as the publisher and editor of a scurrilous sheet called *The Capitol*.

For some reason, Piatt was bitterly antagonistic to father and frequently attacked him in his paper. When Fred came home, Piatt turned his attention to

him also, until in almost every issue of his paper there was an attack upon either father or Fred. Then, one day, Piatt came out with an opprobrious criticism of Fred's wife, something to the effect that it was apparent from her manner that she was of plebeian descent.

A cousin called Fred's attention to the article. Fred said nothing, but quietly proceeded to the newspaper office. A man sat there, a stranger to Fred, but hatless and apparently in charge.

Fred asked to see Donn Piatt. The man in the chair, after a moment's hesitation, said that Piatt was in St. Louis. Fred requested to see the editor, and was informed that the editor, too, was absent. Then Fred announced that he was there with the intention of thrashing Donn Piatt. If Piatt was not there, the managing editor would answer; but as neither Piatt nor his editor appeared to be about, the stranger in the chair would be obliged to substitute.

Thereupon Fred proceeded to administer a good drubbing to the only man available. It was Donn Piatt. Subsequently Fred paid a fine of one hundred dollars, which he considered cheap.

I had returned to college with my thoughts full of father. I was not worried about him, although physically he was worn, but I was disturbed. I read the newspapers more assiduously than ever before, for now, in addition to those I looked for

regularly, I came upon many "home papers" in the possession of classmates. The country seemed possessed with a spirit of criticism and faultfinding, and the blame for everything was charged to the administration—in effect, father.

Said Buck to me one particularly disagreeable day:

"Rotten weather! It's a wonder some one doesn't inquire what father's going to do about it."

I understand now that it is always so. The long-delayed reaction was upon us, and angry and dissatisfied men will not stop to consider abstractions. The Executive is the representative, the tangible body, of government. Even if men understand the limitations of his power they will criticize no less savagely.

Within my time there have been strange happenings, but among the things that have not changed is Congress. Just how far the flaccidity of Congress, that roused only to play politics, influenced the attitude of mind that developed widely, I cannot say. I can only tell of the facts as they occurred to my own knowledge.

From those happenings, I wonder if there was not more warrant for the fear of a third term, or the outcome of such a term, than even those worried ones imagined. Not warrant for any fear of father, but of an underlying and widely disseminated dissatisfaction with our form of government.

It is incredible that such feeling could exist among

Americans. From those among us who, while enjoying the advantages of citizenship and the benefits and security of our institutions, still prate of the excellencies of socialism and bolshevism, we may expect anything. Such were never one with us in spirit, and nothing they can say surprises us, nor can do great harm. But when men and women of education and culture, sprung from a long line of patriotic forbears, Americans by birth and breeding, turn reactionary and show more than tory disloyalty, it makes one wonder if there is not a hidden cankerous growth that may one day threaten our national life.

When speculation as to father's attitude toward a third term stirred, these began to come; when the imbroglio of the Tilden-Hayes election developed and the agitation grew and men took sides and argued and grew bitter, they came in ever increasing numbers—lawyers, merchants, bankers, politicians, ministers, soldiers, men from every walk in life and from every section of the Union—Americans all—urging the need for and father's claim and right to a Dictatorship.

Among the first to advance the suggestion were Southerners, both men and women, of high social position. These maneuvered with tireless ingenuity for a word with mother, not only taking advantage of every social avenue of approach, but actually stopping her carriage upon the streets.

For them there was, perhaps, some excuse. They

had honestly believed in their right to secede and set up their own government, and they were less bitter toward the victorious general than toward the Northern Union that had overwhelmed them.

But with them came Northerners too; from the middle and the far West, from conservative New England, from New York, from every section; victors as ready to turn and rend that they had fought to save as were the vanquished.

At first mother was amused, then annoyed, and at last appalled. I was back for a few days from college when she first spoke of it to me. She had said nothing to father. I believe it was the first secret she ever kept from him.

"Tell father, and then forget about it," I counselled.

"These people are fools, Julia," said father, interrupting before mother had finished her tale.

"Do you consider"—mother named a long list—"fools?"

"The greater fools! The first who should be shot!" said father, sternly.

True to his declaration to me, father refused to allow his name to go before the convention that nominated Hayes. He personally favored Conkling, but when Hayes became the compromise candidate, he supported him loyally.

First the announcement came that Tilden had been elected. But there was no certainty of the accuracy of this claim, and Louisiana, South Caro-

lina, and Florida were yet to be heard from. They were nominally Democratic states, and this but strengthened the presumption.

Followed parlous days. Finally Congress concluded to appoint the Electoral Commission and abide by its decision. Father approved of the appointment of a commission as the only means of avoiding strife. The probability then was that its decision would favor the Democratic candidate. Whatever it was, father was prepared to enforce it. He believed that in the dilemma, if the choice of the people could not be known, the President was the executive of the congressional will. Certainly Congress was the only authority that could determine the issue.

When, by a change in the commission, it became almost certain that the Republican candidate would be declared elected, father was equally inflexible in his determination that the decision should be enforced.

A man prominent in the counsels of his party—if I disclosed his name to-day it would make the country gasp—came to father.

“This is your opportunity, General. There has been no election. You are still President, and you can continue, in such manner as you may choose.”

“A President has been elected,” said father, calmly. “When the commission decides which candidate has won, I shall seat him, be he Democrat or Republican.”

Father was not a lawyer. I never heard him express an opinion as to the legality of that commission or of its acts. It was later that father made a curious reference about which I have since wished that I had questioned him more closely.

When Villard completed the Northern Pacific Railroad, he sent a party of English and Dutch stockholders by special trains, to witness the completion of the road by the driving of the last gold spike. He also invited father, placing a car at his disposal, requesting him to invite whom he pleased to accompany him.

Father accepted and invited William M. Evarts; General MacFeely, a classmate of father's; General Cass, a staunch old Democrat and a great friend of father's; my cousin, Will Smith; and myself.

Upon the journey, father asked Mr. Evarts, who had been connected with the Electoral Commission—whether as a member or as counsel, I have forgotten—for his explanation of the act of the commission in giving the electoral vote of Louisiana to Rutherford B. Hayes, while the gubernatorial election went to the Democratic candidate, despite the fact that the Republican candidate ran fourteen thousand votes ahead?

Mr. Evarts began a careful explanation with an exceedingly involved sentence. General Cass, nearly eighty years of age, interrupted, irascibly: "I can explain it, General. It was damn robbery!"

"Perhaps General Cass has explained," said Mr. Evarts, with a grim smile.

Afterwards I asked father what he thought about it.

"If I had been in Mr. Hayes's place, I would have insisted upon the Republican Governor being seated, or I would have refused to accept the electoral vote of Louisiana," said father.

The weeks of uncertainty and indecision before the result of the Tilden-Hayes election was determined seemed endless to me. My letters home went daily now, and in each I inquired anxiously if any development threatened that might delay or postpone the beginning of the tour around the world. Father was hoping to leave in March, and while I would have graduated in June, I was going, too. Graduation could come later, but that tour would not wait.

Then the commission handed down its decision, and for the first time in weeks I was at ease. Nothing was going to happen that could delay us much beyond March 4. The joyous anticipation of the wonderful time in prospect softened my regret that I was to lose the home I had come to love.

Then, too, father was himself again. The change was not so apparent to the world, but to the family it was more than evident. The brooding gloom that had enveloped him as a cloak was gone and with us, he was all animation, planning and speculating upon

the wonders we should uncover upon this his first real vacation.

Father's savings from his salary as President, for eight years, amounted to a little less than fifteen thousand dollars when we left the White House. Neither that fact nor the future concerned him. Freedom was in sight, and for as long as possible he would enjoy that freedom.

Then the day came when another President ruled in the White House and we were gone. I am as certain that father neither wished nor expected to return there as I am that none of us dreamed of the time to come when father should decline to accept the nomination for a third term.

CHAPTER NINETEEN

WE did not get away in March. It was the 17th of May, 1877, when we finally sailed from Philadelphia on the American line steamship *Indiana*, bound for Liverpool.

As soon as President Hayes was elected, the country, that during the years of father's military and civil service had been more prone to criticize and condemn than to laud him, united to do him honor. Cheering throngs greeted his every public appearance, and what had previously been a hostile press now hastened to sing his praise. It seemed that now, when he was again a private citizen, the nation suddenly awakened to realization and appreciation of the part he had played in the conduct and victorious termination of the war, in re-establishing peace and harmony with threatening foreign powers, and in administering the civil government during eight trying years.

It was certainly true, as John Russell Young then wrote, "General Grant had been from the hour of his retirement on March 4, 1877, the recipient of more flattering testimonials of respect and admiration than had perhaps ever before fallen to the lot of any American."

Said mother to me with tears of happiness in her

eyes—I have forgotten upon what demonstrative occasion—"They understand now and are sorry."

And father, who always shrank from everything in the nature of public ceremony, threw off the last vestige of the brooding gloom and at times became almost loquacious. I remember that he was particularly appreciative of the official note sent out by the State Department to its representatives in foreign countries.

DEPARTMENT OF STATE,

WASHINGTON, May 23d, 1877.

To the Diplomatic and Consular Officers of the United States.

GENTLEMEN:

General Ulysses S. Grant, the late President of the United States, sailed from Philadelphia on the 17th inst., for Liverpool.

The route and extent of his travels, as well as the duration of his sojourn abroad, were alike undetermined at the time of his departure, the object of his journey being to secure a few months of rest and recreation after sixteen years of unremitting labor in the military and civil service of his country.

The enthusiastic manifestations of popular regard and esteem for General Grant shown by the people of all parts of the country that he has visited since his retirement from official life, and attending his every appearance in public from the day of that retirement up to the moment of his departure for Europe, indicate beyond question the high place he holds in the grateful affections of his countrymen.

Sharing in the largest measure in this general public sentiment, and at the same time expressing the wishes of

the President, I desire to invite the aid of the Diplomatic and Consular Officers of the Government to make his journey a pleasant one should he visit their posts. I feel already assured that you will find patriotic pleasure in anticipating the wishes of the Department by showing him that attention and consideration which is due from every officer of the Government to a citizen of the Republic so signally distinguished both in official service and personal renown.

I am, Gentlemen,
Your obedient servant,
WM. M. EVARTS.

The last week before our departure we were the guests of George W. Childs, in Philadelphia. I recall a continuous round of receptions and reviews and of father and General Sherman hurrying from one point to another.

At breakfast with us on the 17th, the day the *Indiana* was to sail, were Hamilton Fish, General Sherman, Governor Hartranft of Pennsylvania, and Simon Cameron. After breakfast the party, considerably augmented, embarked upon a small boat to visit the Russian corvette *Cravesser*, before proceeding to the *Indiana*. Fred and Buck were with them, Major Stokley, General Horace Porter, and, as I recall, all the members of the Philadelphia City Council.

Mother and I were taken down the river to the *Indiana* by the United States revenue cutter *Hamilton*, and on board with us were Admiral Turner, George W. Childs and Mrs. Childs, Mr. and Mrs.

A. E. Borie, Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Drexel, A. Bierstadt, the artist, John W. Forney, and others whose names I cannot recall.

The wharves along the Delaware and the boats were crowded with cheering people and flags were flying upon all the shipping. A salute of twenty-one guns was fired from the *Hamilton* as the *Indiana* steamed out from the midst of the fleet of smaller craft. But before we sailed our party on board had lost one prospective member.

Bill Barnes had been father's body servant as far back as 1863. Among the other negroes he ranked with a full general. He was with father at Vicksburg and he was with us on I Street. But Bill was becoming addicted to liquor then, and the habit was growing. Finally father discharged him. Subsequently father relented to the extent of securing other employment for Bill. This occurred several times, and always after a brief term of employment elsewhere Bill Barnes would be back working for father.

Then he would fall again, there would be another emphatic discharge, in due time father would soften and secure another job for Bill, and shortly thereafter Bill would return and without a word quietly resume his duties in the old position. It amused us all greatly and it completely baffled father. With Bill sober and efficient, although he well knew what the outcome would be, father was helpless.

The *Indiana* was drawing down the river when

father found Bill Barnes in his stateroom busily unpacking and caring for his luggage. Father gave one glance at Bill and quickly sought the captain.

"There is a colored man down in my cabin, Captain. His name is Bill Barnes. If Bill Barnes is to sail on this boat, I shall leave with the pilot. It depends upon you, Captain; either you arrange for the departure of Bill Barnes, or I go, but Mrs. Grant must not know until Bill is safely ashore."

I do not recall how the debarkation was effected, but poor Bill did not sail with us and mother did not know that he had been left behind until the following day. Bill Barnes was a pensioner until his death, as were also Mandy and Jule, former slaves of mother's. Mandy, her nurse, and Jule, her personal maid, were both born on the Dent farm. As long as she lived, upon mother's birthday and upon my own I received a letter from Mandy, which always concluded with an observation on the high cost of living. And always I replied and inclosed a check to Mandy, from which I would hear nothing until another anniversary rolled around. Long since the dear old soul passed to her reward, leaving the world a lonelier place for her passing.

The voyage across, while rough, was uneventful. Father was a splendid sailor and mother was disturbed for but a day or two. We made the passage in eleven days. Off the Fastnet Light we lay to for eight hours in a dense fog; when this lifted the Irish coast was in sight. Entering Queenstown Harbor in

the evening, we were boarded by a delegation of citizens who welcomed father to Ireland. The arrangements prevented us from accepting their invitation to stop over, and we sailed on to Liverpool.

It was a sparkling May day when we sailed down the Mersey to find all the shipping bedecked with flags and to be met at the dock by the mayor of Liverpool and a considerable delegation of prominent citizens. We were greatly surprised by the heartiness of this welcome. It had not occurred to father that anything like an official reception awaited him, save, perhaps, from our own representatives abroad. Now we found that, in effect, we were expected to be guests of the city of Liverpool. Thus in the beginning the character of our tour changed unexpectedly. I felt then, not without disappointment, that all our preconceived ideas were to go by the board. But we found Mayor Walker, who had presented a great art gallery to the city, a most attractive man and a splendid type of the cultured Englishman. He was assiduous in his attentions, and as father quickly shook off his first dismay I doubt that he ever realized our surprise.

It was at a dinner given by the mayor at his suburban home that I met my first amusing foreign experience. An English lady sitting next to me at dinner turned to engage me in conversation, with the remark that she knew a charming American with whom I was possibly acquainted, "Doctor Bromwell."

"He lives in one of your Southern states, Buenos Aires, I believe," she said.

I choked, but answered something to the effect that the name was not an unfamiliar one.

"I thought you would know him." She beamed upon me. "He is such a delightful man, despite his ferocious whiskers."

At this dinner, too, was Colonel Paleston, afterward, Sir John. He had been in America during the war, performing some service for which he gained the title of colonel, and I believe he had met father then. At any rate, he was extremely solicitous that we should enjoy every moment of our stay in Liverpool.

But while father and mother were attending receptions, inspecting the new docks, and visiting the various places of interest about the city, I departed with Mayor Walker's two sons, young men of about my own age, to witness that year's Derby.

We put up at a hotel in London. I have forgotten its name, but I remember that the "lift" would not lift three of us, and to help it we caught hold of projections in the shaft—there was no door to the elevator—and, lifting ourselves, ultimately reached the second floor, where we abandoned the "lift" and took to the stairs.

Early next morning we went to the residence of Mr. Walter Schoolbred, in Picadilly not far from Hyde Park, for breakfast. Five or six other men joined us there and I enjoyed a jolly breakfast, the heartiest I have ever eaten. Mr. Schoolbred's tally-

ho coach was famous in those days, and shortly after the elaborate and lengthy breakfast we climbed aboard and were off for The Downs.

Schoolbred was as skillful a whip as I have ever known. A stream of vehicles of every sort was moving in our direction, all bound for the races, but Schoolbred so dexteriously threaded his way in and out that we passed steadily through what appeared a solid stream of equipages.

But we had delayed too long over that breakfast. Notwithstanding the progress we made once we were *en route*, we reached The Downs only to find that we could not get close enough to see the course, nor did we see the race. We made up a pool, however, of five pounds each, and as there were eight in the party this made a purse of forty pounds. Then, instead of wagering the amount, we drew lots from numbered tickets shaken up in a tall hat, and my number won.

I remember, too, that a portion of my prospective winnings went into the purchase of baskets of champagne, and as a resulting consequence the drive back was full of excitement. A Colonel G—— of our party imbibed too freely and managed to keep in a continuous acrimonious controversy with equally befuddled gentlemen upon other coaches. In fact, the colonel was so fully occupied that he quite forgot to turn my winnings over to me.

But we finally won back to Mr. Schoolbred's, suffering nothing worse than rather unpleasant verbal

encounters, and later we dined there. The following morning Mr. Schoolbred called upon me at my hotel, stating that Colonel G—— had been called suddenly to the Continent and had requested him to deliver my forty pounds. I have wondered since whether it was Colonel G—— or Mr. Schoolbred who really paid over that forty pounds.

It was two or three days later when I rejoined father and mother where they were then guests at the home of Mr. Pierrepont, the American minister, in London.

Father had been to Manchester, Sheffield, and Leicester, where in each instance he was received with unusual honors. Two cities had paid him the extraordinary compliment of granting the workmen a half holiday upon his arrival. Father was tremendously surprised and as deeply gratified, seeing in it all a tribute, not to himself personally, but to his country. He wrote to George W. Childs from London:

LONDON, *June 19, 1877.*

MY DEAR MR. CHILDS:

After an unusually stormy passage for any season of the year, and continuous seasickness generally among the passengers after the second day out, we reached Liverpool, the 28th of May. Jesse and I proved to be among the few good sailors. Neither of us felt a moment's uneasiness during the voyage. I had purposed to leave Liverpool immediately on arrival and proceed to London, where I knew our Minister had made arrangements for the formal reception, and had accepted for me a few invitations of courtesy.

But what was my surprise to find nearly all the shipping in port at Liverpool decorated with flags of all nations, and from the mainmast of each the flag of the Union most conspicuous. The docks were lined with as many of the population as could find standing-room, and the streets to the hotel where it was understood my party would stop were packed.

The demonstration was, to all appearances, as hearty and as enthusiastic as in Philadelphia on our departure. The mayor was present with his state carriage, to convey us to the hotel; and after that he took us to his beautiful country residence, some six miles out, where we were entertained with a small party of gentlemen and remained overnight. The following day a large party was given at the official residence of the mayor in the city, at which there were some one hundred and fifty of the distinguished citizens and officials of the corporation present. Pressing invitations were sent from most of the cities of the Kingdom to have me visit them. I accepted for a day at Manchester, and stopped a few moments at Leicester and one other place. The same hearty welcome was shown at each place, as you have no doubt seen.

I appreciate the fact, and am proud of it, that the attentions I am receiving are intended more for our country than for me personally. I love to see our country honored and respected abroad, and I am proud that it is respected by most all nations, and by some even loved. It has always been my desire to see all jealousies between England and the United States abated and every sore healed. Together they are more powerful for the spread of commerce and civilization than all the others combined, and can do more to remove causes of war by creating mutual interests that would be so much endangered by war.

U. S. GRANT.

We remained in London nearly a month, and it was a month of continuous entertainment. I attended many dinners and receptions, but from many I was able to escape. Father stood up with unflagging interest under a round of social and civil ceremonies I could not have endured. On the morning after his arrival in London he went to the Oakes at Epsom, where he met the Prince of Wales. The same evening he dined with the Duke of Wellington, at Apsly House. On the first Sunday we went to Westminster Abbey, where Dean Stanley in the course of his sermon made a graceful allusion to the presence in England of the ex-President of the United States, and the desire of the English people to honor America by honoring its illustrious son.

Mr. Pierrepont, the American minister, gave a reception at his house in Cavendish Square, which was attended by the leading representatives of both political parties and of every phase of English society. I remember the Lord Chancellor, the Duke of Leeds and the Duke of Beauford and John Bright; the Marquis of Salisbury and Mr. Gladstone. Then there was a dinner at the Duke of Devonshire's and a reception by Consul-General Badeau, a dinner with Lord Granville and another with Sir Charles Dilke; I cannot recall the names of half the people who so cordially entertained us.

Finally we broke away to spend a few days with Nellie at Southampton. Algy had a trotting-horse that father had given him, and a light American

buggy, and he and I drove all over the surrounding countryside. Nellie appeared very happy in her beautiful country home, and we returned to London greatly cheered by her content.

Then the freedom of the City of London was conferred upon father, and he was presented at Court.

When the flood of entertainment was at its full, a chance meeting occurred from which I emerged the notorious member of our party.

After a dinner given by the Earl of Derby, who was, as I recall, then Secretary for Foreign Affairs, there followed a very crowded reception. I shall never forget that occasion. I suppose I should have known better. The memory of that meeting exasperates me now. It may be that the English are not devoid of a sense of humor, but I have never known that Englishman whose appreciation of humor synchronized with mine.

It was, as I have said, an exceedingly crowded reception, and I was bored. I would quietly have taken my departure if I could have thought at the moment of any place that promised to be less dreary. As it was, I drifted into a corner, where I stood forgotten and unnoticed.

Then another solitary individual drifted up beside me and I recognized Sir Edward Thornton, whom I had known well when he was the English minister in Washington. We promptly fell into conversation.

Sir Edward was passing through London on his

way to Constantinople, where he had been appointed ambassador. He said, rather sadly, that his years in the diplomatic service had made him more of a stranger in London than elsewhere; that in a great gathering like this one the fact impressed him more forcibly, robbing such occasions of enjoyment.

I replied that I was not getting much fun out of it myself, but that I was afraid if I left it might break up the party.

Sir Edward stared at me in astonishment. I understood before he spoke that he had taken my attempt at humor seriously. In fear that he would always believe me a dreadful ass, I hastened to explain that I had not spoken seriously, that my remark was intended to be humorous.

"No one would know, you know, if both of us left," he answered.

"Of course they would not! I was only joking," said I.

"Even if we were very well known, no one would know we left. In such a large gathering we would never be missed," he insisted.

In despair I told him I was sorry that I made the remark, that I understood perfectly that my departure would never be noticed.

He then explained that our names would appear in the morning papers, and so, of course, many people would learn that we attended the reception, but he earnestly assured me that my departure would have no effect upon its duration.

Again I attempted to explain, for he was a fine old gentleman and I liked him much. It was no use. More earnestly than before, he insisted that my leaving would not break up the reception, that it would not be noticed.

Sir Edward was still kindly assuring me of this when I managed to drift away from him in the crowd. The misunderstanding worried me during the remainder of the evening, but in the morning I felt that the joke was on Sir Edward Thornton.

Then the newspapers got hold of it. They did not get it from me. I had not mentioned the circumstance, even to father. I suppose Sir Edward's astonishment at my colossal egotism could not be confined. At any rate, the London newspapers printed my remark with every sort of humorous comment. I became the comic relief to father's triumphant popularity. All sorts of ridiculous speeches were attributed to me, each based upon some alleged or assumed expression of my egregious conceit. I grew tired of London.

CHAPTER TWENTY

IT was upon the eve of our departure from London when the invitation came from the Queen to visit her at Windsor Castle.

I have often speculated upon the genesis of that invitation. Father was a private citizen of the United States and I do not imagine that Queen Victoria wished to entertain us at Windsor. I fancy Her Majesty was as much surprised as father at the necessity. I shall never know, but I can imagine what was said to prompt that invitation. It did not come until our stay in London was drawing to a close, and there had been no hint or suggestion of it until it came.

Disraeli was Prime Minister and the head of the Conservative party. A shrewd statesman, he could not overlook or mistake the portent of the reception given father, a welcome that had risen far above conventional greeting, swelling into a wonderful spontaneous ovation. Nothing of the sort had been anticipated by the Conservatives.

Our minister to England, Mr. Edwards Pierrepont, was an American with the highest appreciation of the glory of royalty. Before our arrival he had put forth determined efforts to insure to father a royal reception, and his efforts had met with but

faint response. The Earl of Derby told him plainly that father was, under our American laws, but a private citizen, and that England could only receive him, unofficially, as a distinguished American. True, he would doubtless receive every honor that could be bestowed upon a "commoner," but the government could not recognize him, in his private capacity, as it would, for instance, an ex-ruler of royal blood.

Pierrepont, who thought more of the gracious smile of a royal prince than of the acclaim of the motley public, was much chagrined.

Father knew nothing of the minister's ambitious efforts. The story was told to us later by gleeful Liberals.

But now, the enthusiasm of the laboring classes; the demonstrative activity of the Liberals under Joseph Chamberlain; the prominent part taken in all the functions by John Bright and the less conservative of the nobility, represented by the Duke of Argyle, Lord Granville and Lord Carnarvon, and even the Prince of Wales; the sympathetic approval of the general public; the encomiums of the press—all made it appear that the English people were anxious to do all in their power to honor father, and only the crown and the Conservative party in power was holding back. Plainly the situation promised to react to the advantage of the Liberals.

But all this prospective political advantage was countered by Disraeli in one clever stroke. The in-

vation came from the Queen, and the crown and the Conservatives were in line. Incidentally, Mr. Pierrepont saw the fruition of his aspirations.

The invitation extended to father and mother, by the command of the Queen, was to dine at Windsor Castle and to remain until the following day, and included Mr. and Mrs. Pierrepont and General Badeau, and me.

I shall never forget my experience at Windsor. To-day, after the lapse of more than forty years, the memory fills me with conflicting emotions. As always, there was father's sympathetic understanding, and there was the pique my conscience still justifies, but the memory brings no satisfaction, only the dubious assurance that now, when I am old enough to be the grandfather of the boy who was, I would again take the same unsatisfactory course under the same circumstances.

I was not keen to be entertained at Windsor Castle. The ordeal could not be avoided. But from the first I felt that the invitation placed us in an equivocal position; that father by accepting it, not royalty by extending it, conferred the favor.

We went down by train, and Sir John Cowell, the Master of the Household, received us at the station. Explaining that Her Majesty was out driving, he conducted us to our quarters.

Father and mother were assigned to a state apartment reserved for prominent guests. My single room was large and extremely elegant, with a con-

necting door to the room allotted to General Badeau. I had been instructed in the procedure and was dressing as the hour for my appearance drew near, when Sir John Cowell again appeared. He inquired solicitously as to my comfort, and after some minutes of casual conversation he entered into a portrayal of the personnel of the Household, announcing and dwelling upon the exalted rank of the various members of the *ménage*. Satisfied at length, I fancied, that I was duly awed by my proximity to such an array of British nobility, he reached the crux of his detailed and painstaking approach.

"I regret to say Her Majesty is indisposed," he began, hesitatingly.

"Large gatherings, particularly at dinner, bring on a most distressing vertigo. As a consequence of this deplorable condition it has been decided that only those who must be present are to dine with Her Majesty. It has accordingly been directed that you and General Badeau are to dine with the Household, where, by the way, you will have a much more enjoyable time," he concluded, affably.

I said nothing. Encouraged by my apparent docility, Sir John's conciliatory manner became patronizing.

"Immediately after dinner you will have the honor of being presented to Her Majesty," he announced.

General Badeau had come into my room and stood

listening. Sir John went on to say that it would appear in the morning papers that we had dined with the Queen, and we were fortunate in the arrangement that made this distinction possible without the necessity of enduring the tedium of a state dinner.

My mind was made up now. "It would appear," I said, "that I can have all the honor, by report, and avoid even the tedium of dining with the Household, by quickly leaving for London." I was getting out of my formal dress as I spoke, my feelings now more of relief than resentment.

"No! No!" cried Sir John, in immediate panic. "If you leave now the newspapers will learn of it and a tremendous scandal will result."

To Sir John Cowell the proceedings at Windsor were of world interest.

I assured him that the newspapers would never hear of the occurrence from me; that the last thing in the world that I would mention was the fact that I had been invited to dine with the Queen and, upon my arrival, she had decided that I was only fit to eat with the help.

Sir John gasped. "You do not understand! The members of the Queen's Household are all of the nobility."

"That's what we call them in America," said I.

With an ejaculation of mingled rage and horror, Sir John rushed from the room.

General Badeau crossed the floor to my side.

"We'll have to make the best of it, Jesse. You cannot leave now."

"Just watch me," I answered, and went on with my packing.

A few minutes later Sir John Cowell returned, to find me nearly ready for my trip back to London. Sir John was pathetic now. He said that his life at the Castle was far from one of perfect happiness; that he always tried to do his duty, with consideration for the guests under his charge; but if I persisted in going, the blame must fall upon him. He would be accused of managing the matter badly. Would I not be a good fellow and help him out? The foibles of an old lady in ill health must be considered, etc., a rambling argument that left me cold, as it clearly disclosed the fact that it was the Queen herself who objected to my presence.

As I had entertained her son, Prince Arthur, in Washington, some time before, and was now there by her unsolicited invitation, I felt that her treatment of me was shabby, and told him so. Also, that I was fully determined to return to London at once. Again he left me, angry and much upset.

A few minutes later, Sir John again returned, this time accompanied by the American minister, Mr. Pierrepont. I was ready to go now, with my valise packed.

Mr. Pierrepont wasted no words in diplomatic preamble. He told me that it was a pity the greatest honor my father had ever received, or would

ever receive, should be marred by the stubborn folly of a boy, and that if there was further talk of my returning to London he would go in and tell my father.

I answered quickly that I would go with him; that whatever father said I was to do, I would do.

So, together, we sought father.

Mr. Pierreport explained the whole situation to father—the standing of the members of the Household, the vertigo of the Queen, and the fact that in order to make the attendance at dinner as small as possible General Badeau and I were to dine with the Household. He told it all, concluding, dramatically:

“And Jesse, here, says that he will go back to London!”

“I think that is what I would do, if I were in Jesse’s place,” father answered, quietly.

Mr. Pierrepont was speechless. Here were two Americans he could not understand. He gave it up and retired.

I was back in my room, wondering how I was to get to the station, but determined to walk if necessary, when Sir John again returned, this time his face wreathed in smiles as he announced that Her Gracious Majesty would be very pleased to have me at dinner, that it was all his mistake, and that he could never forgive himself for his egregious blunder.

Well, I dined with the Queen, saw half a dozen

German princesses, a variety of waldgraves, and had the honor of escorting to table the Countess of Derby. After dinner I went to the billiard room and played several games of pool with Prince Leopold and three or four of his companions—equerries, I believe they were. No one of us was a good player, they worse than I, and so I won twenty royal shillings.

It was one o'clock when I returned to my room, to find Sir John Cowell there, in dressing-gown and slippers, sitting at a table with a bottle of brandy and half a dozen club sodas before him.

Sir John greeted me effusively. Then we settled down with the brandy and soda, and Sir John talked. He said that at the first declaration of my determination to return to London he was utterly nonplused. No situation so serious as that threatened to become had confronted him before. He went direct to the Queen with the tale, and she said, "Well, let him go."

He then explained to her the seriousness of such a contretemps—he really did consider it an important matter. The Queen then directed him to tell me that she commanded me to dine with the Household.

Sir John was shifting to my side then. He told the Queen that the young man was an American and that to command would be futile. She then said, "Tell the American minister to arrange it."

Sir John said that when he came in with Mr.

Pierrepoint, he was fearful that I would weaken and abandon my position. He was coming to consider my treatment rather shabby. When Mr. Pierrepoint brought him word of father's stand, he was delighted. He went again to the Queen, who then realized that I must not be permitted to leave in such a manner, and, as Sir John said, graciously abandoned her position. I have often wondered just what Her Majesty did say.

For an hour or more Sir John talked, as the brandy subsided in the bottle. It was an interesting and illuminating disclosure of the inner life at Windsor Castle. It appeared that the Queen, popularly supposed to be affectionately interested in her loyal subjects, desired most to avoid them. One burden Sir John found particularly hard to bear fell upon him when some wealthy commoner, for some unusual service to the country, must be invited to dine with the Queen at Windsor.

It was Sir John's duty, upon such occasions, to meet the honored guest at the station, drive him around the park, and explain the sudden and serious indisposition of Her Majesty, and that it was a matter of grave importance to the state that the fact of her ill health should not be known. He would then instruct the guest to return quietly home, assuring him that it would appear in the Court Circular that he had dined, as invited, and thus he would reap all the glory and honor. For the most part such were content to reap the honor

and escape the ordeal. And Sir John told of one guest so dismissed who, years later, forgetful of the fact that Sir John had been the Queen's messenger, gave him a glowing account of the gracious manner in which the Queen had received him.

And he told of another occasion, upon which he had but finished the story of the Queen's illness when Her Majesty drove by. The disappointed guest at once assumed that it was Sir John who was scheming to keep her subjects from the Queen, and he subsequently sought, in vain, to effect Sir John's dismissal.

It was late when we parted and the bottle was nearly empty.

CHAPTER TWENTY-ONE

IT was apparent before we reached London that our itinerary so carefully thought out could not be maintained. We had planned for continuous, though possibly uneven, progress. We had anticipated a natural curiosity—father had been a world figure for too many years to hope to escape this—and that we would be cordially received and to some extent fêted was also to be expected. And so our route was clearly mapped out, but the duration of the journey and the rate of progress must depend upon circumstances. That circumstances might determine where as well as when we should proceed had not been considered.

We had planned to cover England, Ireland, and Scotland and then proceed to the Continent, and so pursue our leisurely way. But from Queenstown on the determination to honor father evinced by all classes and sections exceeded anything we had imagined. To father it was a tribute to his country to which he must subordinate personal plans, inclinations, and desires. Before we left Liverpool for London we began to realize that, while father was a private citizen traveling for pleasure, he was scarcely more free to follow his own plans than if there officially in a representative capacity.

We could not stop at Queenstown then, nor remain longer in Liverpool, because of other definite commitments, but we must accede to the desire so earnestly expressed and return. And so father and I went back to Liverpool to attend a dinner given by the mayor and the Corporation. Later we would return and visit Ireland and Scotland, but now engagements had been made for a short tour on the Continent.

We left England for Ostend, *en route* for Brussels. John Russell Young, in his book, *Around the World with General Grant*, says, "We stopped at Ostend and Ghent before proceeding to Brussels, where we met King Leopold of Belgium." While I agree with Mr. Young's book closely—we saw many things at the same time—I must also, upon occasion, differ widely. Things did not always happen as they were officially supposed to have happened.

We were greeted at Ostend by what we had come to consider as "the usual crowd." There were personal friends to meet us and there was an address of welcome from the civil and military authorities. We planned to remain overnight at Ostend and we went to our hotel—father, mother and myself.

It was late in the evening when the badly flustered proprietor knocked at the door of our apartment to announce that King Leopold was calling. If we were as surprised as the boniface, I trust it was not so apparent.

King Leopold came up alone and announced that he came to pay his compliments and welcome father to his country because he wished to see and talk with him in freedom from the antiquated and foolish exactions of court etiquette.

The conversation that followed was a long one. The king remained several hours, asking questions and talking most interestingly of his Congo country.

When the tales of Congo atrocities spread over the civilized world they always brought back to me the memory of that strange evening in our hotel rooms in Ostend when King Leopold talked so earnestly and freely of his hopes and plans for developing the resources and bettering the condition of the natives of the Congo. The tales may have contained truth, many of them appeared to be well authenticated, but I could never credit them. Surely Leopold intended no evil to the Congo. For several years thereafter, King Leopold sent me each new map, as it appeared, of Belgium and the Congo.

We went to Brussels, and the King called formally upon father and father as formally returned the call. Then the King gave a great banquet in father's honor, where every exaction of royal procedure was carefully observed. It was all most interesting, but, to me, in my knowledge of the unsuspected democratic intimacy at Ostend, it took on the character of a spectacular play. As long as King Leopold lived I thought of him, not as he

appeared in the rôle of King in Brussels, but as my personal friend at Ostend.

It was the morning after King Leopold's unceremonious call when a German officer presented himself with letters to father from General von Moltke and Prince Bismarck. The letter from Bismarck was particularly friendly and cordial, expressing his earnest desire to meet father. It then went on with an account of the recently attempted assassination of the German Emperor. Bismarck wrote that the "old gentleman" was then out of danger, but that it would be some time before he could hope to appear in public, and he suggested that father postpone his visit to Berlin until the Emperor was sufficiently recovered to receive him with due honors.

The letter from General von Moltke introduced the bearer, a colonel in the German army, and stated that he would serve as father's military aide. Von Moltke also expressed his desire to meet father and welcome him to Germany with full military honors.

Father at once advised the colonel that he would not visit Berlin for some months, and that when the time came he would particularly request that there be no military reception or display.

At the German colonel's look of incredulous amazement, father went on to explain that he was traveling for relaxation and pleasure, and that he was tired of war and military pageantry.

The colonel was plainly dumfounded. That a

victorious commander should be less interested in a great military demonstration than in ordinary sight-seeing, and decline the honors Germany was anxious to extend him, was entirely beyond the colonel's understanding. But he rallied with as good grace as his astonishment permitted. When he learned that we were going to Brussels, and from there to Cologne, and then down the Rhine to Coblenz, making Wiesbaden, Frankfort, and Heidelberg before crossing into Switzerland, he requested, if agreeable to father, to be permitted to accompany us to the German border.

Reluctantly, but with good grace, father accepted this courtesy. There was no valid reason for refusal, although, to father, it savored of the ostentatious display he abhorred.

The colonel proved a charming and amazingly instructive companion. As familiar with the military history of his country for two thousand years as with the brief but fateful Franco-Prussian War, he filled every moment of that trip down the Rhine with interest.

In my opinion our own Hudson surpasses the Rhine in scenic beauty. But where one views the Hudson, one feels the Rhine. The Rhine is more than a picturesque river. I did not see its beauty; to me, with that German colonel beside me, it stretched a panoramic setting of human endeavor from the dawn of history. Every bluff and headland, every castled crag, had its story, and the

colonel knew them all. That journey without the colonel would have been delightful; with him it was epic.

The colonel pointed out one particularly massive and formidable fortress—I have racked my memory to recall the name or to identify the exact location of this place, but without avail—and asked father's opinion as to the garrison necessary to man it, and how he, if in command of an invading force, would proceed to take it?

"It would probably require twenty thousand men to garrison that fort," said father, thoughtfully.

The colonel nodded his confirmation.

"I would avoid it, cross above or below, and consider the garrison my prisoners," concluded father.

Months later, when at last father and von Moltke met, the latter referred to this statement of father's, that had been repeated to him by the colonel.

"I was at first inclined to question the wisdom of such procedure, General," said von Moltke. "I have come to the conclusion that it would be the best course to pursue; but there is not a general in Europe who would think he could proceed without first reducing that fortress."

At Frankfort there was a fête given in father's honor and a dinner in the famous Palmer Garten. There was a dinner at Homburg, with the Kursaal Gardens illuminated. From Heidelberg we toured to Baden and the Black Forest, and we visited Lucerne, Interlaken, and Berne before proceeding

to Geneva. Everywhere there were crowds to welcome father, and continuous entertainment was urged upon us.

At Geneva, to my great delight, I came upon Emmons Blaine. For a time I escaped the formal entertainment father and mother were subjected to, and Emmons and I investigated Geneva and its environs undisturbed. Of the incidents of those quiet but enjoyable days, but one stands out in my memory.

Emmons and I went swimming in the river. The bathing houses were located several hundred yards away from a bridge that crosses the outlet of the lake, the River Rhône. There is rapid water under the bridge, and, as I remember, rapids farther down. Emmons and I, both fairly strong swimmers, ventured too far and were caught in a current we could not stem. With difficulty we reached and clung to one of several life buoys anchored at intervals, and there we remained.

A crowd upon the bridge watched us in what appeared to be quiet expectancy. If we lost our hold we would be swept down the stream. We could not swim back, neither could we cling there forever. The situation was becoming exasperating. The pull of the water, the curious but unconcerned faces above us, the more desperate prospect below, combined in a nightmarish effect of impotency.

"I wonder what those blighters expect us to do?" growled Emmons.

And then a rowboat put out from our boathouse above and took us off. When we landed, the proprietor urged a drink of brandy upon us. Later, while we were dressing, he came again, advising more brandy to ward off a possible cold. When we were dressed and ready to leave, we must have another brandy in commemoration of a fortunate escape; and I think there was another in farewell.

At any rate, when I reached the hotel and went to our rooms, father and mother were there, but the floor had become so unsteady that, without a word, I passed through to my own room, went to bed and slept. Next morning neither father nor mother mentioned the incident. For three or four days I remained silent, and then curiosity overcame me.

"Didn't you notice anything peculiar about me, the other evening?"

"Yes, we noticed," said father, simply.

With that I told the story, ending with, "I expected a jolly good scolding next morning."

"We are not fearful that one of our boys will become a drunkard," said father. "And mother and I knew if you had done anything foolish you would be sorry enough without our adding to your discomfort."

I have never had any liking for brandy since that day.

We saw Mont Blanc, of course, and drove over much of Switzerland. Then we crossed the Alps

by the Simplon Pass and toured northern Italy, resting for several days at Pattanza, on Lake Maggiore.

Here we met a woman whom I still consider the most beautiful I have ever known. She was an American, married to a Russian prince. She called upon us, pathetically anxious to talk of America, and invited us to breakfast. Later we drove to her charming villa at Intra, where father at her request planted a tree. While there I saw several paintings done by her son, a lad of fourteen or fifteen, that would have been a credit to an artist of any age.

The princess told us that her marriage had not been one of American dollars. She was studying music in Italy, preparing herself for a career, when the prince met and married her. I do not think she was unhappy. They were surrounded by every luxury. But this American woman married to a Russian prince and living in Italy was desperately lonesome and homesick. She told me she had never been back. I often wonder why?

The summer was far spent when we returned to Ragatz. There we met and spent several days in the company of two compatriots, Mr. Schoonmaker of Newburgh, New York, and Mr. Harry Payne of New York City. Mr. Payne is the single multimillionaire whom I have known whose money did not talk. I spent several days in his company and never suspected that he was wealthy.

It was upon one of our walks, in a public park

in or near Ragatz, that I came upon a great tree with enticingly smooth bark, upon which I carved the initials of the members of our party. To this act of vandalism there was a surprising *dénouement*. Some years later I met Mr. Schoonmaker in New York City, and he told me that he had just returned from another trip to Europe, where he again visited Ragatz and went over the ground he had explored in company with father, Mr. Payne, and myself. Remembering the tree upon which I had carved our initials, he sought and found it. The authorities had surrounded it with an artistic iron railing, and upon the tree was a tablet containing our names, the date, and the story of the carving.

Two months elapsed before we turned back to England, and upon the return journey we passed through Alsace and Lorraine.

Our tour through Alsace-Lorraine was depressing. It was only a few years after the Franco-Prussian War. The people were moving about their ordinary affairs, but about them was an air of uncomfortable repression. At every contact with them—if it was but to ask a direction or make a purchase in the shops—they responded hesitatingly, as though striving first to identify and place me. Suspicion that made one feel an intruder was in the very air.

Both in Strassburg and in Metz I endeavored to find out what the man in the street thought of the change. To this end I put apparently casual and

harmless questions to all sorts of people, but such questions were always evaded, or the people questioned stolidly refused to understand. Only once did a man who did not know who I was disclose his real sentiments.

I was wandering alone through Strassburg, when I found myself on the outskirts and with no clear idea how to get back to my starting-point. At the same time I discovered that it lacked but a few minutes of the hour when I had an appointment with father.

I was looking anxiously about for some sort of conveyance when there came along an ancient one-horse vehicle that from its appearance might have been the prehistoric ancestor of our then modern surrey. I hailed the driver and instructed him to drive me back as quickly as possible. The shortest way back led through the old town and our pace was not rapid. I urged more speed. We were proceeding along a tortuous, cobblestoned street, so narrow as to barely afford room for us to pass along, when the driver drew up and stopped.

"Hurry!" I urged, impatiently.

My cabby only shook his head resignedly. Then I saw. Ahead of us were two German officers, deep in conversation. One stood on the edge of the sidewalk, and the other in the street, with one foot resting on the curb. The street was so narrow that we could not pass them.

"*Bitte, lass uns durch gehen,*" I called in my best German.

The officer in the street whirled around angrily. His mouth was open to hurl I know not what imprecations upon me, when he saw what I presume he identified as an American tourist. Instead of speaking, he turned contemptuously and resumed his conversation, without moving from his original position.

Seizing the whip, I struck the horse sharply. The startled animal lunged forward, and the German officer only saved himself by a wild leap to the sidewalk. Then the driver snatched the whip from my hand and belabored his frightened horse furiously. We tore away, turning corner after corner, before he drew the panting horse down to its normal gait and turned to me his joyously beaming face. At first I could understand nothing of what he said, but as his elation subsided and the torrent of words slowed down, I heard one Frenchman's unreserved opinion of his new masters.

But before we left Alsace-Lorraine, I met many Alsatians who, knowing us, talked confidentially and freely, but not from one did I hear an expression of satisfaction over the change. All spoke regretfully and looked to the future with apprehension and dread. It was a stricken land. They lacked the hope of a conquered people who had fought and lost, but might hope to fight again. Never able to influence or control their destinies, they were but

the stake for which others fought. When either France or Germany decided to renew the quarrel, there would be no consideration for the feelings of the bone of contention, Alsace-Lorraine.

Then, six years after the Franco-Prussian War, both Strassburg and Metz appeared shabby, spiritless towns. Everywhere were empty buildings, the stocks in the shops were depleted, and there was small evidence of manufacturing activity. Particularly noticeable was the absence of young men. For two hundred years, the most fruitful years of development and growth, the provinces had been French, and now again they were German. We were told that, following upon the German victory, more than two-thirds of the inhabitants of Metz left the city. Some had returned and Germany had sent in others, but it did not appear to me that the city was half occupied. It brought vividly to my mind the appearance of downtown New York upon a Sabbath morning.

The French street signs had disappeared and German names replaced them. German was the language taught in the schools. As for the new German masters, we talked with them, too. They expressed no bitterness toward the inhabitants who remained, only toward those who had accepted indemnities and then left for France, and toward the young men who had left to escape service in the Prussian army.

But while there was no expressed bitterness upon

the part of the Prussians and those Alsatians who remained were quietly submissive, there was an undercurrent of intense antagonism. To the Alsatian the Prussian was a brute, and to the Prussian the Alsatian was an untrained and undisciplined simpleton. And tactless, as always, the Prussian had set about training him.

If there was any sentiment in this annexation it was not apparent to me. Said a high German official to my father:

“We took Alsace-Lorraine because it belonged to us and we were strong enough to take it and hold it.”

If there was sentiment in this it was not conveyed to me by this officer's words or tone. But if the native population had dwindled and business was at a standstill, there was activity along one line. New forts had been built and others were building, it seemed to me, everywhere, while soldiers were drilling in every barrack yard. Germany was certainly preparing to make good the boast that she was “strong enough to hold it.”

But the new German fortresses and the armies she drilled did not avail to hold it. Now the wheel of destiny grinds in the reverse and again Alsace-Lorraine is French territory. The only new thing that could happen to Alsace-Lorraine would be permanent peace.

CHAPTER TWENTY-TWO

UPON our return from the Continent, father made the promised visit to Scotland. We went direct to Edinburgh, where we were received by the Lord Provost, whose guests we were. The freedom of the city was presented to father. To know exactly what we saw and where we went in Edinburgh, as in other cities, one need but consult his Baedeker. We were afforded no opportunity to miss anything.

For several days we were the guests of the Duke of Sutherland, at Dunrobin Castle. A strong mutual liking developed between the duke and father, and all the time we remained the two were inseparable. As for me, nothing upon our travels had so interested me as this castle and its vast estate. We took in the horticultural fair at Dornock and we dined at Thurso Castle, where we were received by a guard of volunteers belonging to the local Artillery and Rifle Corps, and by the magistrates and Town Council.

Beyond this my time was spent in the castle and in riding about the estate. In the castle were endless great halls, the walls of which were covered by stag heads mounted upon oak shields, each inscribed, in gilt letters, with the name of the sportsman who secured the trophy and the date. I never came

upon a more impressive galaxy of names, embracing practically all the royal family and the lesser nobility of Europe. The duke urged father to add a deer to the collection, but father refused.

"Twice in my life I killed wild animals," said father, "and I have regretted both acts ever since."

When we left Dunrobin Castle the duke ran the engine of our train to the boundary of his estate. We did not know that he was upon the train until he came back in overalls and blouse to bid us a last farewell.

From Dunrobin, we went to Glasgow. Again the freedom of the city was presented to father with imposing ceremonies. The City Hall, one of the largest public buildings in Glasgow, was filled with spectators. From here we went to Ayr, the land and home of Robert Burns. We toured the region of Loch Lomond, and were the guests of the Duke of Argyle at Inverary.

Father was a great admirer of the Duke of Argyle. During our war his constant friendship to the North and his efforts to secure for us, in the struggle with the South, the support of England, had aroused in father a strong feeling of gratitude. Father was glad to be the guest of the duke and spent with him a few most enjoyable days, during which the two were commonly apart deeply engrossed in discussions of which I heard but little.

But no part of our reception in England was so striking as that accorded us upon the short tour we

made upon our return from Scotland, when we went through the manufacturing and mining districts of Newcastle, Sunderland, Sheffield, and Birmingham. Here we met the workingmen of England, and their enthusiasm over father was almost beyond belief.

When we arrived at Newcastle the streets in the neighborhood of the station were thronged with thousands of people anxiously waiting for a glimpse of father. The mayor, Sir William Armstrong, and a delegation of citizens met our train. The houses and shops were decorated with flags and the church bells were ringing. We were amazed, and for the moment thought we had come upon some celebration of which we had not been advised.

A full account of our entertainment by the city authorities, the Chamber of Commerce, and various societies would fill a long chapter. We drove to the new Tyne Swing Bridge and then boarded a steamer for a trip to Wallsend. The river banks were thronged with cheering workmen and all the shipping was decorated with flags and bunting. Guns were fired, fog horns blown, everything that could make a noise was making it. Back at our hotel, father estimated that we had seen that day along the banks of the Tyne no less than one hundred and fifty thousand people, most of them workmen who had left their occupations to manifest, as he felt it, their friendship for America.

It was a day or two later when the greatest

demonstration of workmen took place in Newcastle. I had been with father through many demonstrations, but I had never experienced anything like this. The leading local newspaper, next morning, devoted twenty columns to it.

A platform had been erected on the town moor, and it was estimated that more than eighty thousand people crowded around it when the address of welcome to father was read. The crowds had come in from all parts of the country and every spot from which a view, however distant, could be obtained was crowded. Everywhere were American and British flags intertwined. There were workmen from all trades and thousands of pitmen from the mines of Northumberland.

Father rode in the trades procession to the moor. When he mounted the platform, where mother and I already sat, the cheering, it was said, could be heard at St. Thomas's Church, a mile away.

Until the speaker delivered his address I was at loss to account for such a tremendous reception to an American. To me, one paragraph in that address made it clear.

"Never," the speaker said, "was there a war in which English armies were not employed that went so directly to the popular feeling. This was not merely because their kinsmen were in mortal combat, but because it was a battle for great principles. It was not a war for conquest, for selfish aggrandize-

ment, or for the propping up of a tottering throne; but it involved the great question of freedom, of the rights of man, and the dignity and honor of labor."

And understanding this, the workingmen of England were out to honor America in the person of father.

I recall one thing father said in his reply:

"I am a man of peace"—the words carried me back to my childhood days in Galena and the countless times father had used these words in reply to my challenge to combat—"and I have always advocated peace. I never willingly, although I have gone through two wars, advocated war. I advocated what I believed to be right and I have fought for it to the best of my ability in order that an honorable peace might be secured."

The ceremonies were brought to a close by an address from General Fairchild, the American consul at Liverpool, who lost an arm in our war.

I have never been so close—and still not in it—to so dense a throng as packed about us while father was speaking. Time and again children were lifted up and passed over the heads of the crowd to be dropped down to the safety of a railed off space in front of the platform. How that crowd could cheer as it did, packed as it was, surprises me still.

The newspaper next morning gave also a description of father that amused him greatly but did not please mother so much:

Looking like an ordinary Tyneside skipper, open-browed, firm-faced, bluff, honest, and unassuming, everybody at once settled in his own mind that the General would do.

Our reception at Sunderland was a repetition, on a smaller scale, of that at Newcastle. Again the demonstration was repeated at Sheffield. The town was decorated, and—a thing we had not seen before—the aldermen were robed in red. At Leamington we passed under a great triumphal arch, and if there was a dwelling in the town that was not decorated, I failed to see it. From there we went to spend a few more days with Nellie at Southampton before going to Birmingham.

At Birmingham Levi P. Morton joined us and accompanied father on the round of inspection and sight-seeing. Mr. Morton's presence enabled me to escape much of the formal grind. To tell the truth, I was becoming wearied of entertainment and I never wished to hear another address of welcome. I said nothing of this to father. Father carried on with unflagging interest, sustained, I know, by the conviction that he was making friends for his country.

At Brighton there was another dinner and reception, given by the mayor and Corporation, and then we returned to London. Never, I was told, had any Englishman received such a reception throughout this section as was accorded to father.

Our visit to Paris had been delayed for political reasons. We had originally planned to reach there in midsummer, on our way to Italy. But events were transpiring in France which, in the opinion of our representatives in Paris, might give to father's visit, in July, a false political significance. It was thought that while the friction was acute between the President of the French Republic, General MacMahon, and the Jules Simon Cabinet, the monarchial and imperial parties in France would misconstrue our motives.

Father could not come to Paris without becoming the guest of General MacMahon, and so we decided to avoid Paris until the political crisis was past. Europe looked to the coming election to settle the fate of France. "Still under the shadow of the Commune, with Pretenders striving to set up the broken throne, the press largely upon one side and the clergy solidly upon the other, and the army parading in threatening reminder of what might happen, has France developed an enlightened public opinion, or can only the iron grip of another Napoleon save her from herself?" asked John Russell Young, writing home at that time. It was an anxious time for France.

But there had been a real Republican victory when we came in the latter part of October, 1877. Before we reached Paris, General Noyes, the American minister, and an aide-de-camp of President MacMahon boarded our train to welcome father.

The greater part of the American colony were gathered at the station to greet us.

Our stay in Paris was enjoyable, although there was an antagonistic sentiment of which we were fully aware. Mr. Washburne, the American minister to France during the Franco-Prussian War, had the rights of the German residents in Paris intrusted to his care and he had acted with justice that to the hostile sentiment in Paris seemed to lean toward Germany. There were many who thought that father, during his Presidency, in upholding the acts of his foreign minister, had also inclined more toward Germany than to France. As a matter of fact, father was never an admirer of any Bonaparte, but his feelings toward France were of the kindest.

In Paris we devoted ourselves most assiduously to sight-seeing. Several times and upon various occasions we met Marshal MacMahon and always he greeted father as a comrade. He was anxious to arrange a military review for father, and only abandoned the plan at father's urgent request. To him, as to every military man I have met, father's aversion to military display was incomprehensible. Colonel J. F. Pettridge once told me that General MacMahon said to him that father was one of the three military geniuses of all time.

Among the various entertainments given in father's honor while we were in Paris at this time, the dinner given by Mrs. John Mackay attracted

the widest attention. Both the Paris and New York papers printed ridiculous and extravagant descriptions of its lavish display. It was a sumptuous dinner, quite as elaborate as any I ever attended, but there was nothing *outré* about it, unless perfection is a deviation from conventional usage.

A thing that greatly amused mother and me occurred while we were in Paris. Some time before father had made his first and only stock venture. I do not know how he came to do it, but he bought outright twenty-five shares of "Consolidated Virginia," and the stock actually paid dividends.

From then on father was ever about to buy some stock or other, but he never quite came to the point of doing it. In Paris he heard from some one a glowing account of the prospects of "Yellow Jacket" mining stock, then selling at three dollars a share.

Father asked Mr. Mackay if "Yellow Jacket" was a good purchase at three dollars. Mr. Mackay, at once interested, asked what he had heard about it, and father told him.

"I'll cable Mr. Fair, in San Francisco, to buy a few shares for each of us," was Mr. Mackay's decision.

At this time we had a courier, Hertog, a Jew. If there was ever a real cosmopolitan it was Hertog. I never knew where he was born, but he had lived everywhere, knew every city, spoke every language. He not only knew all a tourist desires to know, but

he was quick and resourceful. I have never known anyone who could get a party about so rapidly and smoothly as Hertog. If there were twenty impatient fares and one cab, you could depend upon it that Hertog would secure that one and the impatient twenty would never understand just how he did it. As a courier, Hertog was a jewel beyond price.

Every day while waiting for a report from Mr. Fair, father watched the quotations on "Yellow Jacket." The stock was selling at eleven dollars a share when a letter came from Mr. Fair stating that "Yellow Jacket" was worthless and that he had not bought any.

It was at about this time that Hertog sought me. It was the only time I ever saw Hertog embarrassed. But his embarrassment did not prevent him from putting the question he came to ask. He wished to know when father intended to sell his "Yellow Jacket" stock.

All unsuspecting, I told him that father had been advised by Mr. Fair that the stock was worthless and had not bought any. Hertog turned abruptly and hurried away, but not before I saw the consternation on his face. Even then I did not connect cause and effect.

Father was much disappointed at Mr. Fair's decision and continued to watch the quotations on "Yellow Jacket" until the stock sold at thirty dollars a share, when he abandoned it in disgust.

From time to time mother gently quizzed him about his narrow escape from becoming a millionaire.

The day came when we left Paris and Hertog behind us. Months later I came upon Hertog in Constantinople. Appearance and manner proclaimed his prosperity. There was no embarrassment now and plainly he was delighted at the opportunity to tell his story.

Hertog had overheard a part of the conversation between father and Mr. Mackay, just enough to learn that Mr. Mackay was going to cable Mr. Fair to buy "Yellow Jacket" stock. Hertog had a cousin in Boston, a man of means, and he promptly did some cabling on his own account. When the stock advanced to eleven dollars he came to me to learn when father intended to sell. To his dismay, he heard instead that father had been advised that the stock was worthless and had not bought any. Fearing that the price would drop before the cousin could sell and that the blame would fall upon him, Hertog decided not to acquaint his Boston cousin with this evil news. The stock showed a profit then, and if the cousin failed to sell at the right time, the responsibility for subsequent loss was his. Hertog left the issue with the gods.

And the unsuspecting Boston cousin held on until he sold at about the highest point the stock reached. Now Hertog was a gentleman of means, traveling for pleasure. When the money was gone he could again become a courier, wherever he might be.

I often think of Hertog, and of what a captain of industry he might have become, but for his wanderlust.

It was early December before father and mother were ready to move on. Our government had placed at father's disposal the man-of-war *Vandalia*, and she now lay at Villefranche, awaiting our arrival.

CHAPTER TWENTY-THREE

EARLY in December, 1877, we went aboard the U. S. man-of-war *Vandalia* where she lay at anchor in the harbor of Villefranche. For several months this was to be our home. The *Vandalia* was a wooden vessel, a three-masted, full-rigged ship, with auxiliary steam power. Some years later she was sunk in a great storm off Samoa.

No ships like the *Vandalia* remain in our navy. To-day she would be considered too primitive for anything but display as a museum exhibit. But we were very comfortable, very content on board her. Father greatly appreciated the government's act in placing this ship at his disposal.

While we still lay in the harbor of Villefranche, a smart yacht, flying the English flag, came in and anchored near. The owner at once came on board the *Vandalia* to pay his respects to father. I stood beside father as the Englishman came over the side. He was a man of about father's age and build. As the visitor stepped to our deck, to my amazement, father suddenly cried out:

"Oh, Will! I'm so glad to see you!"

The visitor halted, for a moment as surprised as I. Then the two were shaking hands violently. In the cabin father and his unexpected guest settled

down for a long, old-time talk, and I sat beside them, listening. 'They spoke of a time about which I have always been interested. The two had been chums in that other day.

When father was stationed in Oregon he became acquainted with a young Englishman. The acquaintance ripened into warm friendship and ultimately the Englishman came to live with him. They decided upon farming as a vocation. Father was to resign from the army and take up by pre-emption as much land as the law allowed. The Englishman, who possessed a small amount of money, was to join him in a partnership, supplying working capital to offset the value of the land. All the plans were made and they were looking about, seeking to locate such land as they desired, before father's resignation went in, when the death of several relatives in England brought wealth and an unexpected title to the financial member of the proposed partnership. The Englishman returned home, and for some reason father had never heard from him until they met on the *Vandalia*.

The old chum, of course, had heard of father. He told how, when the war broke out, he had watched the papers for everything reported about Grant. When the news was principally about Grant, he was delighted. Then, one day, a London illustrated paper displayed a full-page portrait purporting to be that of General U. S. Grant.

It was the portrait of a tall, pompous, bald old

gentleman, with a long flowing beard, his expanded chest covered with medals and decorations.

"I knew that was never the Ulysses Grant I had known," said the Englishman. The conclusion he arrived at was that there were two U. S. Grants! Thereafter he lost interest in our war.

For an hour or more they talked, principally of the old days, and then father's old chum left us and we sailed out of the harbor of Villefranche, bound for Naples.

Later I saw a copy of the portrait he had mentioned, supposed to be a likeness of father, in a German lecture hall. The picture, with many other objects, was projected upon a screen. In Rome I bought a small copy of the same picture, labeled General U. S. Grant. I have never seen any picture of father that looked less like him.

We anchored in the Bay of Naples about mid-December. We came expecting to find warm weather and sunny skies. We found weather that would have been cold in New York at the same season. Some one remarked upon our first day ashore: "I never saw it like this. The Neapolitans are too cold even to beg."

I was disappointed in Naples. The impression of Naples that remains with me is that of a picturesque but exceedingly dirty town, whose inhabitants, for some unknown reason, appeared unwarrantably happy.

Again, I was disappointed in Vesuvius. I ex-

pected it to appear higher, and, I fancy, I hoped to see it spouting fire. What I saw was a desolate hill from the top of which a thin spiral of smoke twisted lazily.

But I changed my opinion and regained all my former respect for Vesuvius after I saw Pompeii. We were given an elaborate reception at Pompeii, and the authorities excavated a house for father. The quarter selected was near the Forum. There we sat upon chairs provided for us, shivering a little in the bright sunshine, and watched the laborers dig away the ashes that fell from Vesuvius that fateful night.

The building uncovered proved to have been a bakery. I yet have some of the bread baked more than sixteen hundred years ago. Disappointed in not unearthing something more remarkable, the director purposed to uncover another ruin. Father thanked him, but decided that we had seen enough.

Wherever we put in, after leaving Villefranche, we found the shipping in the harbors decorated with flags, and as our anchor went down boats carrying civil, military, and naval officers surrounded us. These, both officers and officials, were always in full uniform, wearing all their decorations, glittering with gold braid, sworded and feathered. The contrast to father in his drab, travel-worn garb was striking. I once overheard two sailors of the *Vandalia* talking about it.

One sailor, complaining, said that he thought "the

old man," meaning father, "should get out his togs and show these foreigners what real medals looked like."

The other spoke up, defending father. "The old man's got enough decorations and medals, won in the war, to load a ship. He don't have to wear 'em. He's just like me. These damn little kings make him sick!"

We reached Palermo at Christmas. The officers on the *Vandalia* gave a festival, dedicating it to mother. All the ship captains in port came to pay their respects to father. Our ship was gay with flags and bunting. Christmas morning I awoke to the music of the church bells in Palermo, sounding across the bay and echoing from the hills. Father remained on board until noon, to receive the prefect, who came in state to greet him. Various hospitalities were tendered us, all of which father declined.

As a matter of fact, during the entire tour father declined every invitation of an official character, where the non-acceptance would not be misconstrued. If he had followed his own inclinations, he would have refused them all. He did not go abroad to be fêted. All his life father had shrunk from demonstrations and he was no different man here. But where his acceptance could be of possible advantage to his country, acceptance only could be considered.

It was New-Year's day when we passed through the straits of Messina, "where," wrote John Russell

Young, "again Scylla and Charybdis threatened Ulysses."

Personally, at the time, I was concerned with fact, not legend. A steam pipe in the engine room of the *Vandalia* burst. A strong wind was blowing, a heavy sea running, and there we were helplessly drifting down upon the Calabrian coast. But with, to me, incredible speed, all sails were set and our man-of-war became a sailing ship of a former generation, beating away from a dangerous coast under full canvas. We negotiated the straits in stirring fashion, driven by half a gale. A boat put out with invitations to father, but we continued on to Malta.

The gale drove us into Malta. Here we remained several days. We had but anchored and fired the customary salute, when an officer reported to father that the Duke of Edinburgh was coming on board. The ship nearest the anchorage of the *Vandalia* was the *Sultan*, an English ironclad, under command of His Royal Highness the Duke of Edinburgh.

I stood beside father on deck when the boat from the *Sultan*, with the duke steering, came under our bow, and the duke mounted to our deck. He wore the uniform of a captain in the royal navy, with but one decoration, the Star of the Garter. He shook hands with father and me, referring to our previous meeting, and then we went below for a long chat.

The duke told us that he had his orders to sail,

and supposed his destination was Smyrna. He referred to Besika Bay, but I did not catch just what he said, although I gathered that from some previous experience there he was not enthusiastic over the prospect of a return. But my thoughts were elsewhere, puzzling over the curious fact that a royal duke, even though serving as captain on a man-of-war, should not know what his sealed orders contained.

Then the duke fell to talking of the visit of his brother-in-law, the Grand Duke Alexis, to America, and his reception there. I pricked up my ears at this, for I already knew of the comment aroused in Europe by father's action then. But the duke expressed only his satisfaction.

I doubt if the topic disturbed father in the slightest, but I was greatly relieved when the conversation shifted to another subject. It was disconcerting to me to hear the grand duke express his gratification over the reception in America of this royal relative, when the attending circumstances might have resulted in international complications and did certainly militate against, in fact, prohibited, the reception that father would have gladly accorded him.

Catacazy was the Russian minister to the United States. I remember him as a small man of unprepossessing appearance and an effusive manner that, striving to be agreeable, only succeeded in being offensive. His wife was a very beautiful woman

about whom there had been tremendous scandal years before. I do not know how Catacazy, with his antecedents, came to be accepted by our government in the first place, but there he was.

There were, also, old unsettled claims of American manufacturers against the Russian government for arms furnished during the Crimean War. Catacazy in working upon these resorted to the newspapers, attacking the State Department and finally the President. These scurrilous attacks were traced directly to him. The American minister to Russia was directed to procure his recall. In the meantime both father and Mr. Fish refused to recognize Catacazy socially or to so receive him.

At any other time father would have peremptorily dismissed him, but the Tsar's son, Alexis, was about to visit this country, and, grateful to Russia for her conduct during the Civil War, father was loath to take such action at such a time. So Catacazy remained and the Grand Duke Alexis came. I remember Mr. Fish reporting to father that Catacazy wanted to know when father would return the grand duke's call, venturing the information that it should be done promptly. Father settled this by saying that the call would not be returned. This was no breach of the prescribed etiquette governing the particular case, but it was quite contrary to father's natural inclination.

It was also conveyed to the grand duke that only because of unwillingness to offend Russia was the

minister retained, and that, while grateful to Russia and anxious to extend to him every courtesy and attention, the offensive minister could not be included. The result was that while royally entertained elsewhere, the grand duke left Washington without dining with either father or Mr. Fish. Immediately upon the grand duke's return Catacazy was recalled.

And so the visit of the Grand Duke Alexis, that under any other circumstances would have delighted father as affording an opportunity to express fully his gratitude toward Russia, became one of the most unpleasant incidents of his administration.

All these things came back to me as the Duke of Edinburgh spoke of that reception and of his appreciation for all that had been done, and I can still feel my relief when the talk drifted to other subjects.

Before leaving Malta we lunched with the duke and the duchess, at his palace of San Antonio, a few miles from town. There was a state dinner given by the Governor-General of Malta, and an opera following. I should have liked to remain longer, but father gave the word and we were off for Alexandria.

Life upon a man-of-war is not that of a transatlantic steamer. I slept in a swinging cot and we all moved to the beat of the drum. On board a man-of-war even the guest must become a cog in the great machine. There was a time for every-

thing. Only the washing and scrubbing and polishing of brass never stopped. I enjoyed it, but already I was beginning to wonder what my sensations would be after a year of it. And the crew of the *Vandalia* were upon the second year of their cruise.

But in father's mind I am sure there was no such speculation. He enjoyed every moment. The lines of worry were gone from his face, and he looked younger than I could remember him. For the first time in his life he was free from worry and care.

We reached Alexandria to receive a most cordial welcome. Again the anchor was barely down when the governor of the district, admirals and generals, pashas and beys, our own consul-general, missionaries and friends, surrounded us. Each entitled to a salute received that due his rank, and our gunners toiled as though in a naval engagement, while a pall of smoke hung over us.

The governor, in the name of the Khedive, welcomed father to Egypt and proffered him a palace in Cairo and a special steamer up the Nile. It is Oriental etiquette to return calls as soon as possible, and accordingly father and I, accompanied by Commander Robeson of the *Vandalia*, landed that afternoon. As this was an official visit, the yards of our ship were manned and she fired twenty-one guns. The Egyptian vessels in the harbor responded. I have never been before or since where

so much gunpowder was burned in such a short space of time.

That evening there was a dinner and a ball at the residence of our vice-consul. Here I met Henry M. Stanley, just returned from Africa. Father and Stanley managed to get off by themselves for a long talk. Sunday, father and I landed again for a stroll about the city, and Monday morning we left the *Vandalia*, by a special train, for Cairo.

While in Cairo we lived at the Kassr-el-Noussa, placed at father's disposal by the Khedive. At father's invitation, Commander Robeson and Lieutenant Rush of the *Vandalia* remained with us while we were there.

When our special drew into the station at Cairo, there was another guard of honor to receive father, and a great throng of officers and civilians. There were many American ex-officers in the Egyptian army, and father at once found old friends. General Stone, an old classmate at West Point, was the first to enter our car. As I recall, he was chief of staff. He formally presented the representative of the Khedive, who extended the welcome of the Khedive, and then father and General Stone clasped hands warmly. All of the older American officers in the Khedive's army proved to be old friends. General Loring and most of the others had fought on the side of the Confederacy, but their greeting of father showed only sincere friendship and admiration.

It was the day after our arrival when father and I called upon the Khedive. The reception had been set for eleven o'clock, and a few minutes before the hour the state carriage called for us. Here, also, there was a guard of honor. Inside, the members of the household were arranged upon the stairs, at the foot of which the Khedive received us. Then father, Mr. Farman, our consul-general, and I passed into an inner room, where the formal ceremony of presentation took place. Then the officers of the *Vandalia* were presented and for a few minutes father and the Khedive chatted informally.

The Khedive was most cordial, speaking English perfectly. But for his garb it would have been difficult to realize that he was a king of Egypt. For many years he played a progressive part in the world and in Egypt are many monuments to his enterprise. But the fall in the price of cotton immediately after the close of our Civil War worked havoc in Egypt. We saw many evidences of it. Their cotton had been a veritable gold mine during our blockade of the Southern ports, but when the slump came at the end of the war it seemed impossible for Egypt to readjust herself. Even then the country appeared in a bad way economically.

We had scarcely returned to our new home when the carriage of the Khedive was announced. Now, in turn, father received him. Official calls were then made on the two sons of the Khedive, who promptly

returned them, and this practically ended father's official duties.

I met the Khedive several times after this. He remembered Fred, who had been in Egypt several years before, when acting as aide to General Sherman. I know, as the Khedive mentioned it, that he still thought General Sherman was traveling as a sort of aide to Fred.

Some years later, I think in 1883, when the English had deposed the Khedive, I met him in the Grand Hotel, in Paris. I rose from my seat and saluted him and was about to mention my name, when he said, "I remember you very well, Mr. Grant."

I suggested that he possibly mistook me for my brother, Fred.

"No, no," he answered. "I remember you with your father. I remember your brother, too, very well. I saw much of him and admired him greatly."

Our brief sojourn in the palace of Kassr-el-Noussa was most interesting. We were indeed set down in a new world, howbeit, a very old one. While the palace and all it contained had been placed at our disposal, the effect was that of living in a luxurious hotel—a strange, exotic, Oriental hotel, in which we were the only guests.

I have no idea how many rooms there were in Kassr-el-Noussa. There appeared to be rooms without end, opening into still other rooms, with staircases and winding halls—as wide as a room—all

hung with draperies and curtains, the floors matted deep in rugs. Light was admitted somewhere, a soft, diffused light, in the greater rooms, but never a window through which one could look out. Each room was separate unto itself, but there seemed to be no doors. Everywhere hung curtains. Curtains of scarlet, purple, blue, and gold; stiff brocaded curtains and curtains soft as down and thick as felt. They fell behind as one pushed through, every footfall smothered by the heavy rugs. And everywhere dim lights burned in lamps and hangers of curiously wrought designs, and low divans or couches clustered and scattered about, heaped with pillows and trailing rugs.

I do not know who placed the lights or kept them burning, but always they glowed, and in the rooms hung a faintly aromatic odor as of burning incense.

I have no more idea how many servants, or slaves, there were than of the names they bore. They appeared only to perform some service and then quietly vanished to I know not where. But at a moment's hesitancy or indecision, almost at the unexpressed wish, they appeared.

That first evening we were gathered after dinner, with our two guests from the *Vandalia*, in one of the larger rooms. About us hung the heavy Oriental draperies, upon the floor lay rugs so thick that we instinctively lifted our feet as we walked, as a cat walks on damp snow, and scattered about, low, soft becushioned divans.

At first I had greeted those divans with joy; they promised luxurious relaxation. Now, for the first time in my life, I longed for a stiff-backed kitchen chair.

Lieutenant Rush, who had been moving restlessly about, crossed the room to father's side.

"I've tried them all, General." He embraced the scattered divans in a jerky gesture. "In every one a backache."

Mother laughed. "Have you forgotten your *Arabian Nights*? What you men want is chairs. Now, in this country, when one wants anything, all that is necessary is to summon a benevolent geni, thus!" and she clapped her hands.

Instantly the curtains pushed back. We stared, speechless in our stupefaction, at a row of giant Nubians in scant but striking livery. Each held stiffly before him a great pipe—"chabut," I believe such are called. This is a pipe with a large clay bowl and a stem five feet or more long, with a large amber mouthpiece. The mouthpiece is very thick and is only pressed against the lips when smoked. These pipes were gorgeous affairs, with wonderful smoky amber and decorated with semi-precious stones.

The Nubians advanced in a stately row, one for each of our party. A small black boy, in fez, whose costume, besides—what there was of it—was bright scarlet, knelt in front of each of us in turn, and, carefully estimating the distance, placed upon the

floor a bronze tray. On this each giant Nubian solemnly set the bowl of the pipe and swinging the stem around, we found the amber mouthpiece in the exact position to smoke.

This act, however, could not yet be performed; it required the assistance of several more slaves who followed in with tobacco and a brazier of incandescent willow charcoal. Wonderful latakia tobacco was properly packed in the bowls by the attentive pipe bearers, a live coal of willow placed on top, and then we had to do our part. When the tobacco was well lighted the charcoal was removed and the host of black attendants silently vanished.

Later in the evening, simply to see what would happen, if anything, mother ventured another handclap. As instantly as before the Nubians appeared, this time bearing coffee. We did not experiment further.

We went up the Nile to the First Cataract, in the Khedive's private steam dahabeah. The Khedive had assigned Sami Bey, an officer of his household, to conduct us. With us, also, was Emile Brugsch, one of the directors of the Egyptian Museum. Mr. Brugsch was a German, the brother of the chief director, and one of the foremost Egyptologists of his day.

Our boat was a long, narrow flat-bottomed craft of slight draught, called the "Zinet-el-Bohren." There were ten in our party, which included three

officers from the *Vandalia*, Consul-General Farman, and his attendant, Hassan. Hassan had been connected with the American legation for nearly twenty years and spoke a more expressive than polite English. He was a little dumpy man who wore the Arabian costume, including a scimitar. Mr. Young dubbed him Sancho Panza.

Mr. Remington had given me a rifle for crocodile-shooting, but I saw no crocodiles; which was better so, for to have shot one would have grieved both father and mother. With them there was no vermin without its inalienable right to life.

I should like to tell in detail of that wonderful trip on the Nile, but too many have sailed the river of "sand and mud" and told the story both before and since that day. But few have covered it in company of an Emile Brugsch. Without him the trip would have discovered, I fancy, many dreary stretches; with him no single mile was barren of interest.

When evening came our boat was run up to the bank, posts were driven, and there we lay for the night. And always, as we tied up, Bedouins appeared out of the nowhere and their tiny fires twinkled beside us until dawn. Whenever we came to a town the inhabitants thronged around us, curious for a sight of the foreigners, clamoring for bakshish. The officials, too, came to pay their respects to father—I cannot but think, by order of the Khedive.

It was mid-January when we came to Siout, where we have a vice-consul. The vice-consul here was Wasif-el-Hayet, a Syrian. He spoke only Arabic, but came to pay his respects to father, accompanied by his son, who had learned English in the mission schools. I understood why we must be represented by foreigners at these outposts, but the fact always irritated me. May the day hasten when we have a trained consular force entirely divorced from party politics.

Siout stands back from the river, on the caravan route from Darfour. We rode on donkeyback to the town. There were a few fine houses and mosques, but it was, in the main, like all the towns I saw in upper Egypt—a collection of mud hovels for the most part.

Doctor Cook of the *Vandalia*, who was with us, was a tall, bald, and plenteously bewhiskered gentleman, not unlike the alleged portrait of father I have mentioned before. Whether for this reason or because he was in naval uniform and looked the more imposing, the crowds in all the towns we visited along the Nile cheered the doctor. It pleased him and amused father. After it had happened once or twice, father drew back and let the doctor ride ahead, and the worthy doctor, beaming with pride, almost beggared himself scattering his largess.

We were invited to dinner by Vice-Consul Wasif-el-Hayat. It was our first Arab entertainment and the naval officers were all in uniform. The doctor

rode ahead with father and mother and the consul-general. Wearing the only uniform in the advanced rank, the doctor was again welcomed by the street Moslems as the chief.

I remember that dinner as really remarkable. There were fully twenty courses, some of them, alone, sufficient for a dinner. But not only was the quantity displayed enormous; there were many dishes, the names and ingredients of which I have never known, that will ever remain among my gastronomic memories.

Torch-bearers accompanied us as we rode back to our boat, and donkey boys and idlers followed us to the river bank.

We stopped at Girgel, and from there rode to the ruins of Abydos.

"This is the oldest city in Egypt, the cradle of all civilization," said Mr. Brugsch. And then he told us of its history, that went back to the Menes, the first of the Egyptian kings, who reigned 4,500 years before Christ.

Just out of college, I asked him if the civilizations of China and India did not claim to antedate Abydos?

"Yes," he admitted, scornfully, "they claim to. But in China and India they have tradition; here are monuments."

Subdued and thoughtful, we followed Brugsch about, as had come to be our habit, as here and there he read from the graved stones the records of long-

gone centuries. Mother clung to her donkey, but the rest of us were afoot. This was a bad season along the Nile. The river had not risen and all the contiguous region was parched. We were told that such a condition did not happen often, but plainly if it did the desert would quickly claim all the territory that only lives through the Nile. Now the combination of crop failure and tax-gatherers had stirred trouble and we had with us a soldier guard. All the way we had come in contact with a pitiable financial stringency. There were no crops and, as in most Oriental countries, the taxes were farmed out and the Jewish tax-collector had preceded us. We found it difficult to buy pennies to distribute among the clamoring populace. In one town of several hundred people we were unable to get change for a five-dollar gold piece.

But somehow it all seemed to fit in with Abydos. A ruined city and a ruined land. Something like this, only a little more prolonged, had emptied that city and the winds of centuries had buried it. Some day it would happen again and the live spots of to-day would vanish. Ruins were Egypt's one certain crop. At the thought a depression seized upon me something like the precursor of panic. I wanted to get away, to run wildly. Something of the same sensation remained with me as long as we remained in Egypt. Only when I looked back over a span of years did I again see it as a wonderful journey.

To me Egypt seemed a land of ever more ruins

stricken by the final plague. I grew to abhor it. At Keneh we tied up at the river bank and rode over the plain to the town, a mile or more away. I suppose the donkey boys saw our smoke; at any rate, they were on hand when we landed. This, too, was a desolate section. When the Nile rises in its season and floods the fields it teems with fatness. Sami Bey told us that he had ridden back to this town through fields of corn and sugar cane, where now there was nothing but bare earth, parched and cracked. I felt sorry for the people, and sorry for our generous host, the Khedive.

A sandstorm was blowing as we entered Keneh. For the first time on our journey we had not been expected at a considerable place. As a consequence there were no ceremonies and it was a blessed relief. For once we could be sight-seers and not the show. We strolled through the bazaars and we poked into a house where a potter worked over his wheel. He was very skillful. I watched him for a long time, all the time grateful that no throng was watching me.

Then Hasson led us into an ordinary house, very like the adobe hovels of Mexico. There were three small rooms with dirt floors. In one room a donkey was tied, in another a cow, and the family lived slept and ate in the third. There was no furniture of any kind; like the donkey and the cow, they slept and ate on the ground. There was a father and mother and several children, cheerful and apparently happy.

Then, suddenly, our enjoyment was dashed from

us. A messenger came running to say that the pasha had heard of our coming and requested our presence at the palace. Father said we must go, and so we went. Our day in Kenah, so happily begun, ended in food and ceremony.

I wonder if it is not a mistake to visit ruins? We are here to do our work in the world, and all the ruins teach us is the folly of human effort. I am thankful that we have no ruins in the United States. I have a feeling that our country could never have been built in a land of ruins.

CHAPTER TWENTY-FOUR

UPON our return to Cairo we remained for a few days at the palace of Kassr-el-Noussa, and then bidding good-by to our host, the Khedive, we left for Port Said. At Ismailia we stopped to dine with De Lesseps, and the following day we returned to the *Vandalia*, awaiting us at Port Said, and sailed at once for Jaffa.

The weather was threatening when we sailed from Port Said, and we were doubtful if we could make a landing at Jaffa. But it cleared during the night and at sunrise the shores of Palestine were in sight. Getting back to the *Vandalia* was like coming home. Only then did I banish the depression of the Nile.

Jaffa was a crowded, dirty, busy town. Here we came upon an American remnant of that curious sect, the "Millerites." Long before they had come to Palestine to await the end of the world and the coming of Christ, on the day appointed by Mr. Miller. Most of them had become discouraged at the delayed coming and returned home, but those few who remained occupied the best kept places I saw near Jaffa. Our consul, Mr. Hardegg, who entertained some peculiar religious convictions of his own, occupied one of the houses built by the "Millerites."

Flags and bunting were flying in Jaffa, in father's honor, and there was an archway with the inscription over it, "Welcome to General Grant." Once I would have thought it impossible that such a thing could be in Palestine, but now it seemed but natural.

The single interesting place in Jaffa, as I recall, was the house of Simon the Tanner. After father and I had visited this house the remainder of our time was occupied in preparation for the trip to Jerusalem. It is but forty miles from Jaffa to Jerusalem, but the only conveyances we could find were three open wagons, heavy cart-like affairs. Four of the *Vandalia's* officers were to accompany us, with Mr. Hardegg, upon horseback, acting as escort and guide. It was early in the season, but the plain was dotted with lilies and the almond trees were in bloom as we drove away in a drizzling rain. Not yet did it appear an ancient land, for which I was duly thankful.

The first day we drove to the town of Ramleh, where we remained overnight. Ramleh was a walled town, the walls still serving one useful purpose—they kept out the horde of lepers who swarmed around the gate. I cannot imagine how those miserable creatures existed. All of them were beggars and many of them fell into fits as we were leaving next morning, and we paid the others to drag them out of the road. It was as horrible a sight as I have ever seen.

We had been about an hour upon the road the

second day when a Turkish officer with an escort of cavalry met us. The officer had brought a beautiful Arabian stallion for father to ride. Glad to get away from the jolting cart, father mounted quickly. Instantly the mettlesome Arab reared up straight, when, to save himself, father slid off. The Turkish officer at once advanced, drawing his pistol to dispatch the horse that had disgraced him. Father quickly interposed, and, mounting again, we were upon our way to Jerusalem, over I am quite certain, the worst road in the world.

We stopped for luncheon about eleven, at the only place of entertainment upon the way. When we went on again we found that the worst road had grown worse. Many times since I have ridden over rough, dangerous roads. This one would not have been classed with the latter. It was in a class by itself. Worn and gouged out, it was so strewn with rocks and stones as to exact the last jolt from anything on wheels.

Most of us had abandoned the wagons and were walking to rest our aching bones, when a horseman galloped up with word that a large company awaited us at Koleniyeh. On the banks of the brook where David found the stone with which he slew Goliath we found a troop of Turkish cavalry, representatives from all the consulates, delegations from the Jews, the Greeks, and the Armenians, and a considerable number of Americans, awaiting to escort us over the last stretch to Jerusalem.

We had expected to enter the Holy City as quietly and with as little ostentation as any band of pilgrims, but now we must enter almost as a conquering army might come. Father was disappointed. I heard him say aside, to mother, "I didn't want to parade into Jerusalem, Julia."

But there was no help for it. We were there and so was the expectant throng, and bands of music, and all the panoply father abhorred. But our consul, Mr. Wilson, at least, was delighted. He told me, and I heard him tell others, that he was the first American editor to name father for President. "And I didn't purpose to have General Grant's entry into Jerusalem a one-horse affair," he said, in the pride of his accomplishment.

Personally, one fact would have reconciled me to anything. There were horses now for all of us and we could abandon the wagons. For father they had brought the pasha's own white Arab, almost covered in housings of gold.

The intermittent drizzle of rain changed to snow as we climbed the great hill beyond which lay Jerusalem. For a mile or so we rode through a suburb, the road lined with people. We passed through the narrow gate the Crusaders once forced, and on between double ranks of Turkish soldiers drawn up on either side of our way. It was very evident the Turkish governor was determined to show father every honor.

Before our stopping-place a military band was

playing, standing out in the snow. There the governor came to greet father. The formal greetings over, he inquired solicitously if there was anything further he could do to add to our comfort.

Father answered, promptly, "Yes. Kindly have that band stop playing." And then, to soften his brusque request, father added something about their probable discomfort exposed to such unusual weather.

As a matter of fact, father disliked music. Tone deaf, utterly unable to distinguish one tune from another, music only disturbed him.

Before we left Jerusalem I met with a curious experience over which I often ponder. Does it not say in the Bible, "Put not your trust in princes"? One day the governor took me aside for a private talk. He was a courteous, agreeable man with whom we were all favorably impressed. He spoke English fairly well and French fluently. He told me that he had been educated in Paris, and he explained that he had risen to high rank in Constantinople and apparently stood high in the royal favor, when suddenly, for no reason that he could understand, his star began to dim.

Steadily he was demoted. When the war with Russia broke out he hoped to be appointed to a high command; he had been trained as a soldier in the best schools in Europe. Instead he was sent far from the battle front and made governor of this least desirable place. He was fearful that the next move would be to dismiss him in disgrace. He was not conscious

of having done any wrong, or of having been remiss in any way, but he was now striving particularly to so act that no charge made against him could have foundation in fact.

But new charges had been made. The governor went on to tell me that the report had already gone to Constantinople that he had shown father scant respect, that the military band had played but a few minutes, and other charges, galore.

The disclosure distressed me. I not only liked the man, but it seemed, in a way, that we were the innocent cause of his last discomfiture. When he asked me to write a letter expressing my satisfaction with his efforts in our behalf and explaining the incident of the band, I gladly agreed to do so.

I wrote the most eulogistic letter I ever composed and delivered it to him. He thanked me, but went on to say that there was no likelihood that such a letter, or anything that could be said or done, would save him. But it was a great satisfaction to him to have the letter, as it would be proof to his friends that he was blameless in this case. He thanked me again, very warmly, placed the letter in his pocket, and departed without reading it.

The following day the governor returned, seeking me. With considerable embarrassment he explained, in effect, that my mind was not attuned to that of the East. "I understand perfectly," he said, "that your letter expresses your satisfaction and apprecia-

tion, but to my enemies, and even to my friends, it would be proof positive of my delinquency."

This was the only time I ever saw the poor man smile. "It would turn even my friends against me." The tone and the lugubrious smile were pathetic. I felt the tragedy behind them. Anxious to do all in my power, I suggested that he write such a letter as he desired, in French, and I would translate it into English and sign it.

He, too, had thought of this. He had the letter with him, and he waited while I translated and rewrote it. I felt ashamed of myself for praising any one so extravagantly, but the governor was a likeable man, a patriot, too, and I would have done more to help him.

But the letter failed to benefit him, as he foresaw. When we were in Constantinople, a few weeks later, I heard that he had been deposed and sent into exile.

We saw Bethlehem and Nazareth, but went no further through the Holy Land. While we were in Jerusalem we heard almost daily of chiefs of desert tribes who had arrived, riding incredible distances to see the great soldier from the other side of the world. But our time here was limited and we returned to the *Vandalia*, and sailed from Smyrna.

The harbor of Smyrna was crowded with the ships of all nations, drawn there by the war, or by the peace just concluded between Russia and Turkey. The younger officers of the English and Russian ships entertained the junior officers of the *Vandalia*

and her sister ship, the *Trenton*, also lying at Smyrna, which entertainment called for reprisal in kind, and as I was always included, I came in for the gayest round of festivities yet encountered. I enjoyed myself—there wasn't a girl in sight.

In addition to this and equally as interesting at times was the ceaseless rivalry between the crews of the various ships. Nothing could be done upon an English or a Russian ship that the tars of the *Vandalia* and *Trenton* would not at once attempt to do better. There were daily boat races in which crews from the *Vandalia* and *Trenton* were invariably first and second, with the English generally next, and the Dutch, French, Italian, and Russian crews trailing in the rear.

Our American consul at Smyrna was as odd a character—and yet sensible withal—as I have ever met. When he made his first official call upon father we were more amazed than at any sight upon our travels. The consul came arrayed in a glittering uniform. Not only was he the first of our consular representatives whom I ever saw in uniform, but there was no duplicate upon earth of the one he wore. It was a creation in blue, faced with red and covered with gold braid; on his head was a sort of helmet surmounted by two enormous plumes, and at his side, clanking and jangling against festoons of chain, swung a sword in a golden scabbard. And, in keeping with his gorgeous attire, he came in a

lavishly decorated barge that looked less like a real boat than a floating circus band wagon.

I was watching father's face as the consul came over the side and I understood by his utter absence of expression that he was as amazed as I. But closely upon the first words of greeting the consul began an explanation that brought a smile of appreciation to father's face.

The consul had been our representative in Smyrna for many years. When he first came, he said, the local officials treated him with scant respect. It was not long before he understood the reason. Of all the consular representatives, he was the only one who did not have some sort of uniform. His ordinary drab attire rated him, in the Oriental mind, as a person of no importance.

Knowing that the question of some distinctive uniform for our representatives abroad had ever been a matter of congressional debate, and that the insular congressional mind could never come to understanding of its importance, Consul Smithers solved his own problem by designing this uniform, that outshone that of any Eastern potentate. The results exceeded his expectations. From the day he donned his uniform he took first rank among the consuls. The hitherto indifferent Turkish officials at once accorded him the greatest deference.

Father was laughing when the consul reached this part of his explanation, and Mr. Smithers continued, confessing all his duplicity. From time to

time it had been his practice to add a new decoration to the collection of medals that matted his chest. Noticing this, the Turkish officials would assume that Consul Smithers was being decorated by his government, and they would thereupon bestow upon him another order or decoration. Now he had no choice but to continue. Any diminution of his glitter would arouse suspicion that he was fallen into disfavor with his government. For the same reason he had no choice but to greet father wearing everything he had. To have done less would have reflected upon father.

The explanation finished and the first embarrassment gone, Consul Smithers proved to be both an entertaining and an instructive man. He not only knew the political and economic history of Turkey, but the court intrigue, and the secret causes for many a historical event.

One story Consul Smithers told of an American admiral interested me particularly because I knew the hero of the tale. I met Admiral Rowan in the early days of my life in the White House. He was both a fine old gentleman and everything else an admiral of the fleet should be. My admiration for him was so sincere that I placed him next to Grandfather Dent in my roster of great men. And Admiral Rowan had made a great impression in Smyrna.

The occurrence had happened during the first year of Consul Smithers' incumbency. There was a rule

of the port that no vessel should leave after sunset without special permission from the governor. Admiral Rowan sailed out in his flagship, and because of adverse winds and tide, or for some reason, he failed to get beyond the fort before sundown.

A shot was promptly fired across his bows.

Furiously angry, Admiral Rowan came about with every man at his battle station. Word was instantly dispatched to the governor that unless that official came at once, in person, with full apologies, the admiral would blow up the fort and bombard the city.

The Governor came with great expedition and made humble apology. Thereafter Americans were held in the highest esteem in that port. I heard other stories of Admiral Rowan in various ports. He once entered Piræus (the official port of Athens) under full sail—a feat never before accomplished, nor since. Consul Smithers said that it was upon the advice of Admiral Rowan he had adopted his uniform.

We were waiting for the consummation of the Treaty of San Stefano before proceeding to Constantinople. Quite evidently the English were fully acquainted with our plans, for English officers told me that the swiftest English man-of-war would follow us out of port. Of course the *Vandalia* would be speedily overtaken and the English ship would proceed to the Dardanelles and request permission to pass. Such permission would probably be refused,

and then an hour or two later the *Vandalia* would arrive to be greeted by the Turks and invited to enter.

This was to be done, not to injure us in any way, but to have on record the fact that an English vessel was refused admittance and directly afterward an American ship was welcomed.

The *Vandalia* was not an old vessel. She was one of five or six wooden ships built during father's administrations, under the Robeson régime as Secretary of the Navy. These wooden ships had been condemned in unmeasured terms by all the foes and some of the friends of the administration, and praised by none. Among their many faults and defects was cited their turtle-like speed in any kind of a sea.

But the *Vandalia* could steam much faster than she was rated, while the English man-of-war, the swiftest then in the Mediterranean waters, was unable to make her rating. I was informed that the English ships made their trial run over one measured mile, in smooth water, and were rated accordingly. Be this as it may, we steamed out of Smyrna and in our wake followed the English speed boat. We put on full speed and lost our pursuer. The *Vandalia* passed through the Dardanelles, and several hours later the English greyhound made her unsuccessful application for permission to enter.

The Russian army was close to the city, but peace had been arranged when we reached Constantinople. Russia had been restrained from plucking the fruits

of her victory. Politics, again, had saved Constantinople.

Ever the ally of the Turk in one war has been the antagonist in the next. Germany, England, France, and Russia have in turn been allies and foes. Jealousy and fear of her power, should Constantinople fall to Russia, prompted the rest of Europe to insist upon the Treaty of San Stefano.

According to the Turkish custom, the Sultan was in mourning over his failure at arms, and could not, in person, extend a welcome to father, or to any one. His officials were gracious, extending every courtesy in their power, but Constantinople was still too greatly distressed to be gay.

The Secretary of War, as the representative of the Sultan, tendered a banquet to father, and I was—according to the etiquette of the country and the time—delegated to attend the banquet as the representative of my father.

The dinner was the most interesting one I ever attended, and it was also the longest. All the war correspondents who had followed both armies were present, with many Turkish officers and officials, together with the military and naval officers who had been the “official observers” of their respective nations. And these were keen observers, seeing and noting everything. MacGahan, the famous war correspondent of the New York *Herald*, who had been with the Russian forces, would alone have made several banquets of equal length enjoyable. If my memory

were as good as my dear father's, I almost fancy I could have written the real history of the Turco-Russian War from the stories I listened to that evening and during our stay in Constantinople. It would have made an interesting history, if not one in accord with the now accepted versions.

And more remarkable than the accounts of battles, of the errors and triumphs of the campaign, of tales of heroism and self-sacrifice, were the more guardedly mentioned accounts of official corruption. There is much to admire in the Turkish soldiery; personal bravery that amounts to indifference in the face of danger and death, and a wonderful common physical perfection that perhaps no other nation can duplicate, but the abyss that is the Oriental mind no Occidental may plumb.

I credited the tales of official corruption because I saw much of it. Everywhere were frightful evidences of corruption that stalked shameless and unafraid. Every official and minor employee seemed to be in possession of and dealing openly in government supplies of every nature, while the grafting of foreign contractors, through the connivance of underpaid Turkish officials, was about as open and rapacious as would have been the looting of an invading army.

Constantinople in March is not the most delightful city in the world, and we did not remain long. There was a round of dinners, a moderate amount of sight-seeing, and we were ready to go.

Upon the invitation of the Sultan, Abdul Hamid, father and I, accompanied by the American minister, visited the royal stables. I saw nothing in Constantinople that interested me more. Here were Arabian horses, scores of them, with pedigrees antedating Mohammed, if one is to credit the high Turkish official who acted as our escort. As for me, I am ready to believe that only centuries of selection and breeding could have produced such a number of horses so individually perfect and conforming so absolutely to type.

Father was particularly interested in the stallions, of which there were scores. The Turkish official asked father which pair of stallions he considered the best? After careful examination, father indicated a pair of bays. The official made no comment, but asked father's opinion as to the next best pair. This time father selected a pair of grays.

Thereupon the official announced, "They are yours, General Grant, by order of the Sultan."

Astonished and embarrassed, father protested, but the official was firmly insistent. Father as firmly declined to accept the gift, but to temper his refusal he mentioned the fact that he had no way of getting them to America.

"You have a man-of-war, General," smiled the Turk. "Simply have the guns removed from one deck and there will be abundant space for stalls and exercising room."

With no more intention of accepting the gift than

of transporting the animals as suggested, father was striving to express his appreciation and yet decline without giving offense, when the American minister intervened. He quickly explained that the gift must not be refused. To do so, no matter what the reason, could only give offense, and to the Sultan it would appear that father was dissatisfied with his gift.

"Accept them, General," he urged, "and then leave the matter to me. I will arrange it somehow, without offending anyone."

Glad to be relieved of the responsibility, father accepted the Sultan's gift, and left the rest to the minister.

About six months after my return home the pair of gray Arabian stallions arrived in New York. Father was still abroad and I did not know what to do, but I accepted them and arranged for their shipment to the stock farm of General Beal, near Washington. I have no idea what became of the pair of bays, or who paid the shipping charges upon the pair I received. Neither do I recall that father ever mounted either of them, but I know there are many horses in this country with a strain of Arab blood that came from these grays.

In connection with Arabian horses, I recall an amusing story told by Fred. Some years before his visit to Constantinople the then Sultan had become interested in the accounts that reached him of American and English horse-racing. He accordingly built

a track and arranged for a race meeting near Constantinople. The enormous purses offered attracted a large entry of foreign thoroughbreds.

The Sultan's Arabs were entered in every event. No Turk believed that horses existed anywhere that were superior to the Arabians in any particular, and when the first race was run and won by foreign horses, the amazement amounted to consternation.

In a rage, the Sultan summoned his managers and announced that his horses must win. The meeting ended with the Sultan's entries winning every race and purse, with the exception of the first event. That was the beginning and the end of international horse racing in Constantinople.

CHAPTER TWENTY-FIVE

WE left Constantinople for Athens, where father received an enthusiastic reception. The American minister, General John Meredith Read, and a large number of Americans were waiting to welcome him. Followed the most crowded round of entertainment we had faced in months. From the King down, the people of Athens showered father with invitations to dinners and receptions. The pressure of social obligations was so great that we found difficulty in crowding in the sight-seeing upon which we counted. We managed, however, to see much, if sometimes in a hurried manner.

The Parthenon was illuminated in father's honor and we drove out to the plains of Marathon. A reception was given by the King and Queen of Greece, and there, and again later, I found myself enjoying an exceedingly informal talk with King George.

The world knows how the Danish prince became King of Greece. In that day he impressed me as an exceedingly human and lonesome monarch. King George told me in so many words that "being a king was no sinecure," and that in his position he had been and was particularly subject to criticism for his desire to be a human being as well as a king. He told me that at one time he made a practice of at-

tending dinners, at every opportunity, on board the American warships touching at Piræus, and that those dinners were the bright spots in his life. He explained that royal etiquette must be rigorously observed in his association with the naval officers of monarchical governments, but with the Americans he could be natural and as a consequence those dinners were a great delight.

However, he soon learned that such democratic conduct was disapproved of by the Greek populace, and was, as well, condemned by all the European courts. In the end he was forced to abandon his American friends. It is a rather peculiar sensation to feel sorry for a king, but it has been mine, several times.

We left the *Vandalia* in the harbor of Piræus, never to see her again. We were reluctant to say good-by to the officers who had been our hosts and the ship that had been our home for so many months. We had enjoyed an experience never to be repeated, and, so far as I know, an experience without precedent, but the time had come to leave, and we proceeded to Rome.

It will be recalled that the temporal power of the Pope, in Rome, only terminated in 1870, and in 1871 Rome became the capital of united Italy. There were those of the pontifical entourage who were not only unreconciled to the loss of temporal power, but actively working for the restoration of the old order. We had but entered Rome when we were enmeshed

in the webs both Church and State were spinning. It would not have occurred to father that his private action could be of moment to either Church or State. Not until the second messenger came did he see anything unusual in the proceedings.

There was the usual crowd assembled to greet father upon our arrival at Rome. Through the press a well-dressed stranger forced his way to father's side. I have sought in vain to recall the man's name or to identify him, although every other detail of the circumstance is clear in my mind.

Father met the man affably, as he met everyone, and the stranger drew him aside, I standing close. The man spoke excellent English, but made his errand known guardedly. He came, he said, as an emissary from the Vatican. Pope Leo XIII was desirous of meeting father, he said, and was prepared to grant a special audience. He went on to say that the time of His Holiness was fully occupied, but he happened to be free for that afternoon, a condition that would not occur again for several days. If father had no other engagement for that hour, the Pope would be pleased to receive him at two o'clock.

Father accepted the invitation at once, and the appointment was made for two o'clock, upon our first day in Rome.

Others were crowding around to greet father and it was some time before we reached our hotel. There we found waiting an officer of the King's Household,

who conveyed the desire of King Humbert to meet father at his earliest convenience.

Father answered that he was going to the Vatican that afternoon, but that any time thereafter would be agreeable to him. The officer's disappointment and chagrin were evident. For a moment he appeared completely baffled, and then he turned to father with impulsive frankness.

"His Majesty is very desirous of meeting you, General, if possible, before your audience at the Vatican."

Only then did father understand. His eyes were twinkling as he suggested that he might stop at the palace upon his way to the Vatican. The officer's relief was almost ludicrous as he stammered out his satisfaction with that arrangement. And so it was understood that father would leave the hotel in about an hour, stopping at the palace upon his way to the Vatican. Thanking us warmly, the officer hastily made his adieus.

It was clear to me now. In the struggle for supremacy, both Church and State were desirous that General Grant, an ex-President of the United States, should first recognize and greet its head. For a moment the situation troubled me, but it apparently gave father no concern.

"We're simply tourists, Jesse," he said. "We'll have an early lunch and then we'll go."

And so it came about that father and I, alone,

started out, on foot, to call upon the King and the Pope.

I had been studying a map of the city and undertook to act as guide. We found the palace without inquiring our way, but we entered at the wrong gate. Two rather dingy-looking tourists who did not aspire even to the dignity of a fiacre, no one paid any attention to us. And so we strolled through a gate and found ourselves in a great flagstoned courtyard, where several hundred soldiers were hurrying into formation under the sharp command of junior officers.

Across the court from the gate, narrow, steep iron stairs led up to a small balcony upon which a French window opened. There appeared to be no entrance from the courtyard to the main building, save by this stairway. Even in my perplexity the thought came that the stairs and the balcony were an afterthought, an attachment erected long after the palace was built. As we hesitated, uncertain which direction to take in turning back, as we certainly must, the officer who had awaited us at the hotel came out on the balcony. Recognizing father, he turned quickly back. A moment later King Humbert came through the window and, running down the stairs, met father in the middle of the courtyard. We entered the palace by the same iron stairs. There could be no formality about our reception now. We had elected to come in by the back door, and we three climbed the stairs, chatting as informally as three old friends.

The House of Savoy has produced rulers of more character and intelligence than all the other ruling houses in Europe. Not only have they been noble-men by rank, but by instinct. Leopold of Belgium was an able man and a real gentleman, unburdened by any obsession of divine right. And in King Humbert we met another, a man first, and but incidentally a king.

In England alone, of all the countries we visited, did any ruler indicate that the man of worthy achievement was less than he who by accident of birth was born to the purple. I felt it in England, and was more than once stirred to rage by the realization that some little bandy-legged princeling from a two-by-four German principality was accorded a deference that, to me, contrasted disagreeably with that shown father. But this was only in England.

In Holland, the high official who first greeted father announced that the King of Holland was absent from the country, adding in a warm aside: "And I'm glad of it. It would not add to your enjoyment, General, to meet him." The poor old Dutch monarch was not looked upon with much veneration or respect by his subjects.

But father and I greatly enjoyed that meeting with King Humbert and the queen. For nearly an hour we four chatted informally. To my surprise, the king told me that he had many dear friends in America, some of them schoolmates. Among them

he mentioned Sam Ward of New York. Mr. Ward, His Majesty informed us with most evident pleasure, was to be his guest during the coming summer, at one of his places in northern Italy. I have never heard a man speak more warmly of another than King Humbert spoke of his friend, the plain American, Sam Ward.

"He is a man whose friendship is an honor," said King Humbert.

I did not wonder. Some time before, Sam Ward, accompanied by Oscar Wilde, then, I think, upon his first visit to America, dined with us at Long Branch. I shall never forget that evening. Oscar Wilde, a brilliant conversationalist, interested me less than Sam Ward. It was Sam Ward to whom I listened. I recall no more delightful man.

America has produced few men with the cultivated charm of Samuel Ward. The grandson of a Colonial governor, born in New York, a Ph.D. of Tübingen, linguist, learned in the Indian dialects, banker, miner, traveler, known in Washington as "the king of the lobby," cosmopolitan, he possessed the rare jewel of infinite charm.

Years later I met Oscar Wilde again. I had been in Paris for several days, taking most of my meals at the Café de la Foi—better known as "Bignon." There my attention was attracted to a middle-aged gentleman dining alone at an adjoining table. There was an air of ceremony about the service he commanded and in his manner at table that interested

and puzzled me. Always he dined elaborately and long, but he appeared to eat comparatively little. Often I tried, generally unsuccessfully, to identify from my menu the dishes served him. For the most part his seemed to be special orders, and these he lingered over with evident appreciation, but partook of them sparingly.

Ultimately we struck up an acquaintance and dined at the same table. He proved to be a Hungarian count, and the most learned epicure I have ever known. Then, one day, he suggested that we patronize in turn the better Parisian restaurants, he to do the ordering and we divide the check, with the exception of the wines. As for the wine charges, he would not consent that I pay any part thereof.

"You do not appreciate the difference between a vintage of '58 and '68," he said, earnestly. "I do. To you a difference of fifteen or twenty francs a bottle would possibly appear an unwarranted extravagance. No! No! I must assume entire responsibility for the wines."

And so it was arranged, with the additional provision that each have the privilege of inviting two guests.

A character like this Hungarian noble is incomprehensible to the average American. Later, he came to talk about himself and frequently we met at his lodgings. He was a man without close ties and possessed of an ample income, in which, however, he

had but a life interest, and the reversioner was *persona non grata* to him. Unmarried and with no vices, he lived but to spend that income upon his own gratification. His apartment, that he maintained permanently in Paris, but where he never dined and where he remained but a few weeks during the season, was the most luxurious I have ever seen. Everything he possessed must be of the best procurable, and no trouble was too great to secure the best in every minutest detail. He would circle the globe, frequently did, for a new gastronomic sensation or to repeat an old one. He lived, primarily, to eat, but he was not a glutton in the accepted meaning of the word. Ever conscious of the fact that by overindulgence he might impair his ability to indulge his great passion, he always partook sparingly.

Not an admirable character, perhaps, but an interesting one. In answer to my question he told me that he had been in the United States several times, and that there were but three cities there where food of unusual excellence was to be found. First of these was New Orleans, matchless for prawns, pampano, and duck; next Baltimore, for oysters; and Milwaukee, for planked whitefish. Not in New York, Washington, Chicago, or in any other American city was any dish of remarkable excellence to be obtained. Only in Paris could one be sure of excellence, if one knew where to go and how to order.

And so I began my novitiate as a gastronome under the skilled tutelage of my acquaintance, the

count. We would meet at midday for *déjeuner*, which was both breakfast and luncheon. The count would have been there several hours before to offer suggestions and test the wines and sauces, which was his practice, also, before dinner.

"One cannot say to a restaurateur, 'Serve ris de veau à la Milanaise,' " said the count, "any more than one would say to his tailor, 'Make me a suit of clothes,' without first examining the cloth, selecting the pattern, and determining upon the style of garment desired."

And each day at *déjeuner* the count would acquaint me with the program for the morrow, outlining the history of the place where we were next to dine, gossiping intimately of the famous or infamous persons who frequented it, and describing the particular dishes for which it was noted.

I often smiled at the absurdity of all his effort, and my sense of the ridiculous frequently interfered with exact observance of the ritual he followed, but, nevertheless, I cannot deny that I enjoyed myself.

For some days I invited two guests for dinner, and then my guests gave out. One evening we were dining alone when Oscar Wilde came in. He recognized me, rather to my surprise, and I invited him to join us. That first evening was epochal. To sit at a dinner of the count's ordering, with Oscar Wilde exerting himself to be entertaining, was an experience to be remembered. I invited him to join us again at breakfast. He appeared promptly, and

there he learned of our itinerary for the evening and the following morning. Followed several days with Mr. Wilde awaiting us at each meeting-place. At first we were delighted, and then the brilliant, epigrammatic torrent of Oscar Wilde's eloquence began to pall.

One afternoon the count appeared at my hotel to inform me that we would not follow the course suggested at breakfast. Possibly I was tired of our guest. If he was wrong in this surmise, I could, of course, acquaint the gentleman of the change of plan.

For three or four days we dined without Mr. Wilde. Then again Oscar Wilde appeared where we were dining and came eagerly forward. He explained that he went to the places last indicated, but to his great disappointment, failed to find us. Since, he had been searching Paris to locate us, and now, at last, his perseverance was rewarded.

I told him bluntly that he had been misinformed intentionally. I never saw him again. It was later that I learned that he had fallen upon evil days and was in absolute distress financially. I regret that I did not know.

When father and I left King Humbert, we drove to the Vatican. I know father would have preferred to walk, but the carriage awaited us. As it was, we were in doubt as to the proper entrance, but, as we hesitated, an officer of the Vatican recognized father and conducted us at once to His Holiness.

The Pope was sitting in an armchair as we entered.

In all my life I was never so impressed by a man. If ever there was a saint, Pope Leo XIII was one. The conviction came to me at my first glance at his face that the Pope was not a party to the plan to bring father first to the Vatican. I am not a student of ecclesiastical history; I have never read the life of Pope Leo XIII; but the conviction is mine that, like Christ, his Lord, Leo XIII entertained no ambition for temporal power.

Almost at once father and the Pope were talking earnestly. The conversation was in French and for the most part I translated. The Pope inquired carefully of conditions in Asia Minor and the East and father told him. He asked no questions about the United States, and the fact surprised me until I learned, later, that our own Cardinal McCloskey was then in Rome.

I had with me several rosaries, made from wood grown on the Mount of Olives, that I was taking to various friends who were members of the Roman Church. When I told the Pope this he asked me where they were, and I produced them. Stretching out his hand, he took them, blessed each in turn, and returned them to me.

I had bought them because I knew such a gift would give pleasure to my friends, but, nevertheless, I was a little scornful in the thought of pleasure from such a source. But there was no scorn in my heart when upon my return home I presented them. I have wished since that I had retained one. The

blessing of Pope Leo XIII could not have been considered lightly by any man, regardless of his creed.

When the audience with the Pope was over we found a cardinal waiting for us in the corridor. I do not remember this prelate's name, but his personality remains clearly impressed upon my memory. He was different from the Pope in every way, but the impression is of a great and a good man, one militantly zealous in his faith. I could never picture the Christ who lashed the money-changers from the temple. I cannot see Leo XIII in that rôle. This cardinal might have done it.

The cardinal greeted father warmly, speaking English without any accent, and conducted us first to his study. It was a great room, plainly but comfortably furnished, the walls of which constituted a vast atlas of the world. Painted thereon were enormous maps of each country, showing every town and hamlet. The cardinal remarked that there were paintings by great masters in every room in the Vatican except his study. Personally, I considered the painter of those maps a master; never have I seen printed maps developed in such minute detail.

For more than a hour father and the cardinal talked and I listened in growing wonder at the priest's intimate knowledge of world conditions, thought, and tendencies. The man amazed me, impressing an uncanny conviction that nothing was hidden from him, while at the same time he questioned. But as I listened I understood that his were

not the queries of one seeking information. He knew but he passed no opportunity for corroboration.

The voices faded away to a murmur of which no articulate sound penetrated my absorption in my own thoughts. This was the great world power; the power that would endure while kingdoms and governments tottered and fell. Circumstances beyond its control might arise—the situation in Rome then was a case in point—but nothing could surprise it. It knew; it would wait and endure. The men who from time to time occupied that map-walled study held their fingers on the pulse of the world, and time was not.

I aroused to the cardinal's suggestion that he show us the great mural paintings. As we walked and wondered, he talked. I remember that he expressed his appreciation of a speech father delivered in Iowa. He said he had had it translated and copies sent to the clergy in various countries. He also said that he expected to greet father upon his arrival, but we had come with so little pomp that he knew of our presence only after we had met His Holiness.

The cardinal walked with us to the gate. As we were about to say good-by he laughingly admitted that it was he who tried to get father to the Vatican before he saw the King.

"Although I was disappointed at first, I think, General, that it has turned out best as it is," he said as we parted.

We went sight-seeing in Rome, between crowding entertainments. We visited the Coliseum, the Arches of Titus and Constantine, explored all of old Rome. We visited museums and art galleries, public and private, and churches without end. King Humbert gave a state dinner to father at which all the Italian ministers were present. They were full days, days that should have been full of interest. But to me, after my experience on the first day, all that followed became but part of a jumbled anticlimax.

Perhaps it was not entirely due to the experience of that first day. I had grown tired of traveling, cloyed not so much with sight-seeing as with being one of the sights. In point of miles the journey around the world was but well begun, but I was going home. I never wished to hear another address of welcome, to attend another banquet. I fancy that mother, too, would have turned back then without a sigh of regret. She never intimated as much, nor did I.

With father there was no thought of turning back. The tour was the realization of his great desire. So long as mother remained happy and content there would be no turning back for him. And no one of us would have hinted at such a possibility. Freed from responsibility and care, each hour bringing a new interest, father was happier than we had ever seen him. And to compensate for the loss of privacy and freedom upon which he first counted was the knowledge that he was advancing the inter-

ests of his country. It was a mission now as well as his personal tour. Everywhere his presence was directing the attention and thought of other countries to America. And the nation at home was following his triumphal progress with keen satisfaction. He could not turn back now even if he would.

From the first enthusiastic reception in England, pressure had been exerted to influence him to remain and continue on. In the opinion of those who would have returned father for a third term his reception abroad was awakening new appreciation of him at home. If their wishes were considered he would continue on tour until shortly before the Convention of 1880 was to be called.

Every mail brought its burden of argument, entreaty, and advice to this effect from friends at home. Father read the letters with appreciation of their friendliness, but the thought of a third term brought no pleasure. But for one fact, I am convinced that father would have refused to permit his name to be brought before the National Convention of 1880. Personally he harbored no faintest wish to occupy again the presidential chair.

But from his intimate, personal contact with the rulers of the world, his new understanding of world thought, conditions and needs, the conviction grew that he, perhaps, better than another without his experience, could effect a more satisfactory adjustment of our foreign relations.

It was in the hope of service, not in the thought of personal aggrandizement, or from choice, that he for a moment considered a third term. I knew this, and I knew he doubted if the need was so urgent as to amount to a duty. And feeling this, I was sure that the duration of the tour would not depend upon what those ambitious for him might consider the wisest political expedient, but upon mother's wishes. And so it proved.

But there was no reason, apart from my own desire, why I should continue on. Fred could take my place and he was anxious to go. Often I had thought with contrition of Fred's appreciation and enjoyment of some situation that to me was only an experience to be endured. Fred liked to be in the thick of things.

And so it was arranged that when father and mother returned to Paris, at the opening of the Paris Exposition, Fred would join them and continue on in my place, while I would return home. I was to enter Columbia Law School in the fall, and there were things to be done during the interim. And as there were also other matters to be arranged, I left father and mother in Rome and returned to Paris, where they would rejoin me before I sailed for home.

From Rome they went to Florence, and then by rail to Venice and Milan. It was the 7th of April when the party returned to Paris, and the Exposition had opened on the 3d.

I hurried to the Hotel Bristol, where they had stopped, as soon as I knew of their arrival. Mrs. John Mackay had that day presented me with a box of excellent cigars, one of which I was smoking.

"You are smoking a good cigar, Jesse," remarked father, wistfully.

I immediately produced another, which he lighted and, leaning back in his chair, smoked for some minutes in silence.

"Do you know, I haven't smoked in weeks," he said, suddenly. "The cigars in Italy were so bad that I finally gave them up altogether; and the French cigars are not much better. Where do you get these?" He was rolling the cigar contemplatively in his fingers, between appreciative puffs. "These are really excellent."

I explained that Mrs. Mackay had sent me a box of Mr. Mackay's favorite brand, and I hastened to bring them to him. That ended father's abstinence.

Now again, for the last time, I was caught up in a feverish round of entertainment. With Mr. Richard C. McCormick, commissioner-general for the United States, and a large party of friends, we visited the Exposition. In the American Department father was greeted by a surprising gathering of Americans.

One of the things that continually amazed me was the number of Americans gathered to greet us in every city. I expected to see Americans in Lon-

don and Paris, but to find them crowding Luxor, Beirut, and Jerusalem and strolling about little nameless towns everywhere was astonishing. This was in the day before every American was supposed to go abroad at least once. And that first day at the Exposition and every subsequent time I was there, it was crowded with Americans.

For us, in Paris, anything like moderation seemed impossible. Father was invited to everything from banquets to christenings. When I sailed for home he was going to Holland, for the first time really seeking rest.

From Holland they went to Berlin, upon the visit delayed because of the attempted assassination of the Emperor; then to Denmark, Norway, and Sweden, and on to Russia, Austria, and Spain, then back again to Paris, and from there to London, where mother remained with Nellie while father toured Ireland.

A year had passed since we were in Thebes, when father and mother, accompanied now by Fred, left Paris again, this time *en route* for India.

The party now was composed of father and mother, Fred, Mr. A. E. Borie, formerly Secretary of the Navy; Dr. Keating of Philadelphia, a nephew of Mr. Borie; and John Russell Young.

From India they crossed the Malay Peninsula to Siam, and thence to China.

I think of my gastronomic friend, the count, as

I read over the menu of a banquet given in father's honor by the Viceroy, Lin Kwan-Yu, in Canton. I quote from Mr. Young:

The dinner began with sweetmeats of mountain cake and fruit rolls. Apricot kernels and melon seeds were served in small dishes. Then came eight courses, each served separately, as follows: ham with bamboo sprouts, smoked duck and cucumbers, pickled chicken and beans, red shrimp with leeks, spiced sausage with celery, fried fish with flour sauce, chops with vegetables, and fish with fir-tree cones and sweet pickles. This course of meat was followed by one of peaches preserved in honey, after which there were fresh fruits—pears, pomegranates, coolie oranges, and mandarin oranges. Then came fruits dried in honey—chestnuts, oranges, and crab-apples—with honey gold cake. There were side dishes of water chestnuts and thorn apples. Then the dinner took a serious turn and we had bird's-nest soup and roast duck. This was followed by mushrooms and pigeons' eggs, after which we had shark's fins and sea crabs. Then, in order as I write them, the following dishes were served: steam cakes, ham pie, vermicelli, pea soup, ham in honey, radish cakes, date cakes, a suckling pig served whole, a fat duck, ham, perch, meat pies, confectionery, the bellies of fat fish, roast mutton, peas in honey, soles of pigeons' feet, wild ducks, thorn-apple jelly, egg balls, steamed white rolls, lotus-seed soup, fruit with vegetables, roast chicken, Mongolian mushrooms, sliced fig bulbs, fried egg plant, salted shrimps, orange tarts, crystal cakes, prune juice, biche de mer, fresh ham with white sauce, fresh ham with red sauce, ham with squash, and almonds with bean curd. In all there were seventy courses.

I have heard, or read, somewhere, that it is Oriental etiquette to at least taste every dish. I do not recall that I ever asked father how he managed it.

Father and mother spent nearly six months in China, and then proceeded to Japan. On September 20, 1879, eighteen days out of Yokohama, father sailed through the Golden Gate, home again.

CHAPTER TWENTY-SIX

I **CROSSED** to San Francisco to meet father and mother upon their return from the world tour, in September, 1879.

Buck was there before me and went out toward the Faralones with the reception committee that met father's boat. A great fleet of steamships crowded with people went also. All the shipping in the harbor was decked with flags and bunting, the batteries of Angel Island, Black Point, and Alcatraz thundered their welcome, but even the booming cannon and the raucous din of fog-horns and whistles failed to drown the cheers from the thousands swarming Telegraph Hill as the boat steamed slowly past.

Father and mother were at the Palace Hotel when I rejoined them, and mother was the first to hasten to greet me.

"If your father asks if there is anything peculiar about his articulation, pretend not to notice it," she urged, after the first breathless greeting. And then mother went on to explain that father's Japanese servant had accidentally thrown overboard his plate with two front teeth attached, and since this loss he frequently whistled in his speech.

True enough, father almost at once asked me if

I noticed anything peculiar about his voice, and I promptly answered no, to his evident relief.

Again I was in the midst of a rousing welcome to father. This time I did not mind. This was welcome home. Even more enthusiastic than the cheering multitudes who gathered more than two years before to wish him Godspeed were the throngs that welcomed father home. All the receptions I had previously witnessed were dwarfed by California's greeting.

In those first days after father's return, and upon all the journey East, it was sometimes difficult for me to realize that there were those who were bitterly disappointed by his early return. Hearing only the clamorous greetings, it seemed that all the country rejoiced.

But it had happened as I anticipated more than a year before. Mother had tired of journeying and father was back, more than six months earlier than his most prominent political supporters desired.

Practically every close political friend had urged father to remain abroad at least until the following spring. They foresaw the immense enthusiasm that would greet his return, an enthusiasm that, carefully timed, would sweep him back into the Presidency, but if prematurely developed and allowed to cool, it would lose its potency, might even prove reactionary in its effect.

All this had been written time and again, and this father understood quite as clearly as his most astute

supporters. The understanding had no effect upon his actions. He had no ambition to return to the White House. If the nation wanted him, he would serve, not from choice, but because he was better than ever fitted to serve. He would never disregard his country's need nor turn a deaf ear to her call, but neither would he maneuver to arouse an emotional demand.

If he had followed his own inclinations, I believe father would have gone to Australia and remained away until spring, or later; not for political effect, but from choice. Father was not weary of traveling, there were still regions he had not visited. But when mother longed for home the tour was ended; what might happen thereafter the people must determine. If the nation called him, without striving and scheming upon his part, he would respond and give his best, as he ever had done. This was all.

I talked with father in San Francisco about the plan of his supporters to nominate him as their candidate in 1880, and of their disappointment when they learned of the date of his contemplated return.

"I dread to think about it, Jesse," he said. "But it must be as the people determine."

Never in his life had father made an effort to secure either military or political advancement. He entered West Point reluctantly and he served faithfully and as long as the opportunity for active service continued. Then he stepped aside. Again,

when the call came, he offered himself and he served until the need was past. He never sought to advance himself, he sought only for the opportunity to serve.

John P. Usher, Secretary of the Interior in Lincoln's Cabinet, once wrote,

I heard Lincoln say, "General Grant is the most extraordinary man in command that I know of. I heard nothing direct from him and wrote to know why, and whether I could do anything to promote his success. Grant replied that he had tried to do his best with what he had; if he had more men and arms, he believed he could accomplish more, but he supposed I had done and was doing all I could."

Said Usher, "Lincoln said that Grant's conduct was so different from that of other generals in command that he could scarcely comprehend it."

Always there was this lack of comprehension. Father's was a character so far removed from the ordinary as to appear mysterious. And it is human nature to discredit a phenomenon beyond understanding.

The average man is ambitious for preferment and power, and if that man is a politician it means that his business in life is to further his own advancement. To say to such a man that another in high position cares nothing for the personal honor and distinction, that he is actuated only by a sense of duty and would gladly lay down his responsibilities,

is simply not to be believed. We are prone to judge others by ourselves.

No one living can speak of father's character, his characteristics and habits, his ambitions, aims, and desires, so understandingly as Buck and I. Not only did he tell us, but he lived his life before us. As I grew older I came to understanding of father's sentiments before he expressed them and when to another his face gave no indication of his purpose or feelings; and always his words or his act confirmed my understanding. I am my father's son, and we were close. I know.

Perhaps few would have abandoned the opportunity that was mine to tour the world with father. I turned back when the way was but half covered. To me the obligations outgrew the pleasure. Foolishly, I first sought to hide from father my real reason, and told him I wanted to return to my studies.

Father smiled sympathetically. "I understand, Jesse. You are less inured to penalties than I."

And I, too, understood. The tour was the fulfillment of father's dream. He would have preferred to go quietly upon his way, but his pleasure in the trip more than compensated for the distasteful pomp and ceremony his former position entailed. Then, too, from those experiences that, to him no less than to me, were ordeals, he was gaining understanding and knowledge that was fitting him for better service if his country again called.

This thought became paramount; if called, there was further work he could do for the advancement of the interests of his country and of the world. He had fought this growing conviction. Thought of returning to the old grind was distasteful. Time and again, upon receipt of letters from political supporters at home, father expressed to mother and me his earnest hope that he would not again be called to the Presidency. He did not want it; but if it came he could not refuse to serve. This was father's attitude and it never changed.

When I say this, and that he never sought for a third term, never desired it to gratify any personal ambition for place or power, I speak of what I know just as surely as I know that he was honest, brave, patriotic, as abstemious as self-contained, a man without guile.

I quote from "a Tribute," printed and distributed by the Department Commandery of the California and Nevada G. A. R. in 1922, upon the one hundredth anniversary of father's birth. I quote from this not because it is laudatory, but because it is true.

A mind bold, independent, and decisive, a will unbending in its dictates, an energy that distanced expedition, and a conscience pliable to every touch of duty marked the outlines of this extraordinary character—the most extraordinary, perhaps, that, in the annals of this country, ever lived.

He knew no motive but duty; acknowledged no criterion but ability and loyalty; he worshiped God, and not ambi-

tion; and with an intense devotion he struggled for the success of the cause he had espoused. A military chiftain, he favored civil law; an ardent patriot, he forgave treason; and in the name of the people, he assumed with reluctance, and for eight years performed with ability, the functions of the Presidency.

Amid all the honors conferred he stood immutable, never forgetting that he was an American citizen. It mattered little whether in the field or in the cabinet; with the private soldier or with the Queen; wearing the tanner's apron or the uniform of a general; drilling a squad or ruling a nation; dictating peace in a farmhouse at Appomattox or suffering and dying by inches of an incurable malady, he was still the same serene, unassuming, self-possessed man.

Such individual consistency and variety of gifts and virtues were never before united in the same character. Not over-elated when on the heights of fortune, nor too much depressed when confronted by want; not made arrogant by success, wealth, fame, and the plaudits of the multitude, nor soured by adverse criticism, disappointment, and treachery, he was through all his vicissitudes the same quiet, patient, inflexible, consistent, incorruptible self; the man without a model and without a peer.

And now, ignoring the advice of those who would have him make no move without first considering the effect upon his political future, father was back home. He never expected to be again a candidate when he sailed away. He had done nothing whatever to promote the first nomination; no public act of his had been aimed to influence the second; and he had refused to allow his name to be brought before the National Convention of 1876.

Now, perhaps, there was other work that he could do better than another. His friends were clamoring for his return to office. If they brought it about, he would serve again. He could not conscientiously refuse. But he would make no effort in his own behalf, utter no word to influence the decision. If the burden was laid upon him he would take it up, but personally he hoped to escape the ordeal.

This was father's real attitude, the position that only the family knew from his own lips. Both Conkling and Logan, the outstanding leaders in his behalf before the Convention of 1880, have declared that father never said to either even so much as that he would be a candidate.

In those first days, after father's return, there appeared to be little hope of escape. The wave of clamorous greeting swept the country. For more than two years the press had broadcast the story of father's triumphal progress around the world, and the astonishing world-wide admiration had quickened to new appreciation the memory of his service. At the moment there appeared to be no hostile press. The newspapers, regardless of political affiliations, joined in the universal chorus of welcome.

The round of entertainment crowded so insistently and continuously as to become distressing. From early morning until far into the night there was no moment we could call our own.

Nevertheless, there were diversions; little things that relaxed the strain. The newspaper men were

ever about, fearful lest a move be made of which they were not cognizant in advance. One of that brotherhood, already possessed of a list of half a dozen scheduled entertainments, was questioning father as to still later plans, when father remarked that he must find time, somehow, to see a tailor.

It was mother's insistence that brought father to this decision. In her opinion two years of constant travel had left his wardrobe sadly in need of replenishing.

Father had but mentioned this when the reporter vanished. Directly he was back, breathless and eager.

"I've found a tailor for you, General," he explained, hurriedly. "We can reach his place in five minutes, and he will deliver anything you order in thirty-six hours." For a moment he hesitated and then came out with it honestly, "If I take you to him, General, I land a full-page ad."

Father went.

While father was occupied with the tailor the newspaper man explained to me. He was both a reporter and an advertising solicitor for his paper. This tailor was a client, in a small way, using space conservatively and with reluctance. The solicitor had long labored, in vain, to persuade him to try a full page. Evidently in that early day this tailor lacked the confidence in that medium of publicity he subsequently displayed in New York.

But when the enterprising reporter learned of

father's need he hastened to his client. Would he take a full page if the solicitor brought him General Grant as a customer?

The tailor would.

Next morning I opened my newspaper to the full-page advertisement, head.

**GENERAL GRANT CIRCLES THE GLOBE
TO BUY HIS CLOTHES OF NICHOLL THE
TAILOR.**

All the way back East the enthusiastic welcome that greeted father exceeded anything the most sanguine supporter had anticipated.

But as time passed, the opposition, at first struck dumb, slowly recovered from the shock of astonishment at father's popularity. The bugaboo of a "third term" was dragged out and waved frantically. Truth went by the board and probabilities were discarded.

In the midst of all the turmoil father remained silent. This was the clamor of politicians, not the voice of the people. The voice of the people would only register in the ballot box. When that time came, if ever again, he would abide by the verdict and serve, or step aside. One thing he would not do; he would not speak to influence the decision.

The Republican National Convention assembled in Exhibition Hall, Chicago, at noon of Wednesday, June 2, 1880.

Roscoe Conkling of New York placed father's name in nomination, in a speech that began,

“When asked what state he hails from,
Our sole reply shall be,
He hails from Appomattox,
And its famous apple tree.”

And then he continued; I quote in part:

“New York is for Ulysses S. Grant. Never defeated—in peace or in war—his name is the most illustrious borne by living man. Vilified and reviled, ruthlessly aspersed by unnumbered presses, not in other lands, but in his own, assaults upon him have seasoned and strengthened his hold upon the public heart. Calumny’s ammunition has all been exploded; the powder has all been burned once—its force is spent—and the name of Grant will glitter a bright and imperishable star in the diadem of the Republic when those who have tried to tarnish it have moldered in forgotten graves; and when their memories and their epitaphs have vanished utterly.

Never elated by success, never depressed by adversity, he has ever, in peace as in war, shown the very genius of common sense. He has no place and official power has not been used for him. Without patronage, without emissaries, without committees, without bureaus, without telegraph wires running from his house or the seats of influence to this convention, without appliances, without electioneering contrivances, without effort on his part, Grant’s name is on his country’s lips.

He is struck at by the whole Democratic party because his nomination is the death-blow of Democratic success. He is struck at by others who find an offense and disqualification in the very service he has rendered and the very experience he has gained. Show me a better man. Name one, and I am answerd. But do not point as a disqualification to the very experience which makes this man fit beyond all others.

There is no third term in the case, and the pretense will die with the political dog days that engendered it. One week after the Democratic Convention we shall hear the last of this rubbish about a "third term." Nobody now is really disquieted about a "third term," except those longing for a first term, and their dupes and coadjutors.

The nomination was seconded by William O. Bradley of Kentucky.

Three hundred and seventy-eight votes were necessary to a choice. On the first ballot, it stood,

U. S. Grant	304
James G. Blaine	284
John Sherman	93

These were the leaders.

On the second ballot:

U. S. Grant	313
Blaine	282
Sherman	94
Garfield	1

After the third ballot the vote remained the same. On the fourth ballot Blaine had lost and Sherman gained one.

On the sixth day of the convention, and upon the thirty-fifth ballot, it stood,

U. S. Grant	313
Blaine	257
Sherman	99
Garfield	50

Roscoe Conkling and General John A. Logan led the forces working to secure father's nomination. There was a deadlock that only a trade could break. It is at such times that leaders conceding defeat cast about to see what they can salvage from the wreck of their hopes.

And it was then that the Sherman managers came to General Logan with the offer that if father would agree, if elected, to appoint John Sherman secretary of the Treasury in his Cabinet, they would throw their votes to Grant and thus insure his nomination.

General Logan came to Senator Conkling with their proposition, requesting him to wire father for his decision.

But Conkling knew father better and he declined to transmit any such proposition to him. At last, ignoring Conkling's warning, Logan telegraphed the offer to father on his own responsibility.

Promptly father's answer flashed back:

It was my intention, if nominated and elected, to appoint John Sherman Secretary of the Treasury. Now you may be certain that I shall not. Not to be President of the United States would I consent that a bargain should be made.

On the thirty-sixth ballot, it stood: U. S. Grant, 306. Blaine had fallen to 42, and John Sherman to 3. James A. Garfield received 399 votes and the nomination.

Father's public services were ended.

THE END

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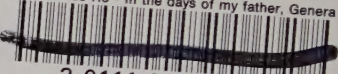


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